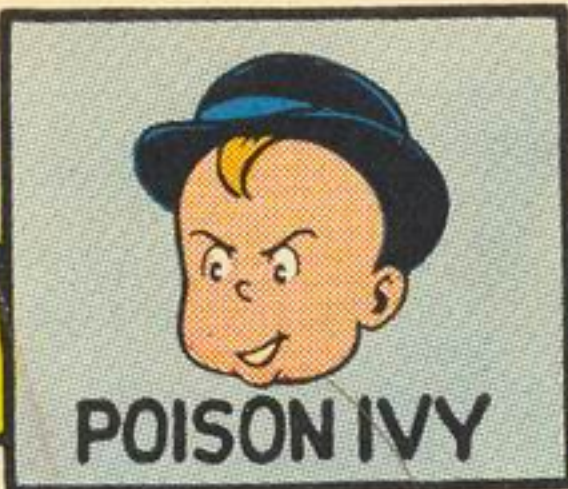




SHENANIGAN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

COMICS

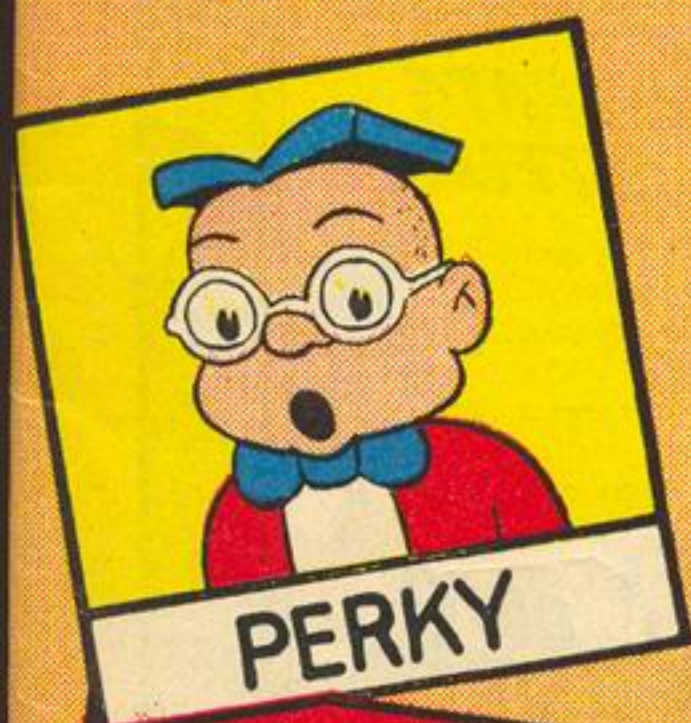
SM
★
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QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

OCTOBER
No. 115

The **Doll Man**
meets a menace,
THE SPHINX!

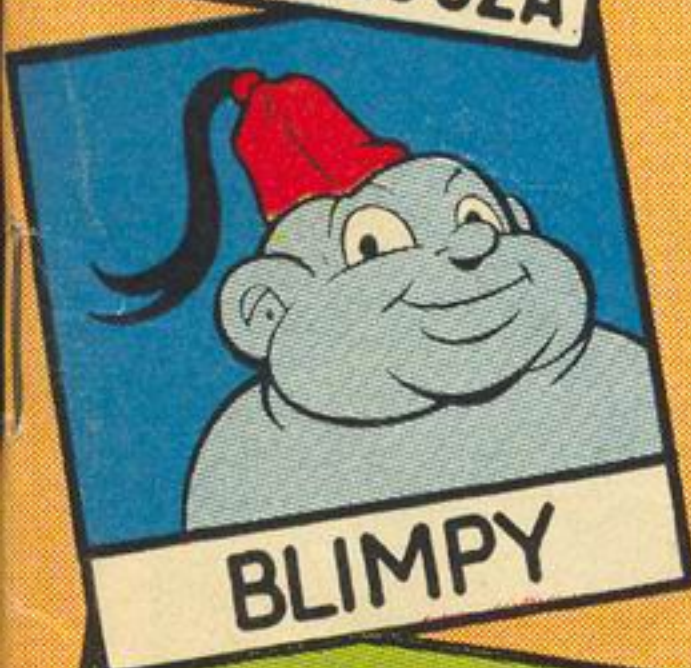
10¢



PERKY



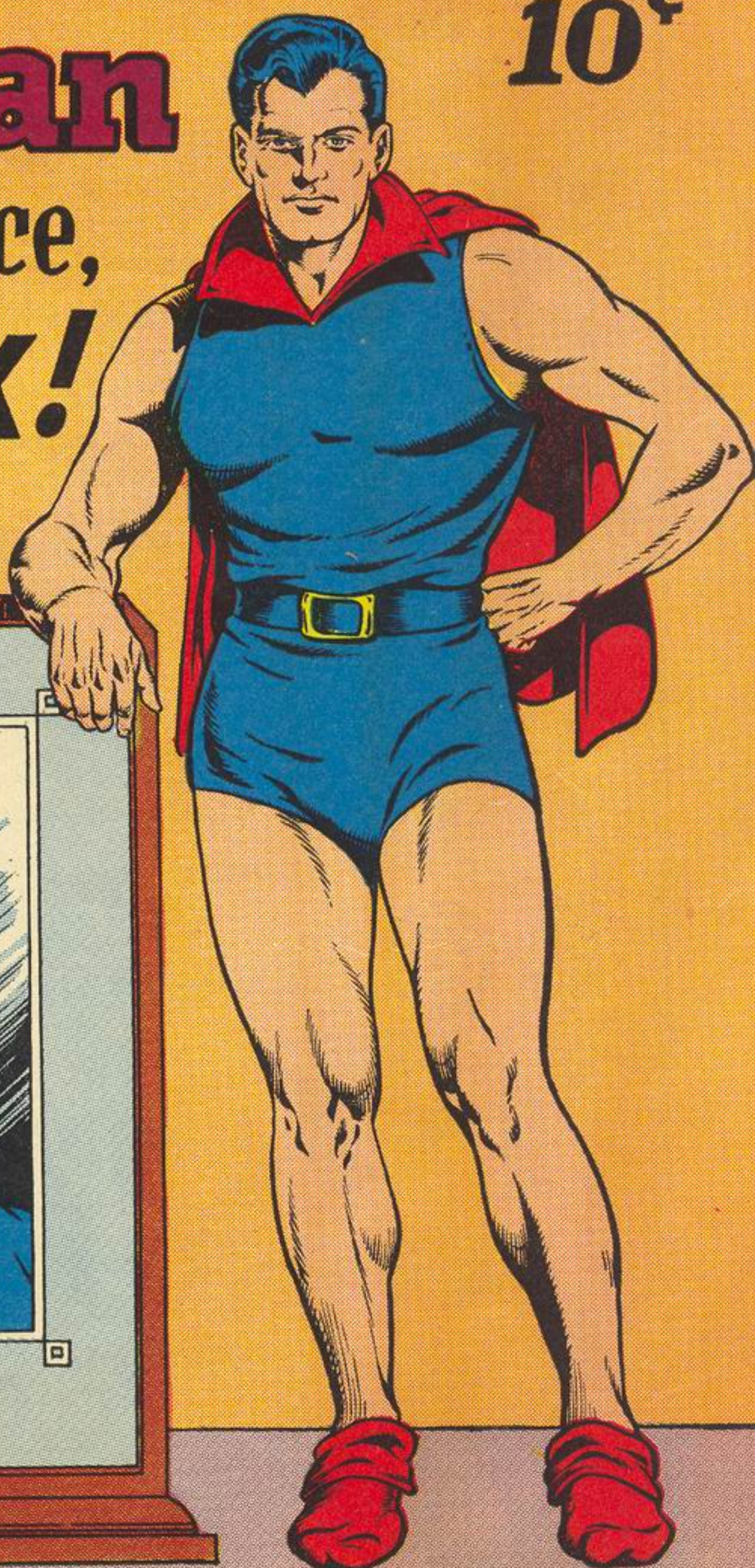
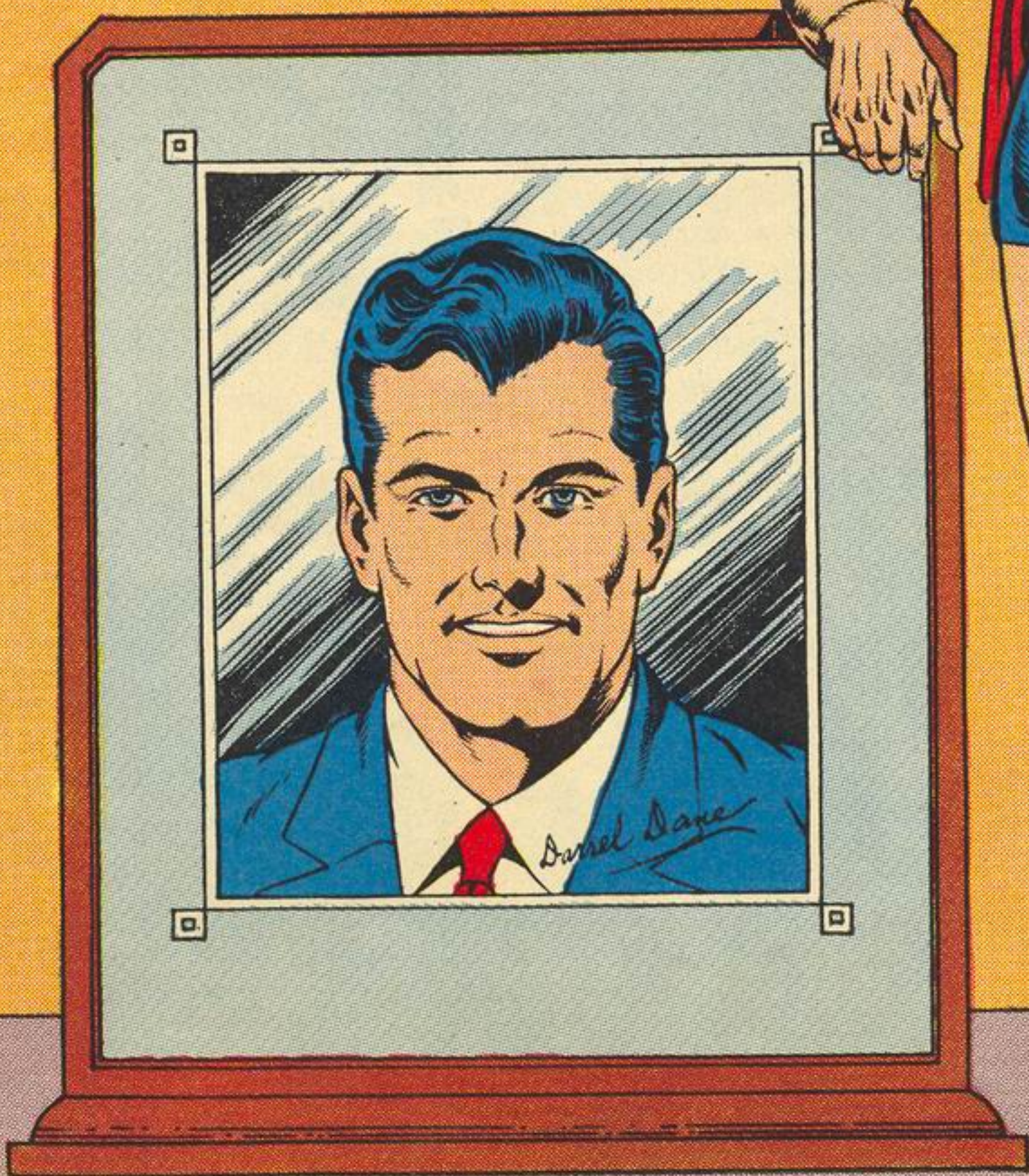
LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN
















WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PARENTS, PRESENT AND FUTURE AIR RIFLE OWNERS AND THE PUBLIC

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy  is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

 **MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!**
I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL
No. III



DAISY
AIR RIFLES ... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...



Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!





They're off!

Your heart will beat faster as you follow the story behind this greatest of races! It is the story of *Blue Bolt*, the wonder horse, and young Tommy Brown...and it features *The DOLL MAN*, crime-busting's mightiest mite, waging the battle of his life against the menace called *The SPHINX!*

FEATURE COMICS

Around the turn and into the backstretch! It's Blue Bolt in the lead!



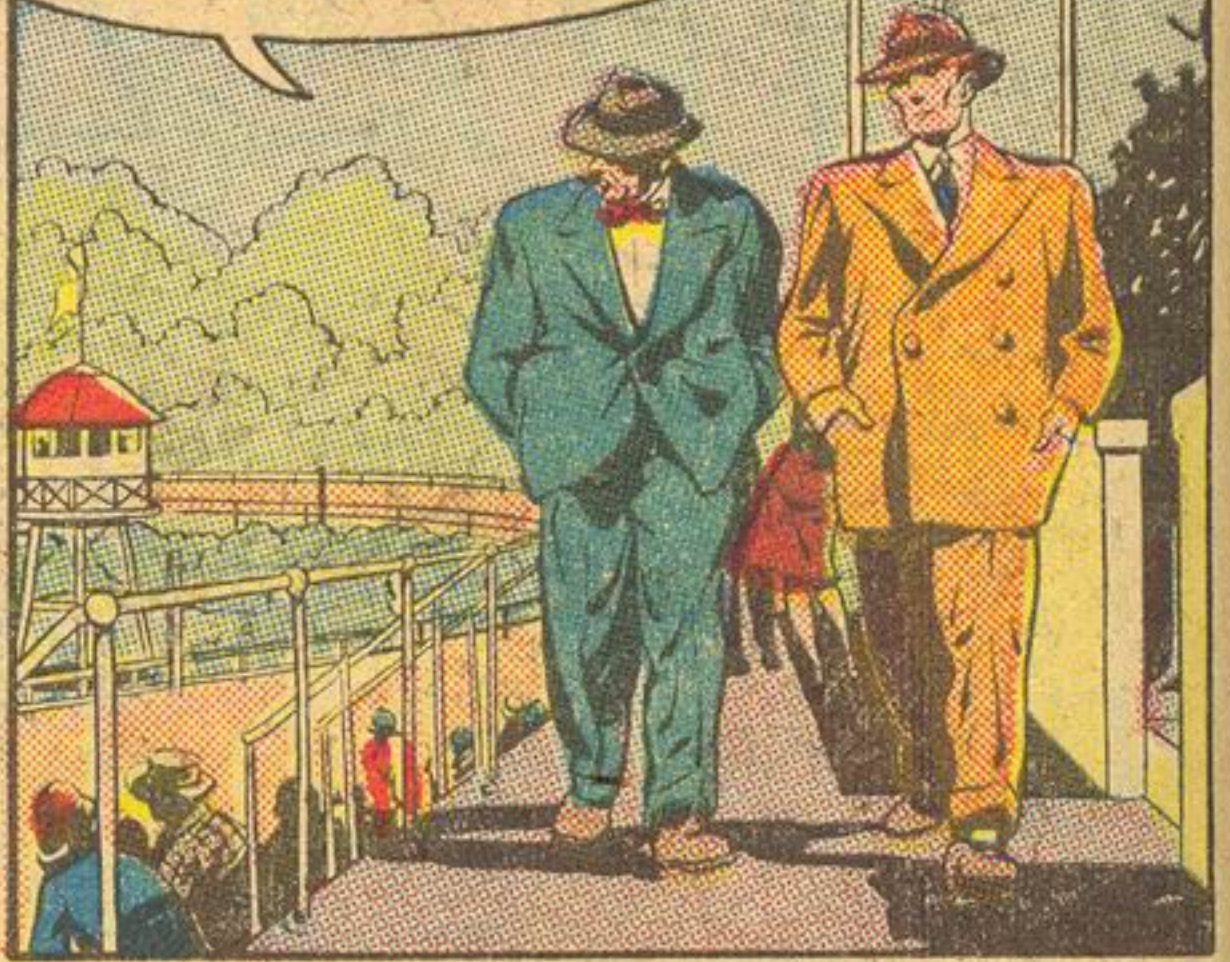
BLUE BOLT WINS BY SIX LENGTHS! A TOUGH BREAK, SPHINX! NOBODY ELSE COULD HAVE BEATEN YOUR HORSE, SHADY TIME!



YEAH! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!

WE LOST A PILE OF DOUGH ON THIS RACE! AND BLUE BOLT'S A CINCH TO WIN THE HUNDRED GRAND SPECIAL NEXT MONTH, TOO!

MAYBE! AND MAYBE NOT!



YOU MEAN YOU'VE GOT A PLAN, SPHINX? IF BLUE BOLT LOST THE HUNDRED GRAND SPECIAL, WE COULD CLEAN UP A FORTUNE! BUT HOW'RE YOU GONNA ...?

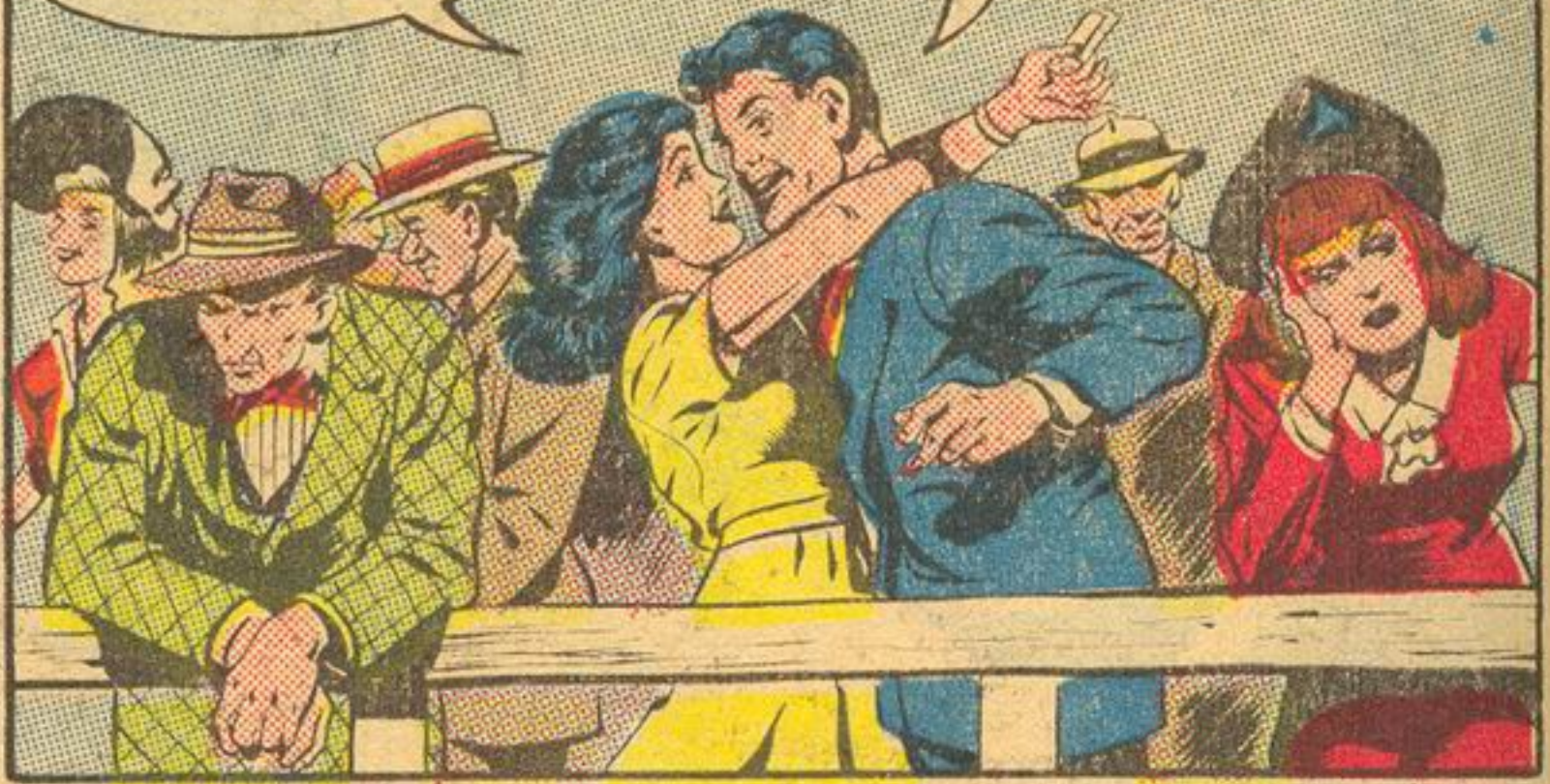


FOLLOW ME!

Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, are also spectators at the race track....

TO THINK I WON, DARREL! I BET ON BLUE BOLT AND WON!

HE'LL BE IN THE PADDOCK NOW! WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND THANK HIM PERSONALLY?



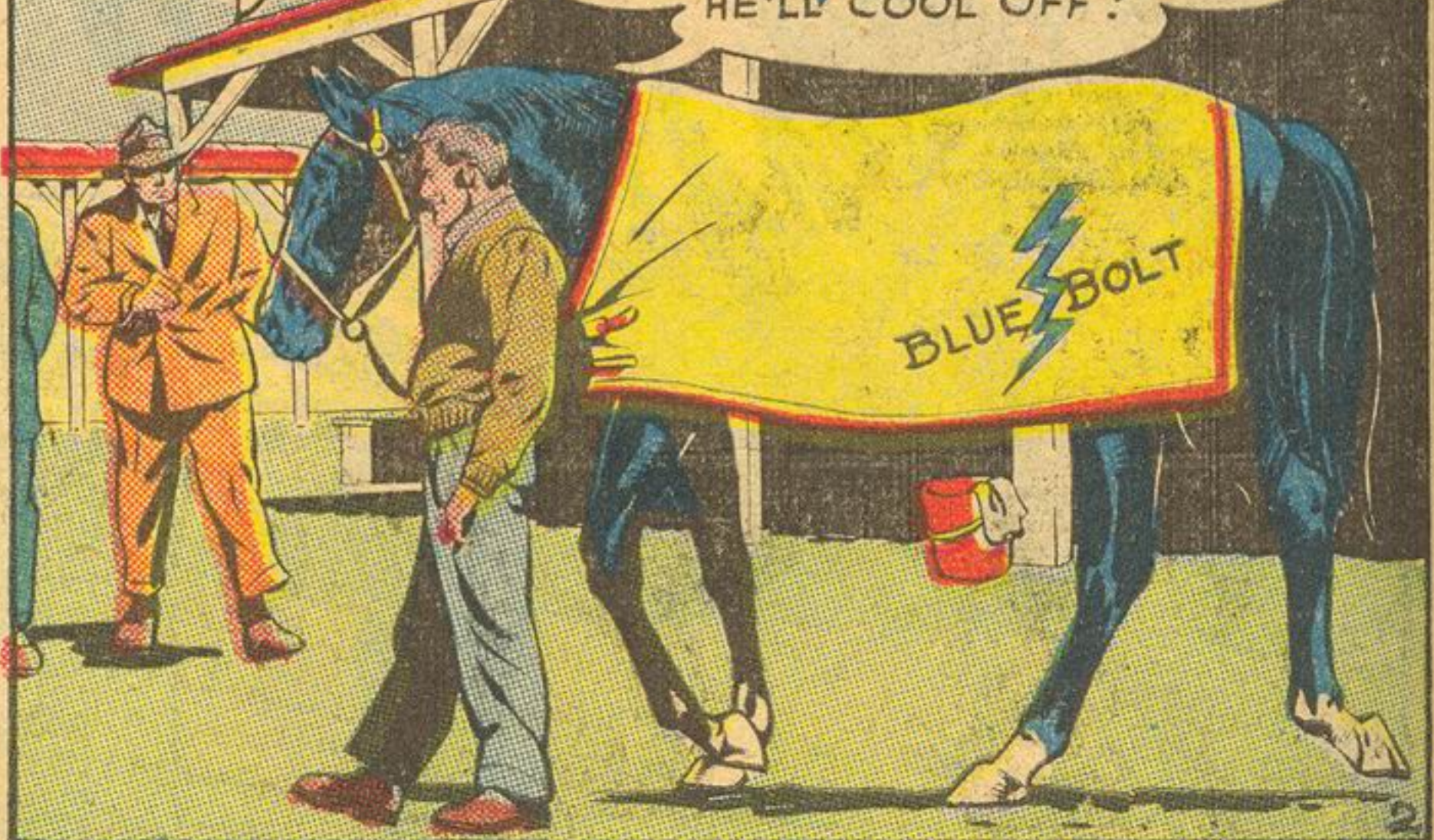
THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! COME ON!

HEY, I WAS ONLY KIDDING!

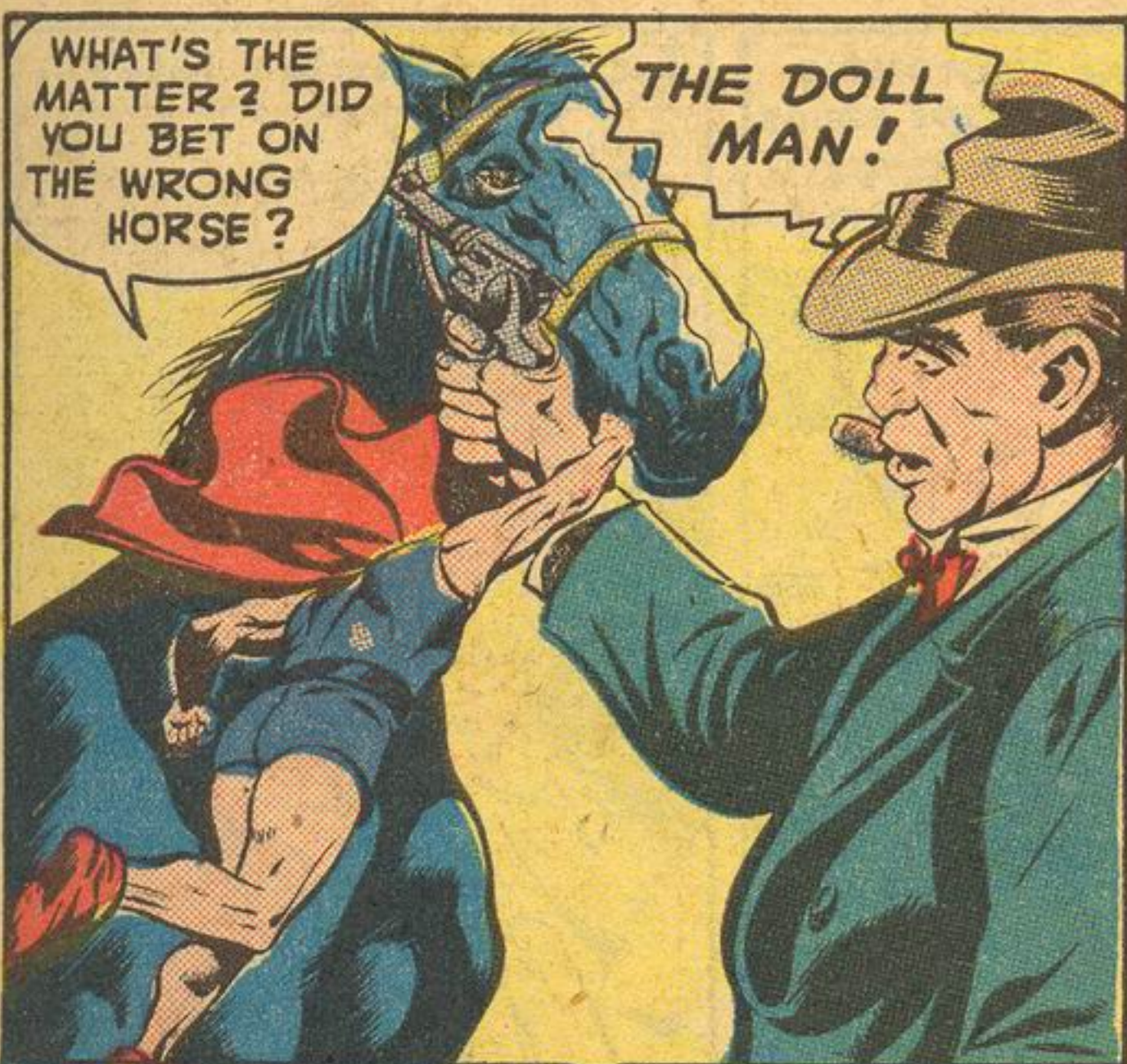


ISN'T THAT BLUE BOLT?

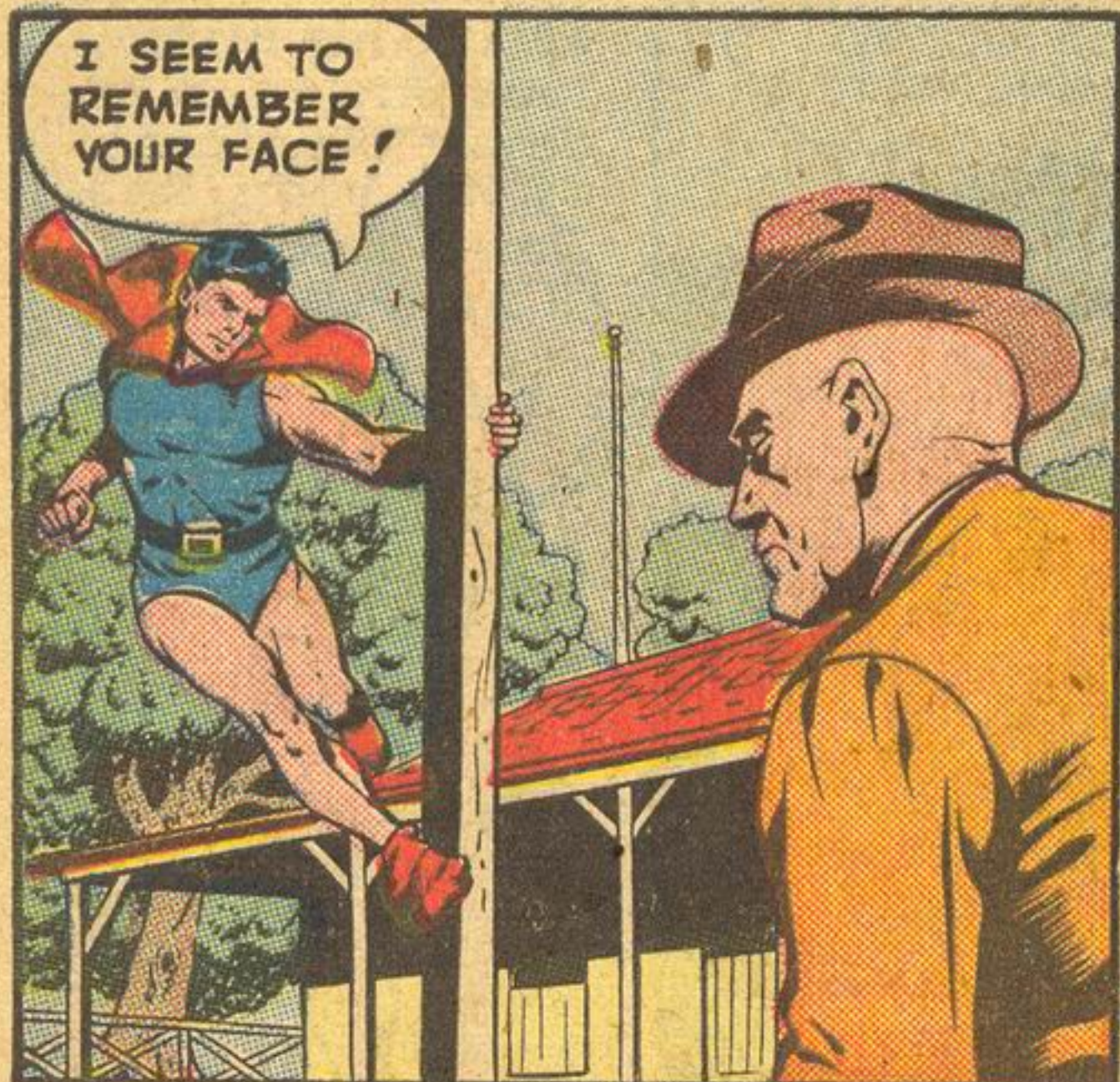
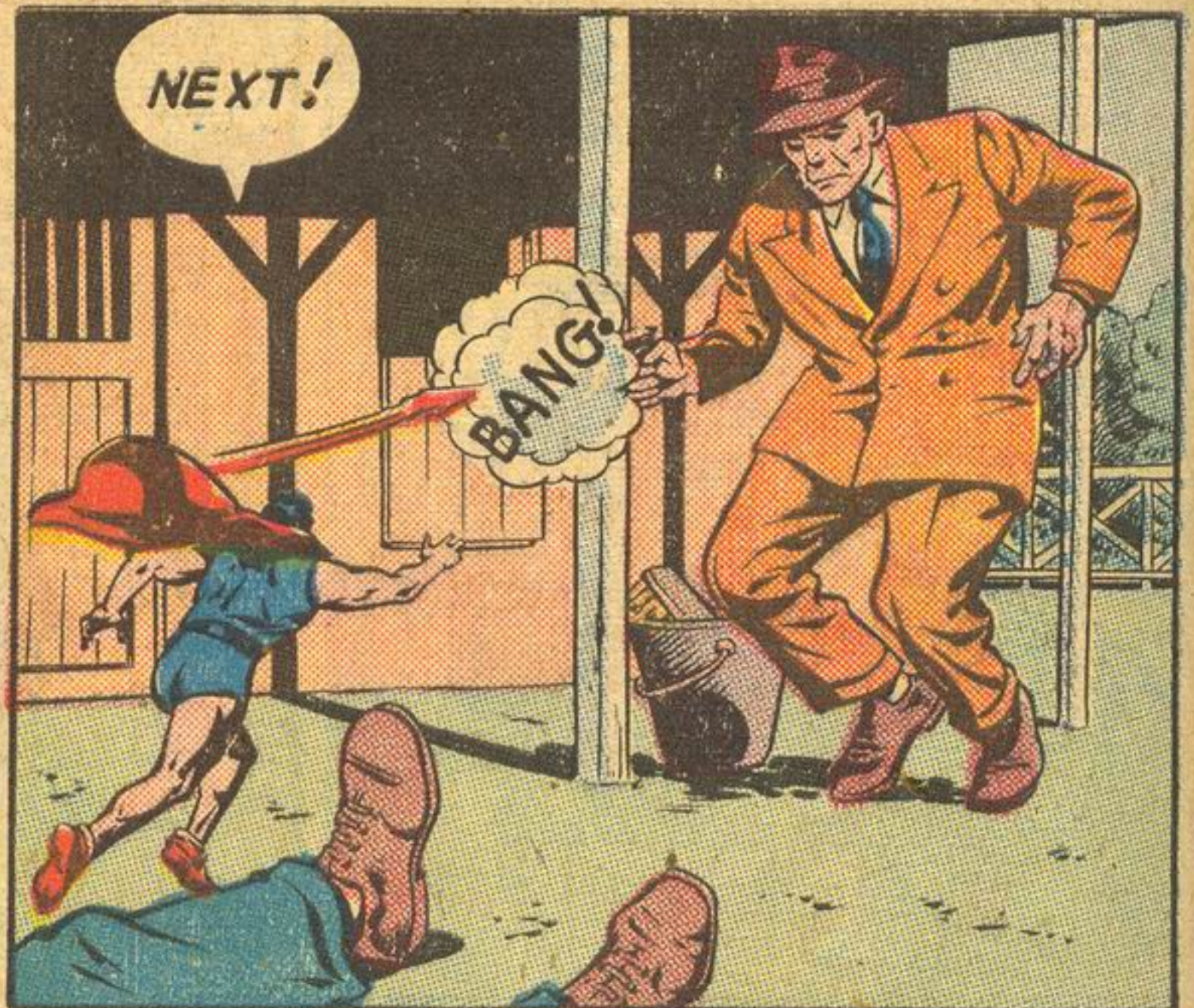
YESSIREE! HE HARDLY WORKED UP A SWEAT WINNING THAT RACE! BUT I'M JUST WALKING HIM A BIT SO HE'LL COOL OFF!



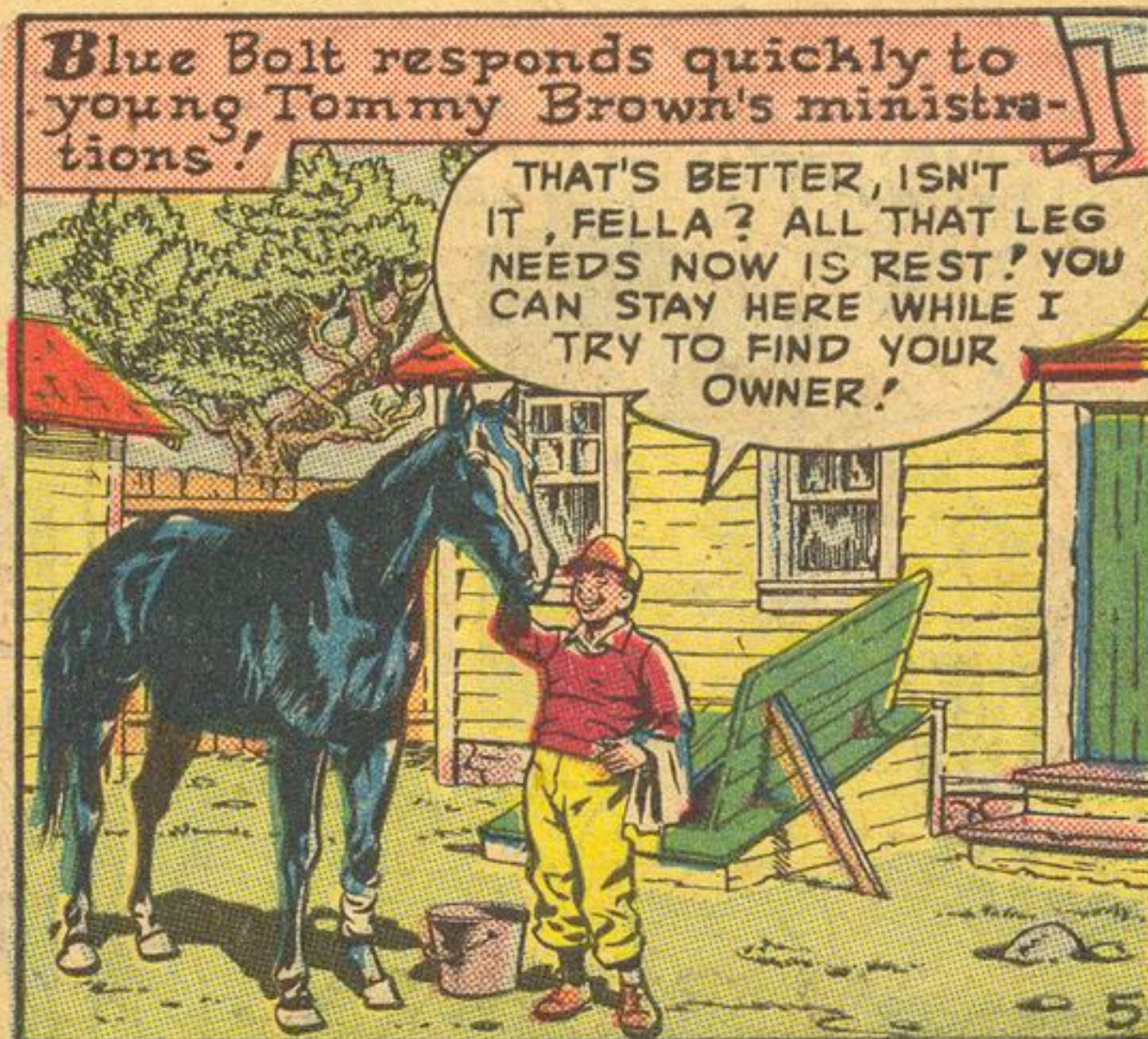
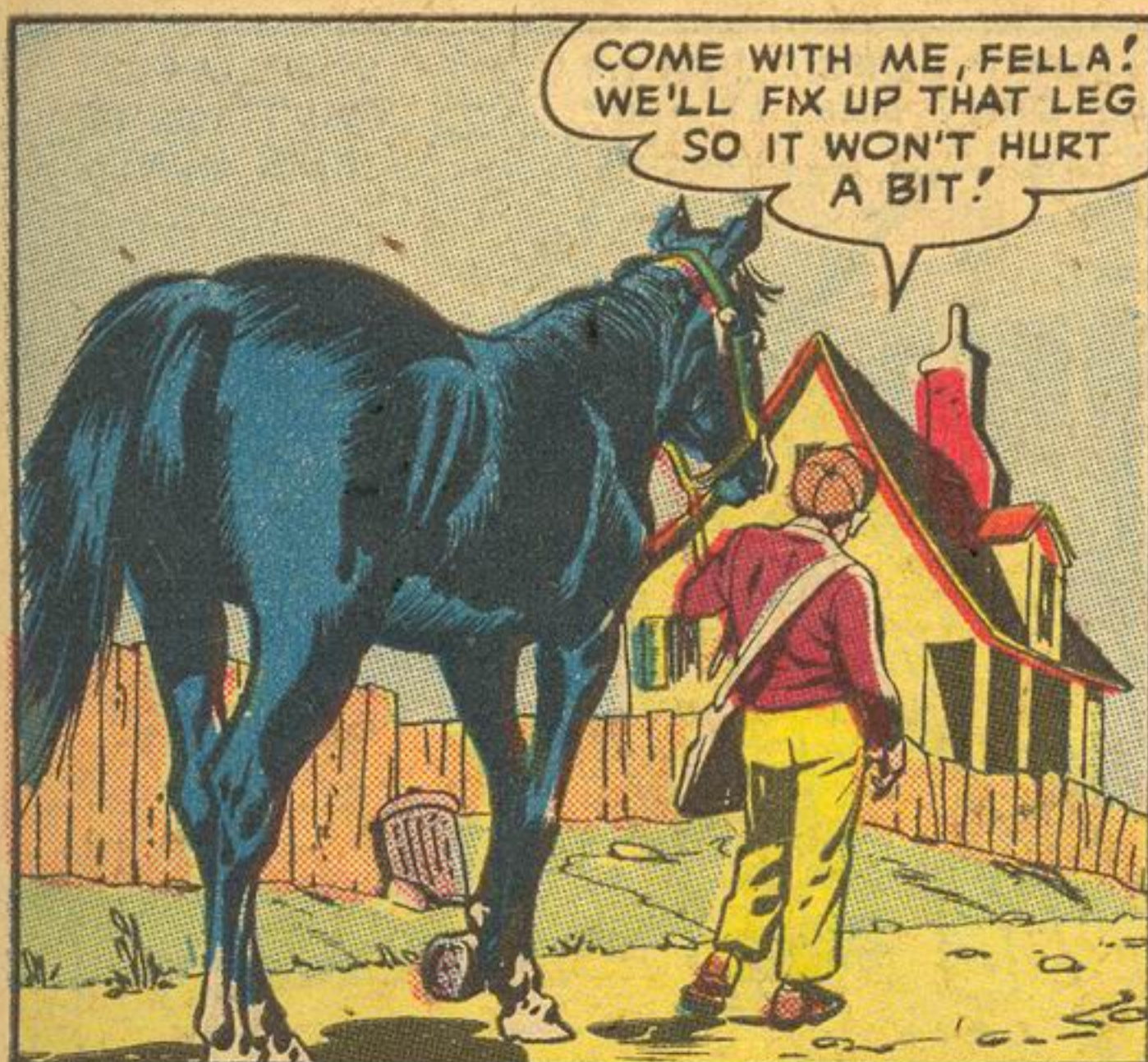
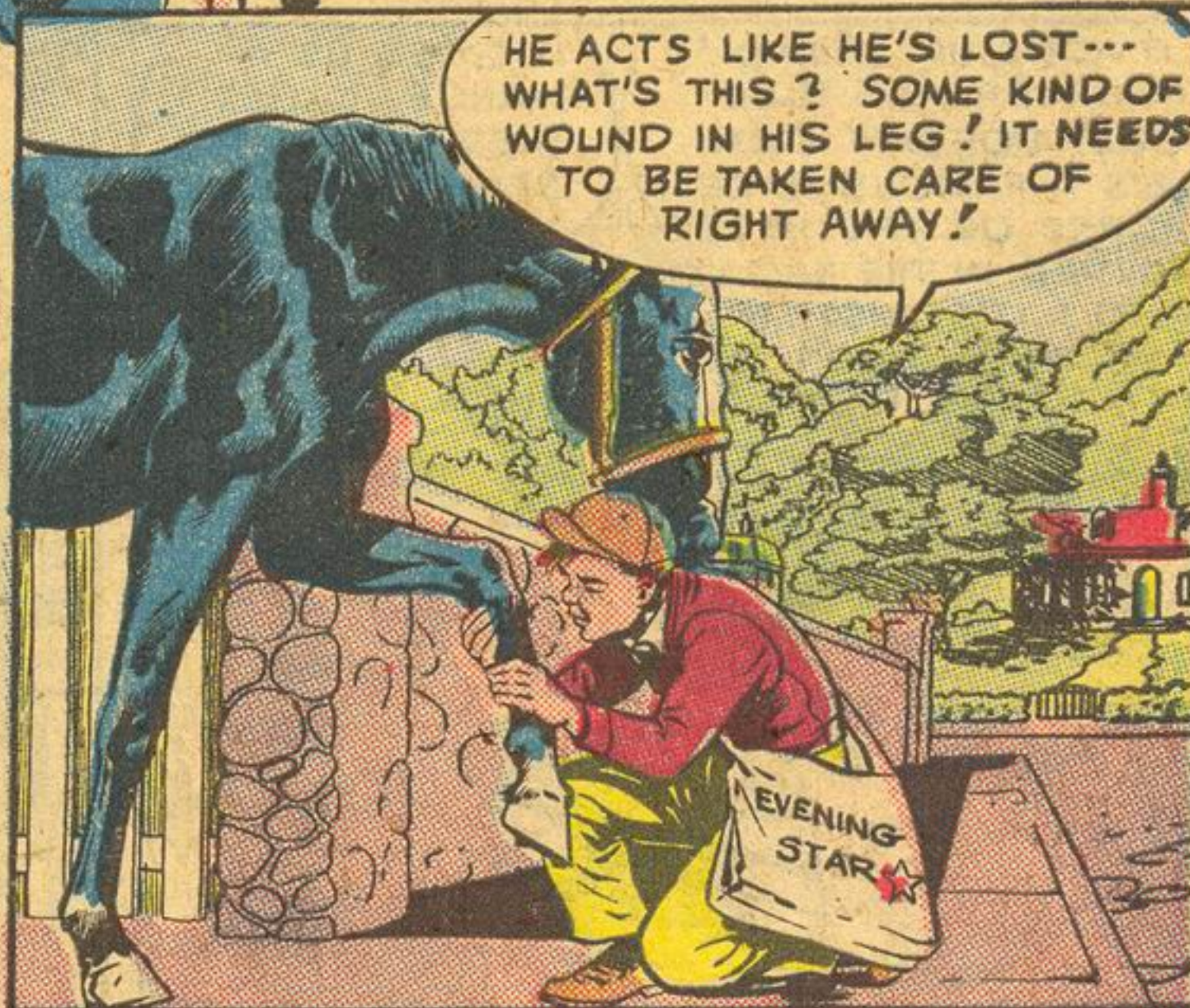
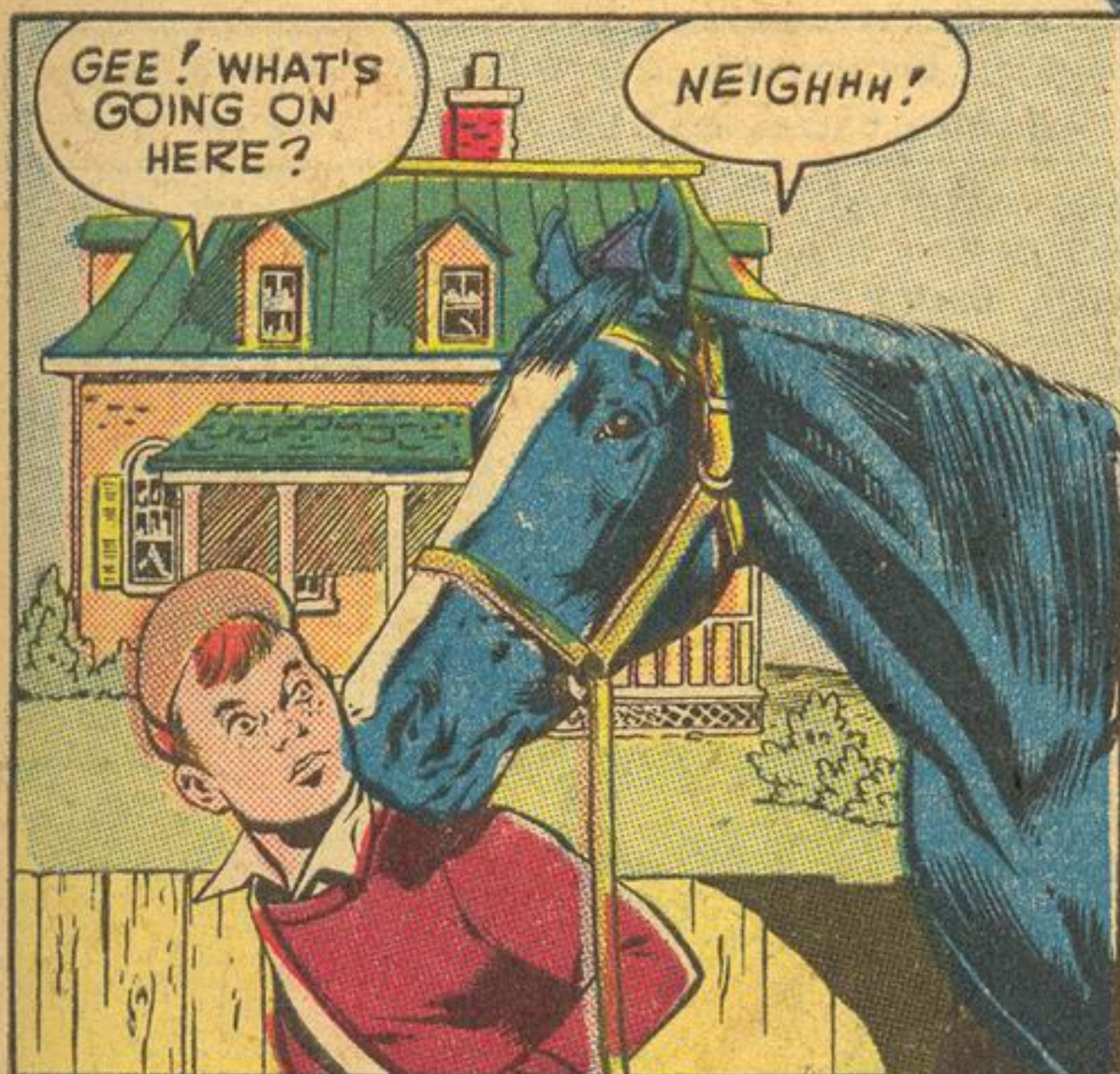
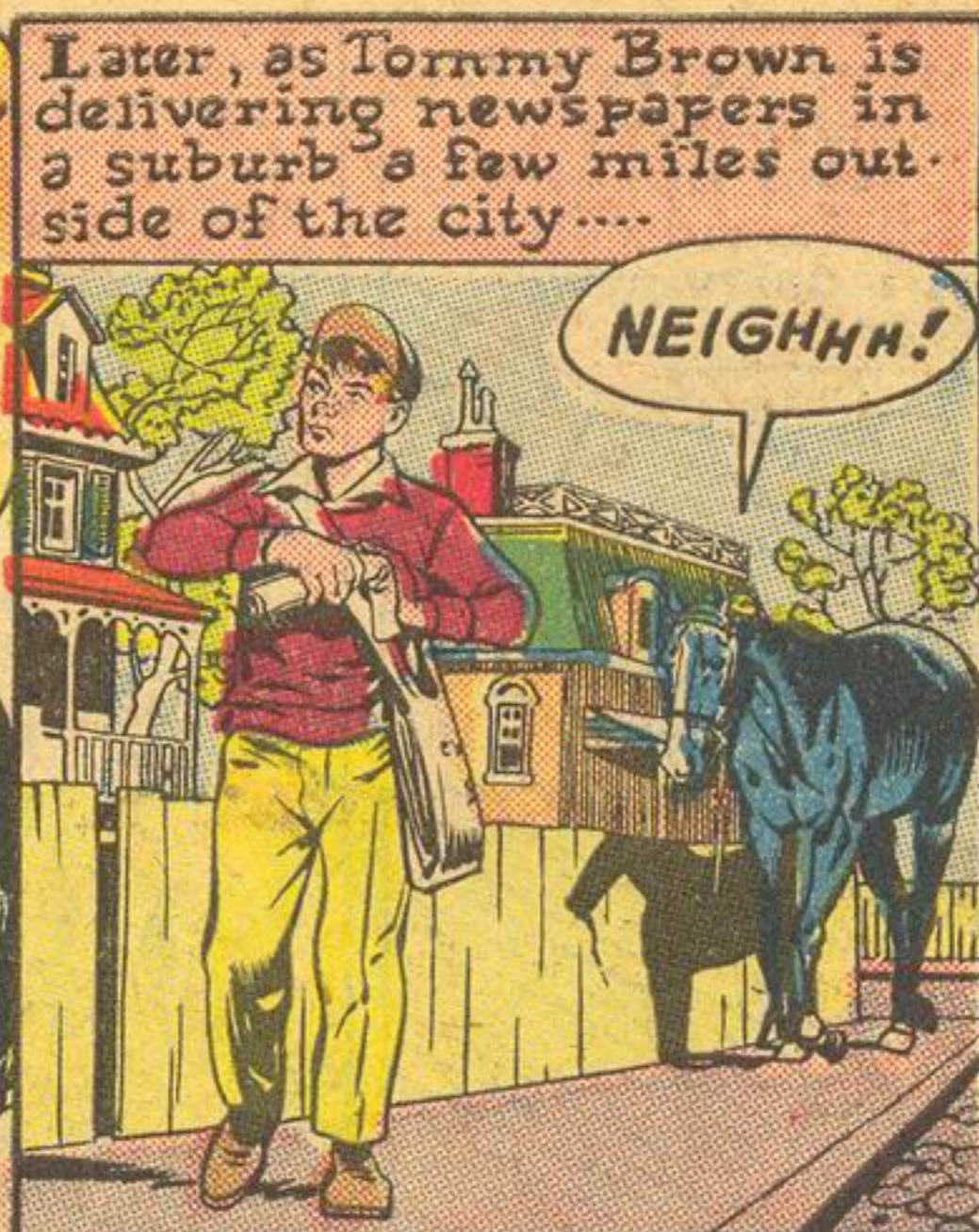
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

After several days, a small item appears in the lost and found column of a daily news-paper...



FUNNY BLUE BOLT DIDN'T SHOW UP YET! IF THEY NEVER FIND HIM, IT'LL BE OKAY WITH US, EH, SPHINX? I'LL BET THEY DON'T, EITHER!



YOU'D LOSE THAT BET!

SOMEBODY'S FOUND HIM ALREADY! A GUY NAMED TOMMY BROWN! HE'S ADVERTISING IN THE LOST AND FOUND!



BUT HOW CAN Y'TELL IT'S THE SAME HORSE?

IT ADDS UP, STUPID! WHOEVER HAS BLUE BOLT DOESN'T KNOW HE'S A FAMOUS RACE-HORSE OR HE'D HAVE TURNED IN THE NAG LONG AGO! IT'S JUST LUCKY FOR US HE DIDN'T REPORT IT TO THE COPS!



IT GIVES US A CHANCE TO GET THERE FIRST, EH, SPHINX? WE'LL FIX BLUE BOLT SO HE NEVER RUNS AGAIN!

Tommy Brown's ad also reaches the attention of Darrel Dane...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY, DARREL?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE!



HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES TOMMY BROWN!

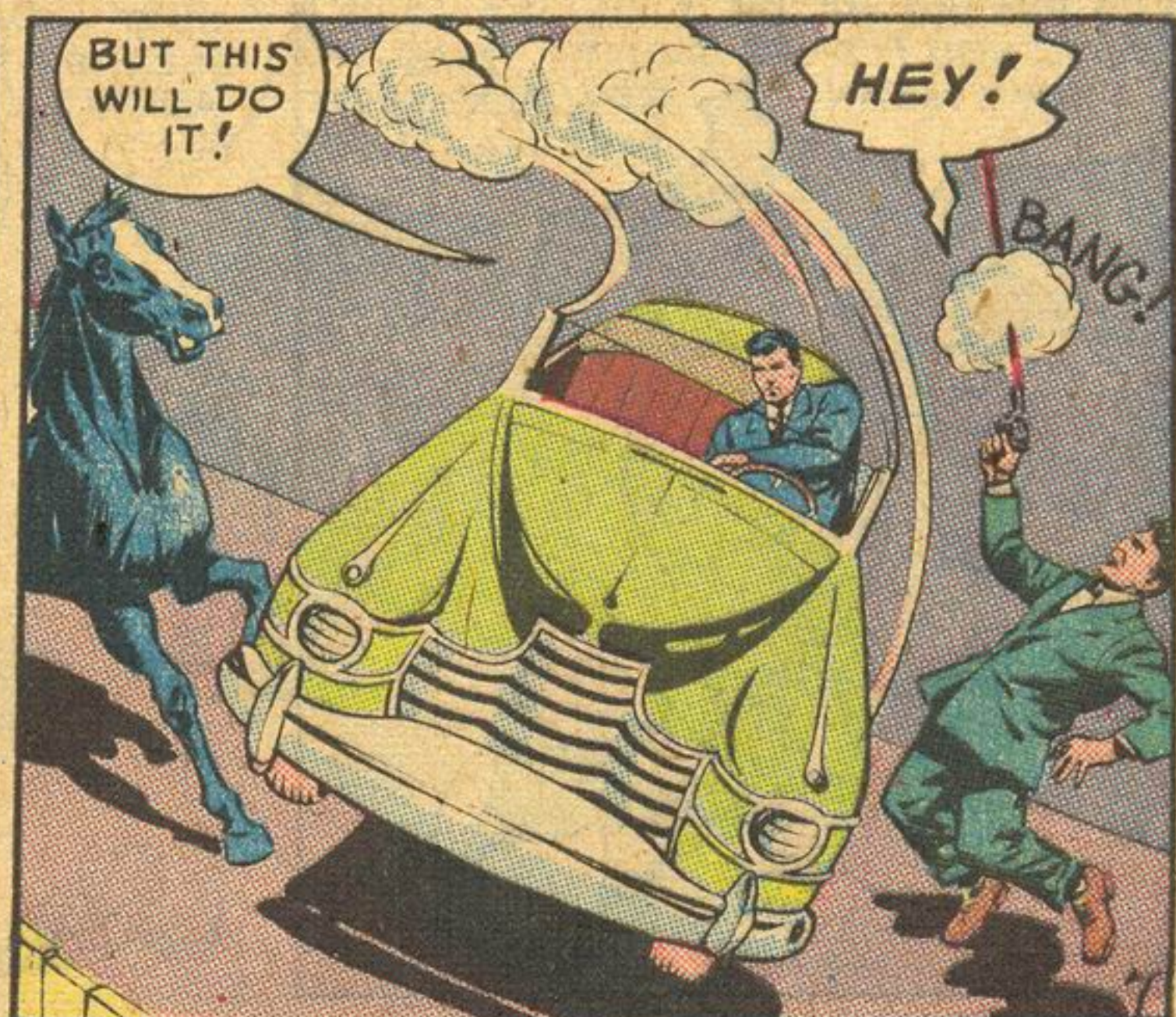
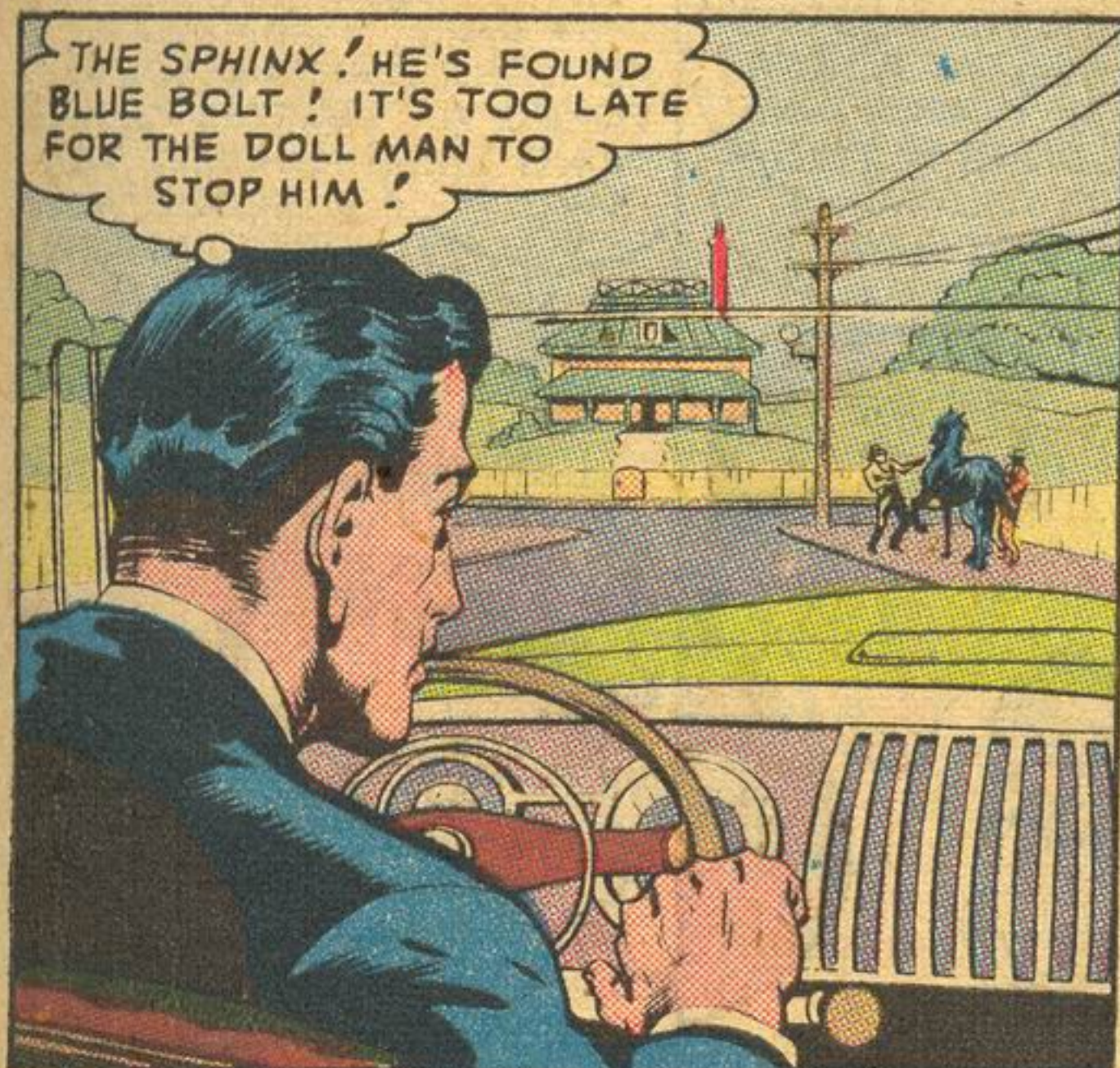
YEAH... AND LOOK WHAT HE'S GOT! A HORSE WITH THREE LEGS!



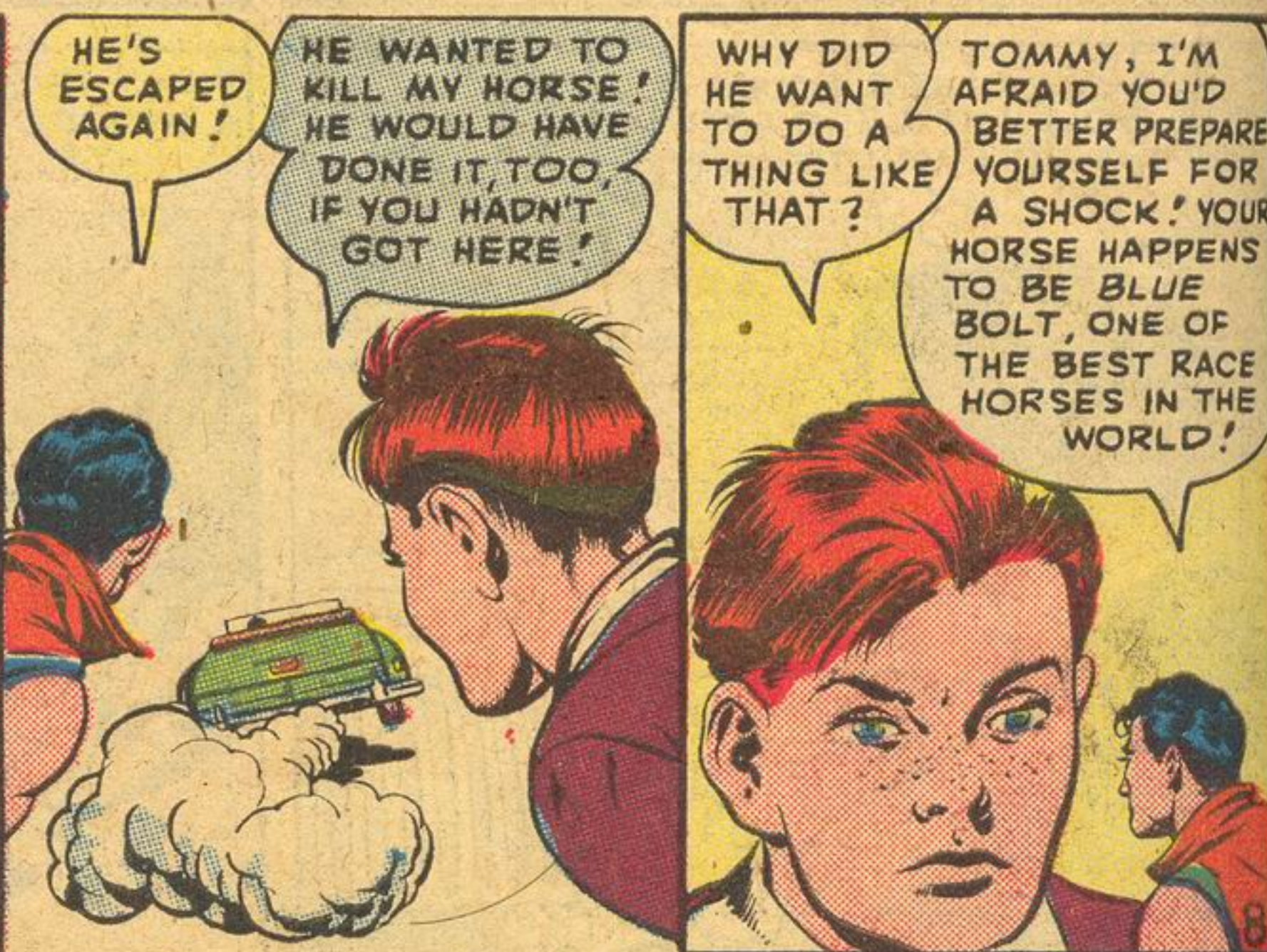
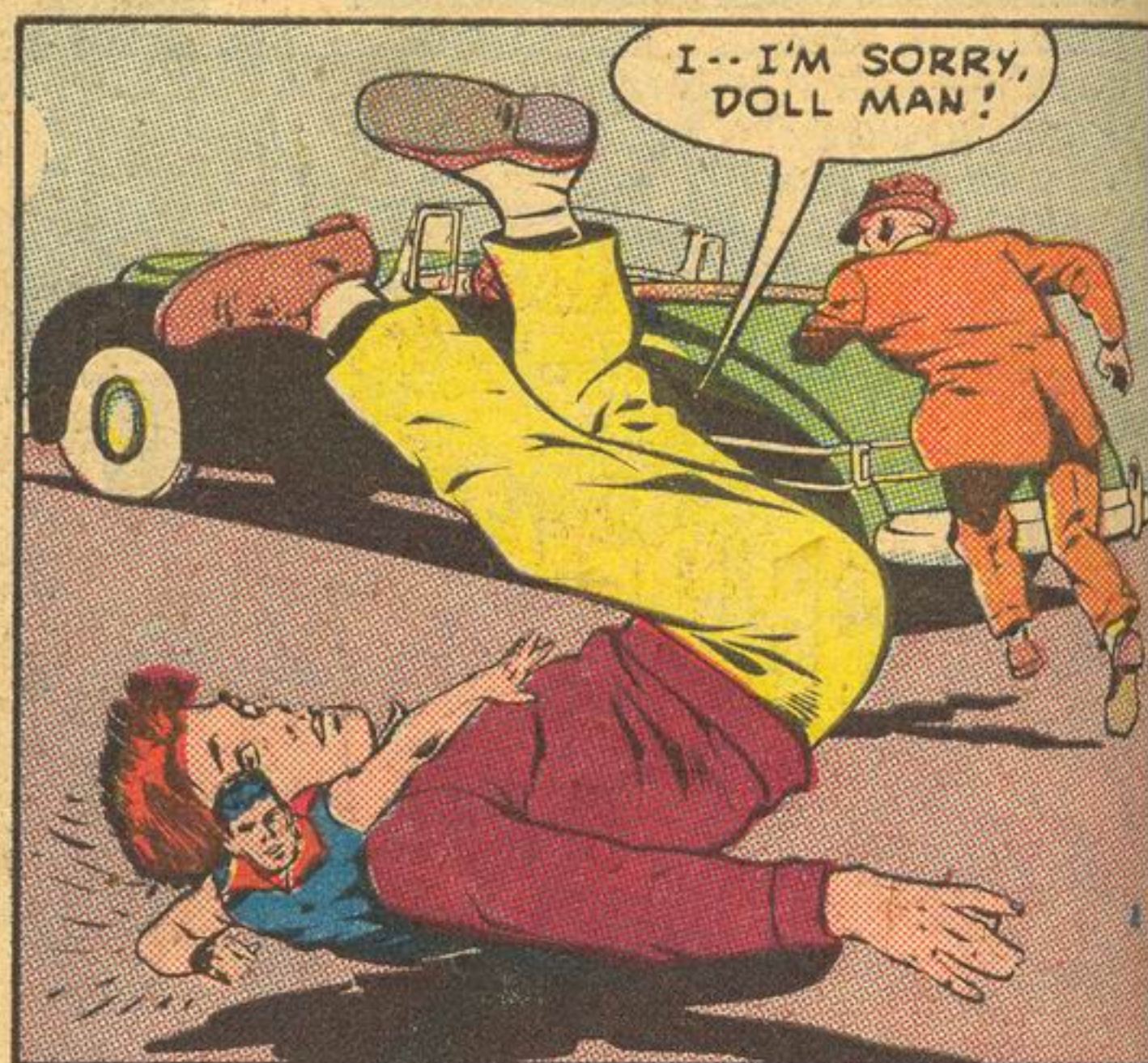
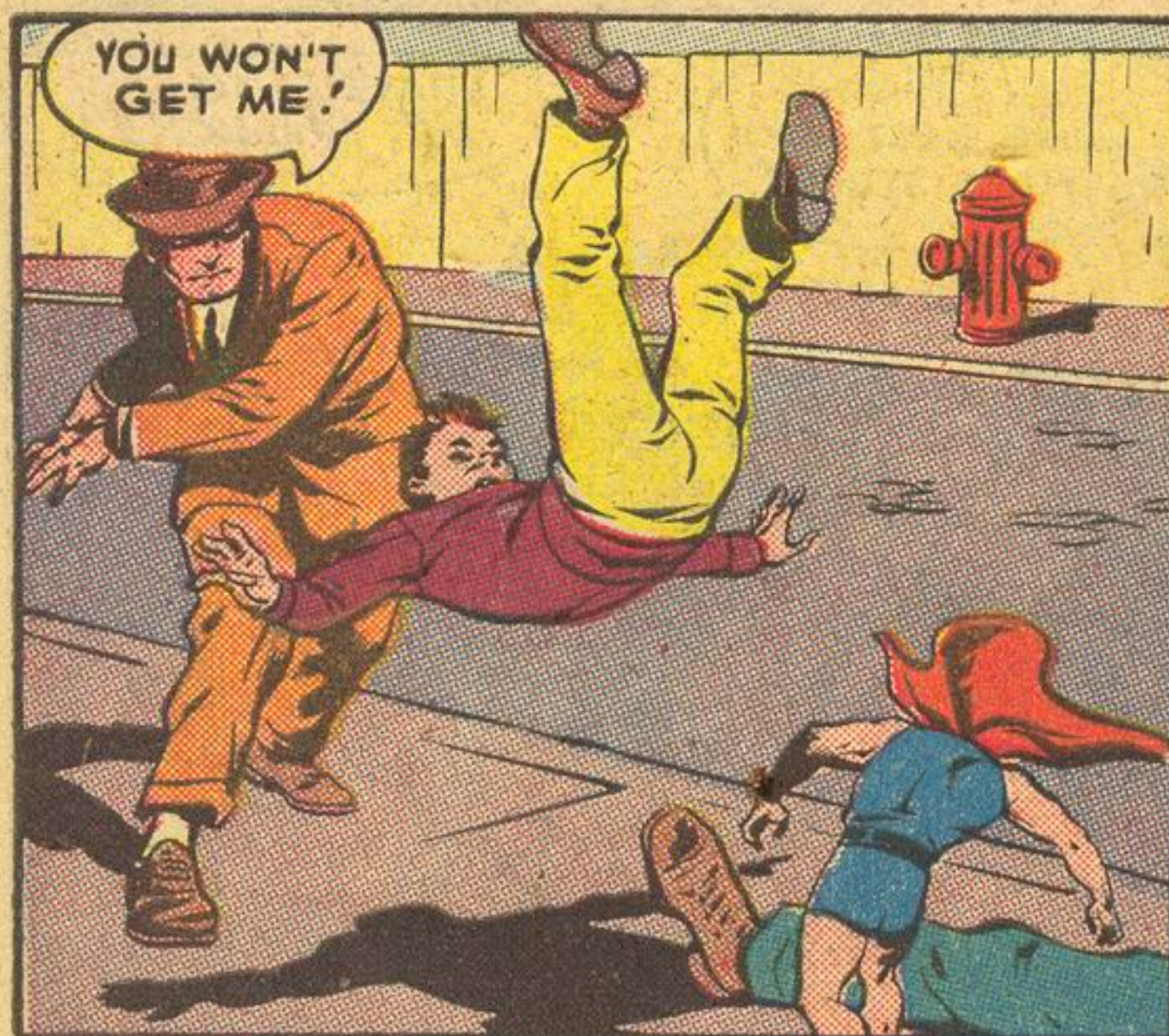
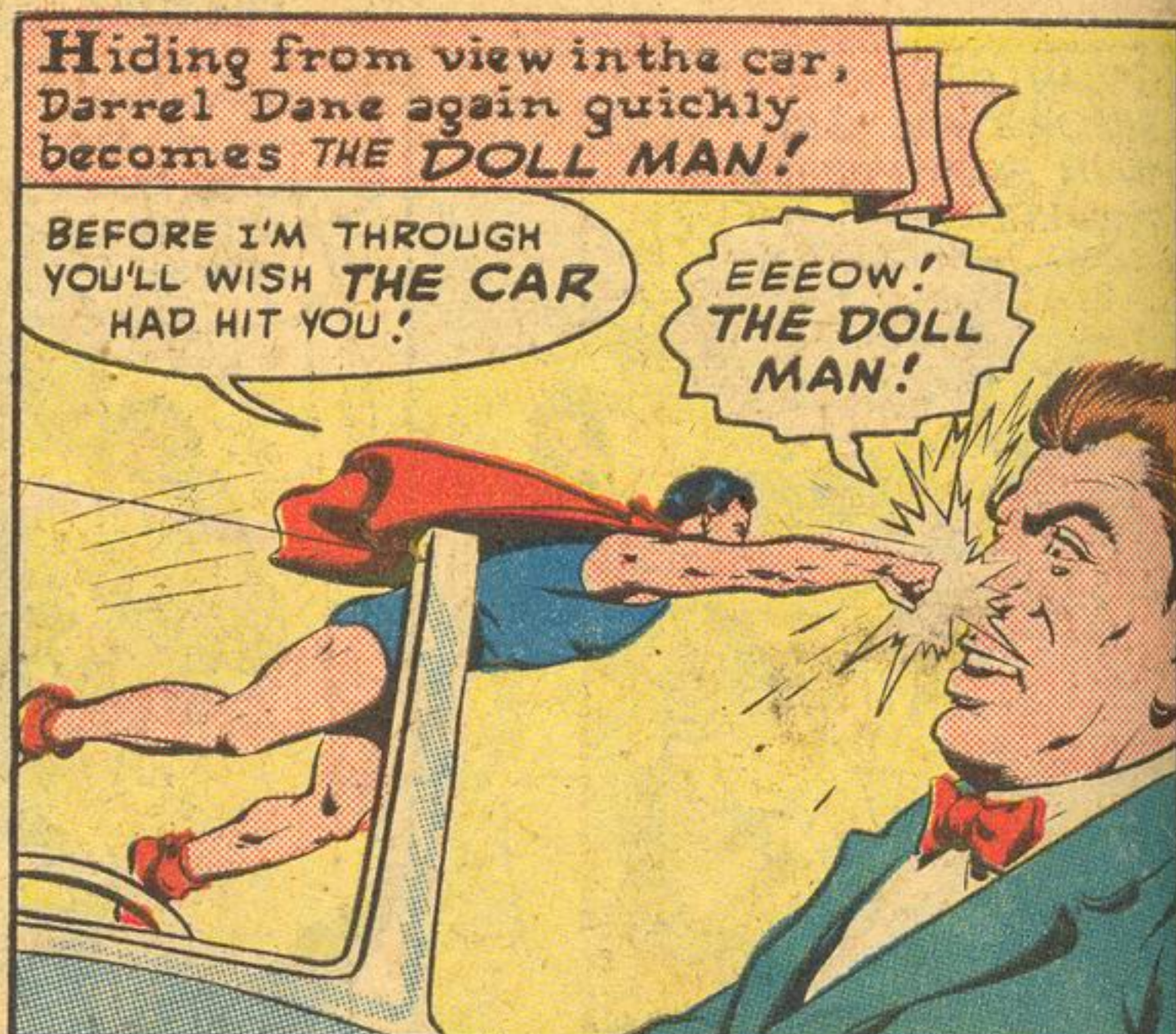
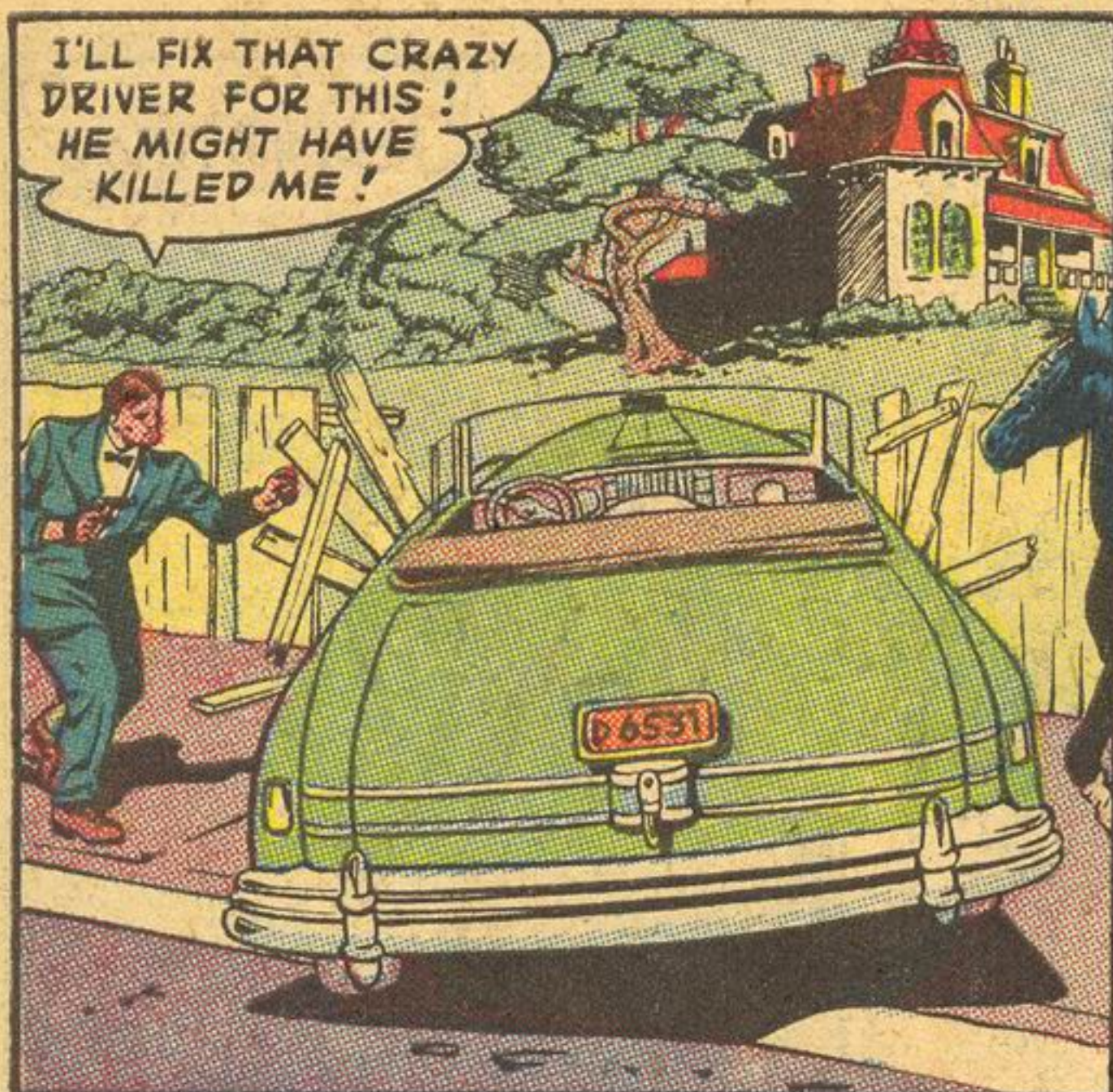
GIDDYAP, HORSIE! HA-HA! HE CAN'T RUN AT ALL!

STOP THAT! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S HURT?

FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

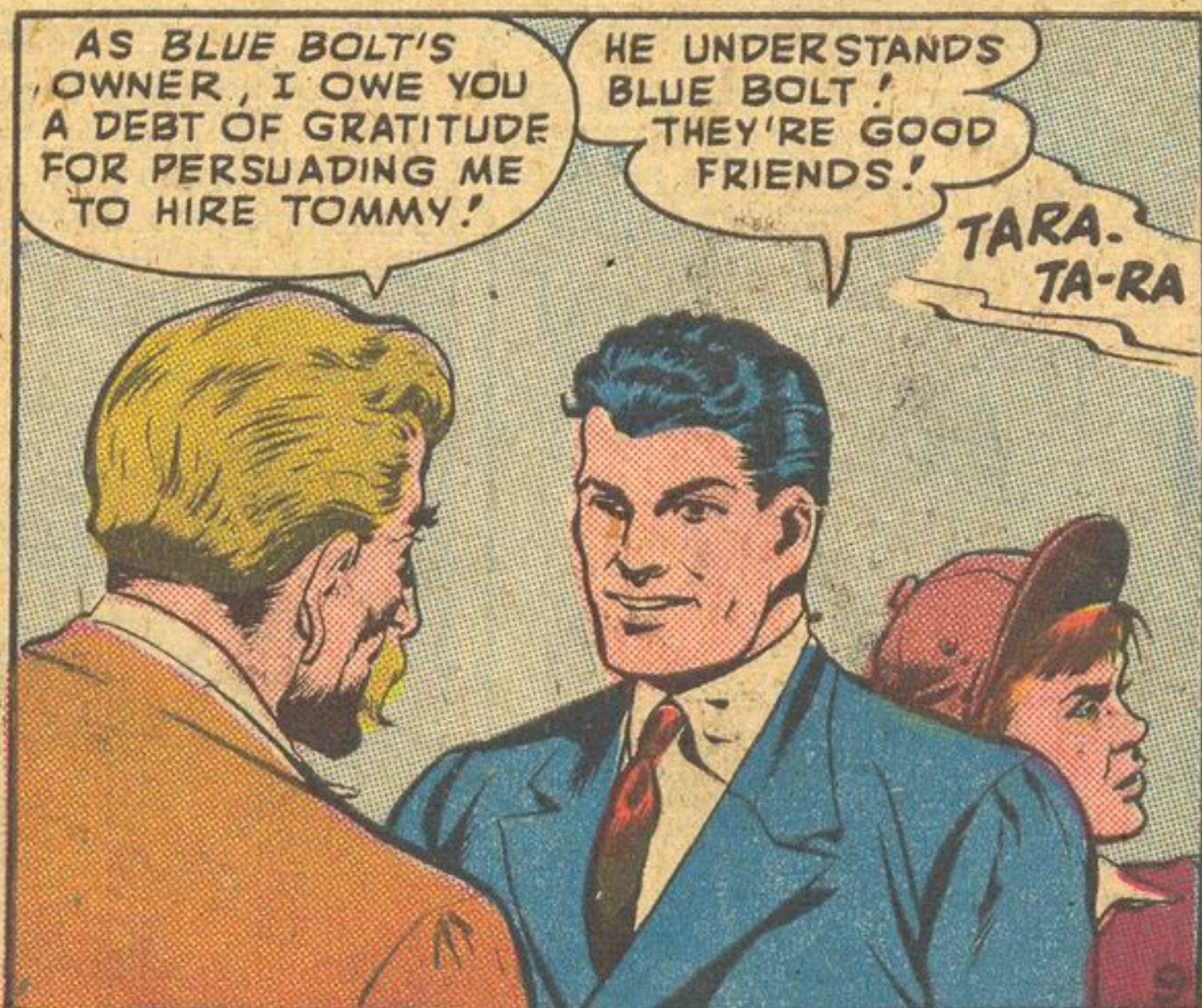
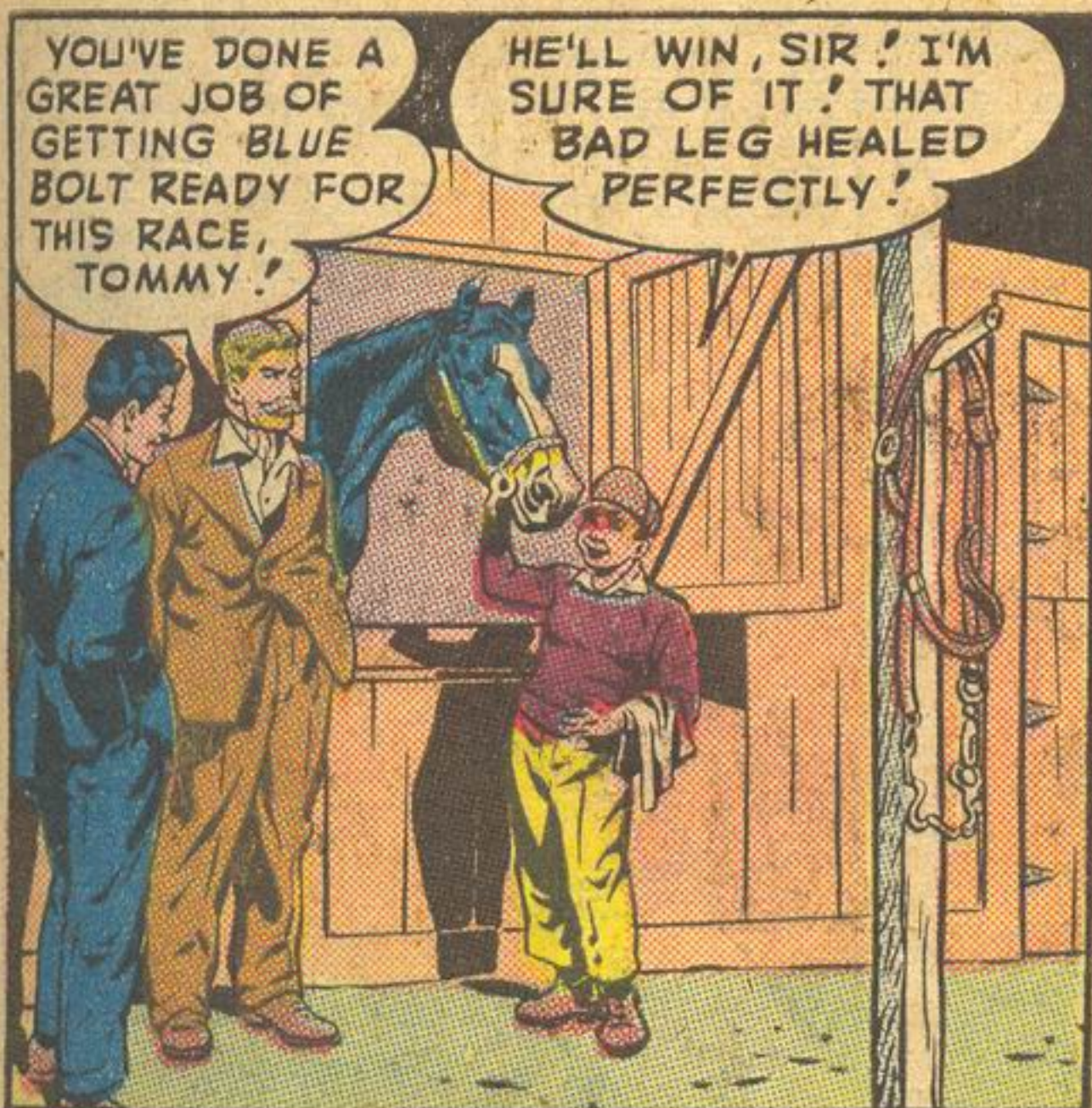


A month later...

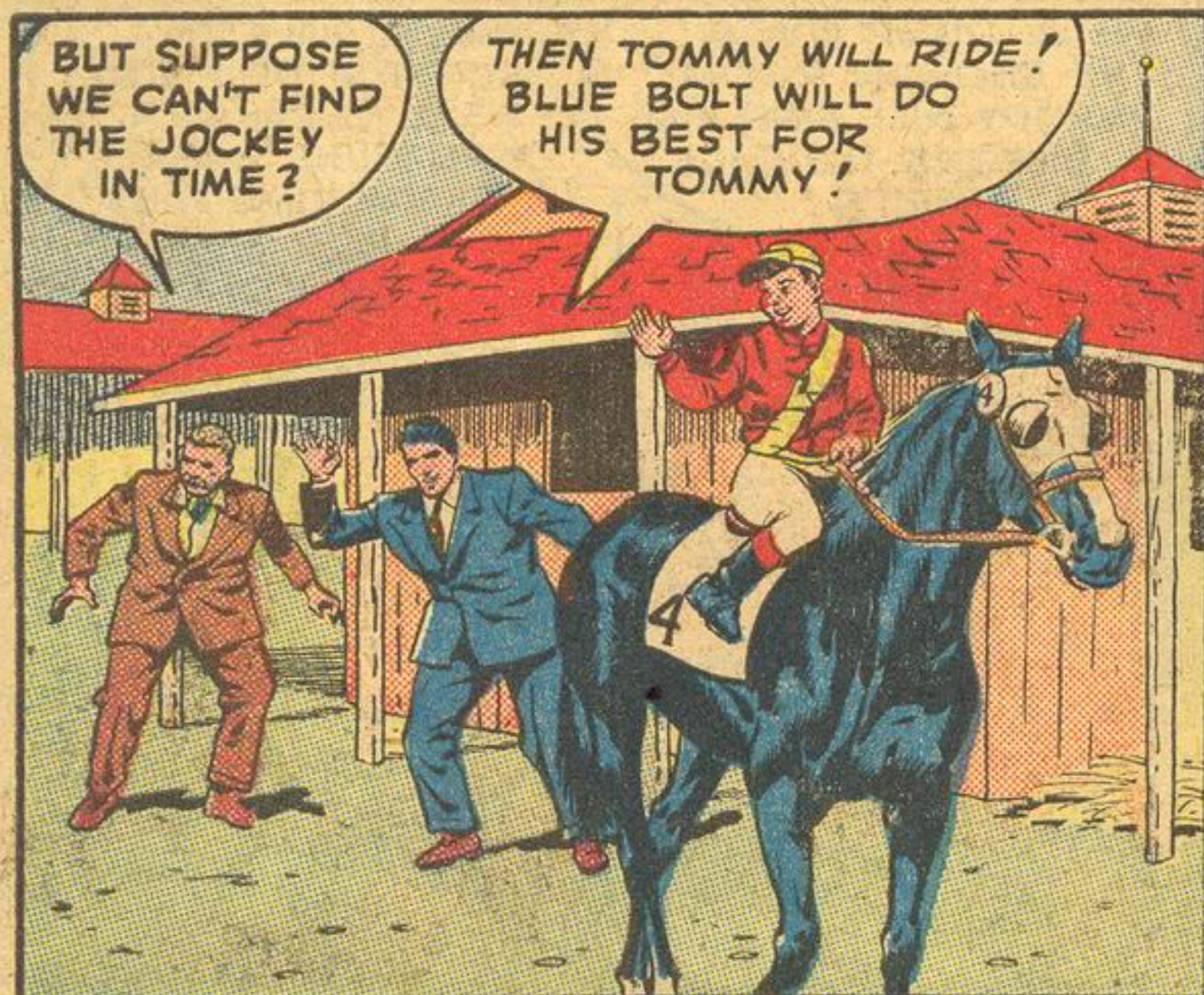
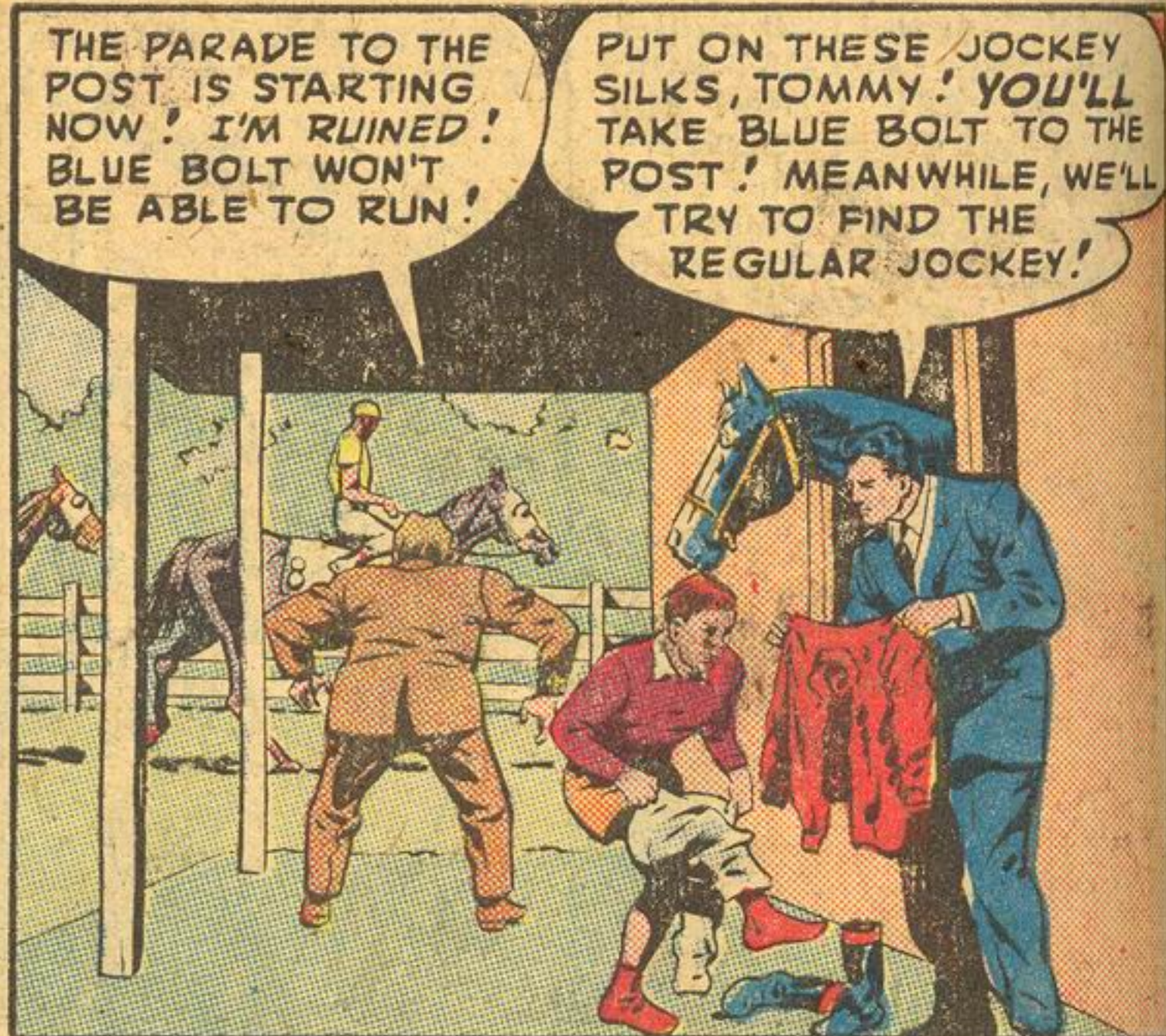
DAILY

BLUE BOLT TO RACE AGAIN!

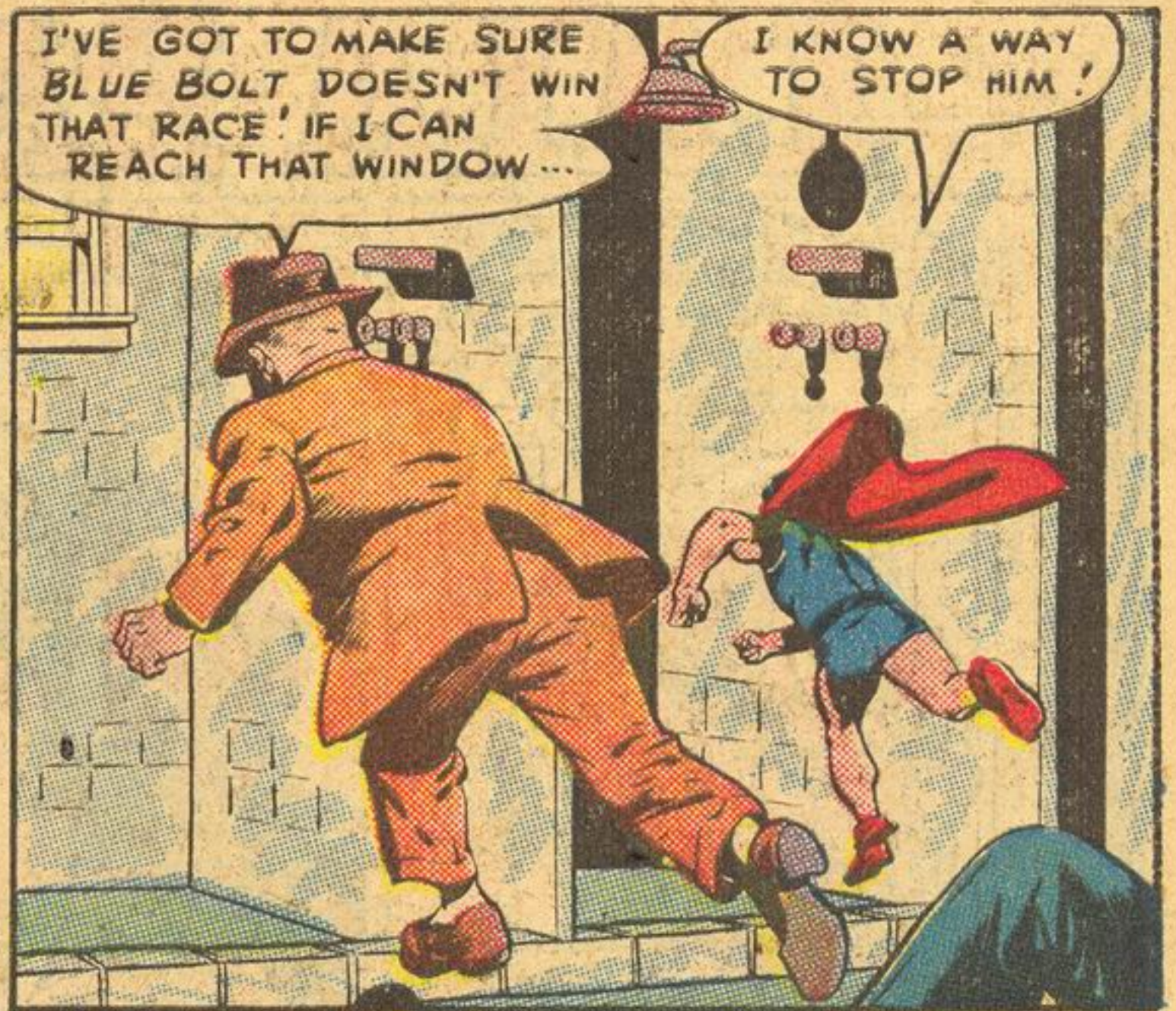
ENTERED IN HUNDRED GRADUATE SPECIAL TODAY!



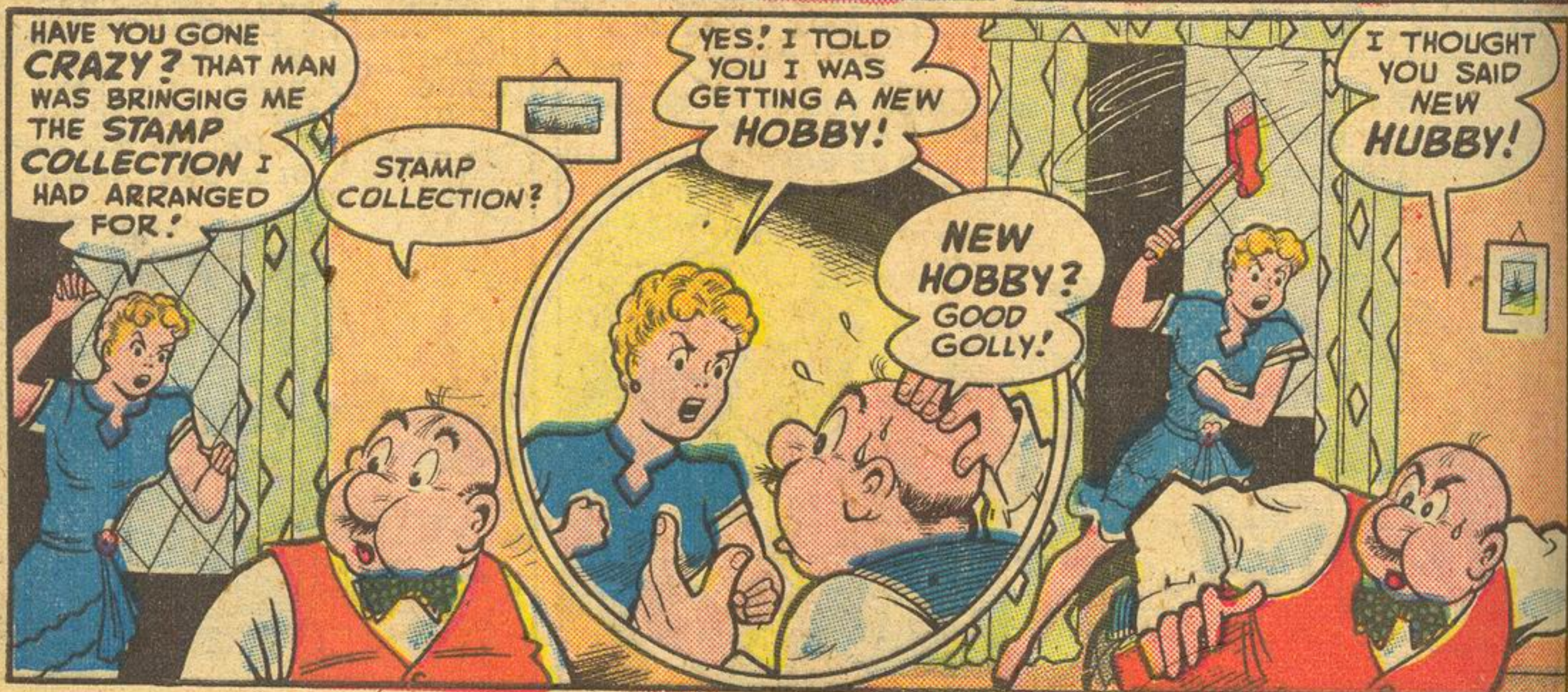
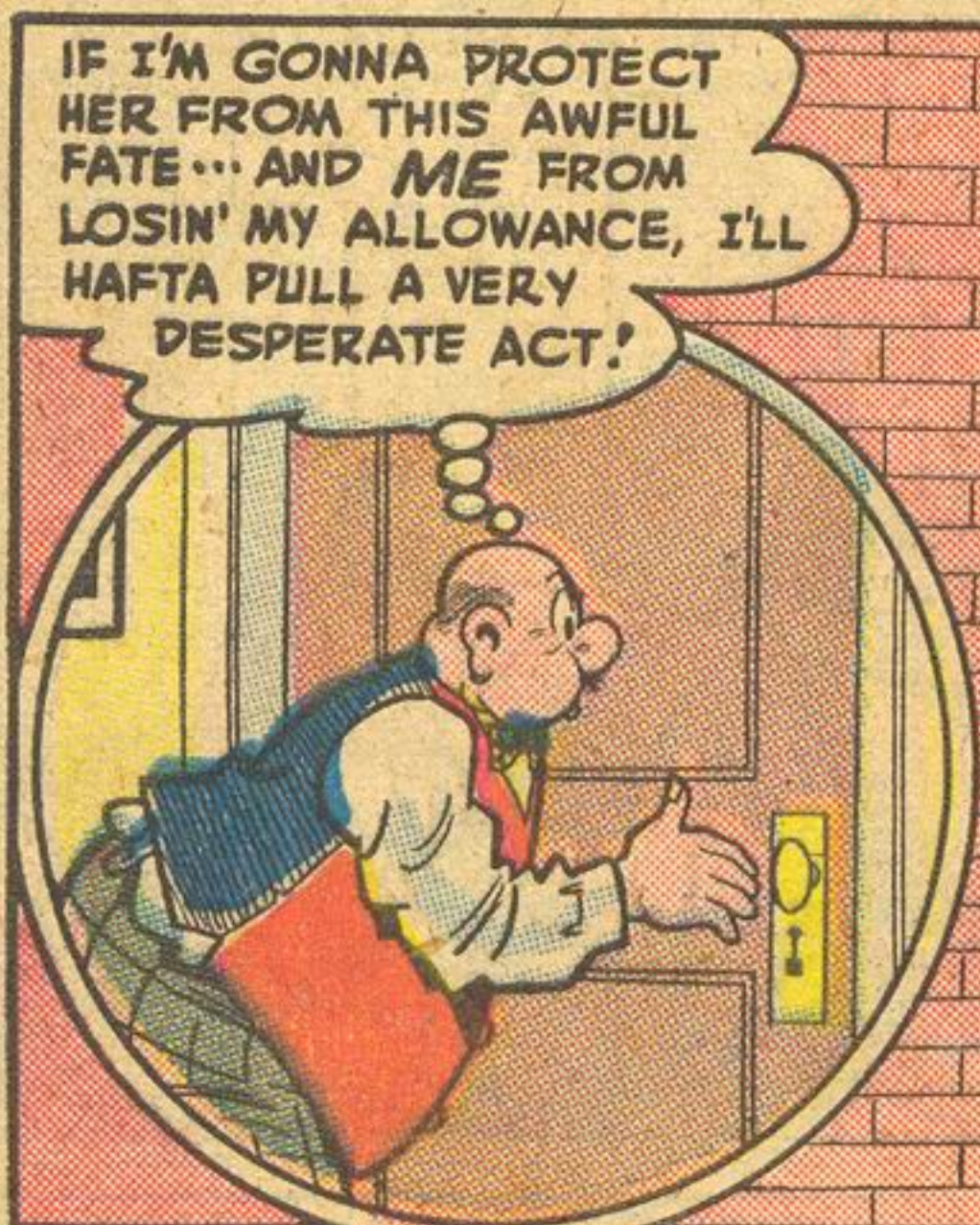
FEATURE COMICS



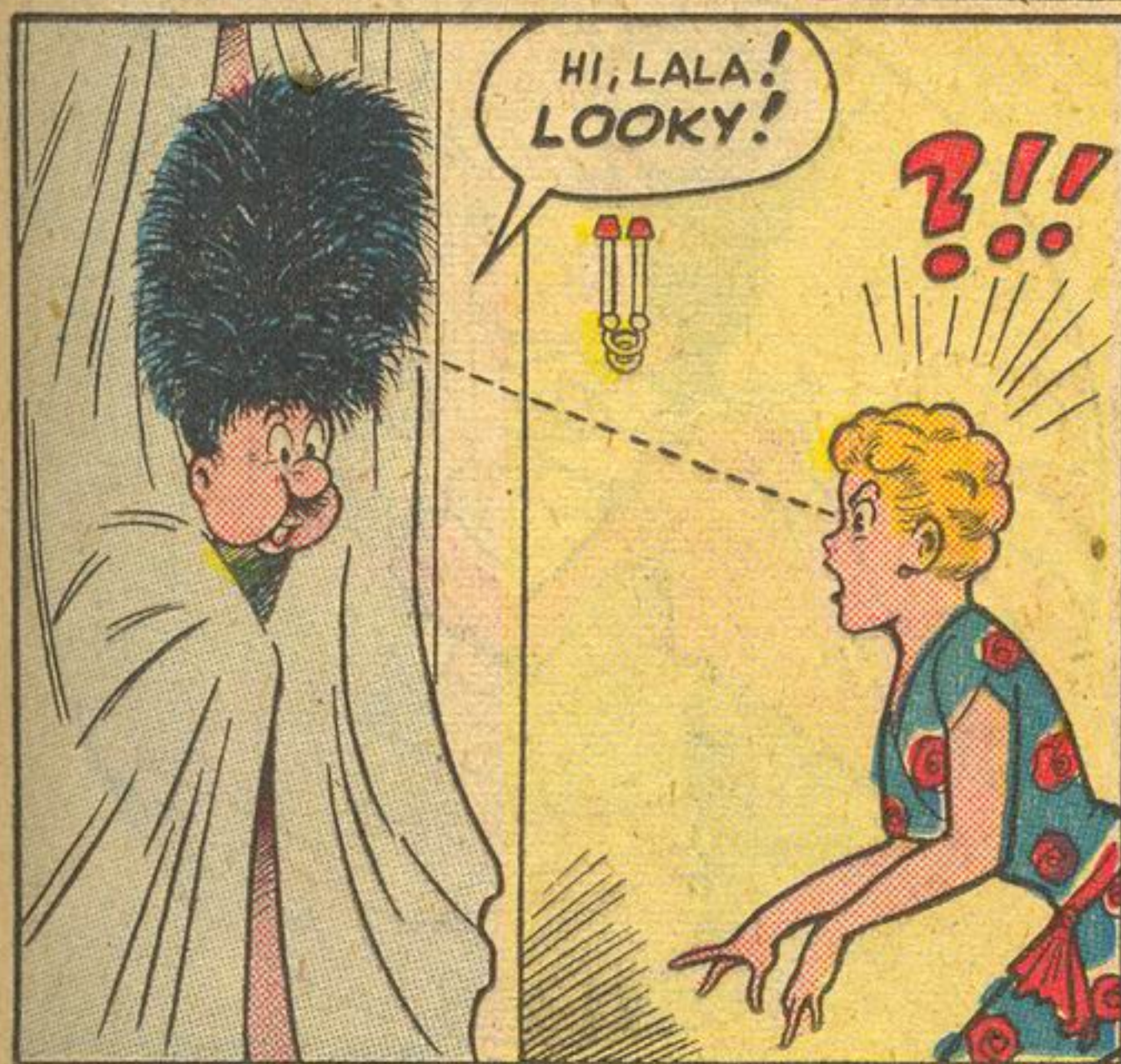
FEATURE COMICS



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

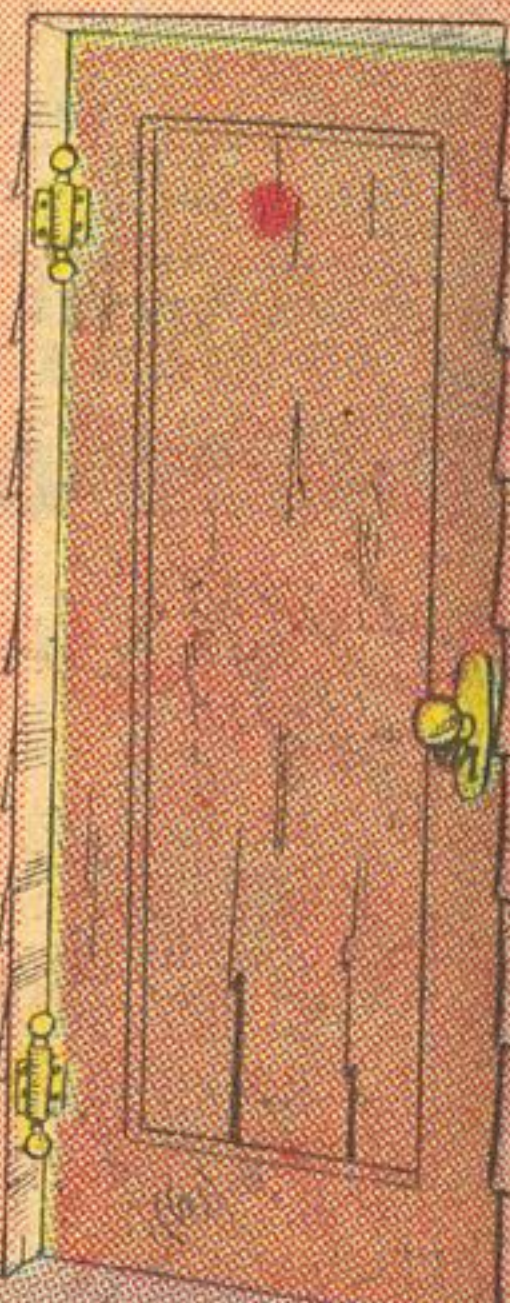


ROSCOE

ROSCOE AND COMPANY
ACE PRIVATE
DETECTIVES

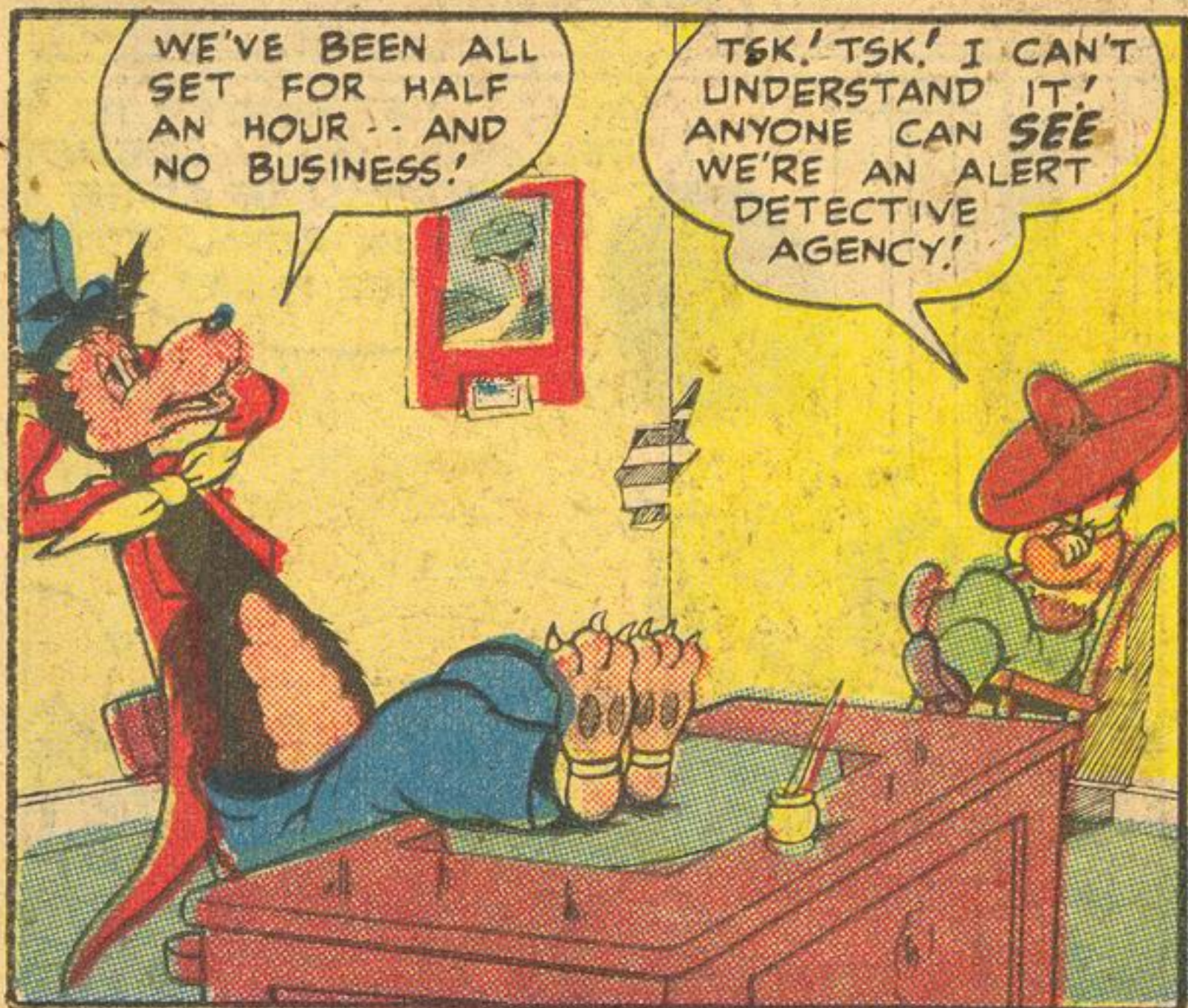
THERE,
NOW WE'RE
ALL SET!

SI, AMIGO,
EXCEPT THAT
I **STILL** THINK
YOU SHOULD
CHANGE THE
FIRST **T** IN
DETECTIVES
TO AN **F**!



WE'VE BEEN ALL
SET FOR HALF
AN HOUR -- AND
NO BUSINESS!

TSK! TSK! I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT!
ANYONE CAN **SEE**
WE'RE AN ALERT
DETECTIVE
AGENCY!



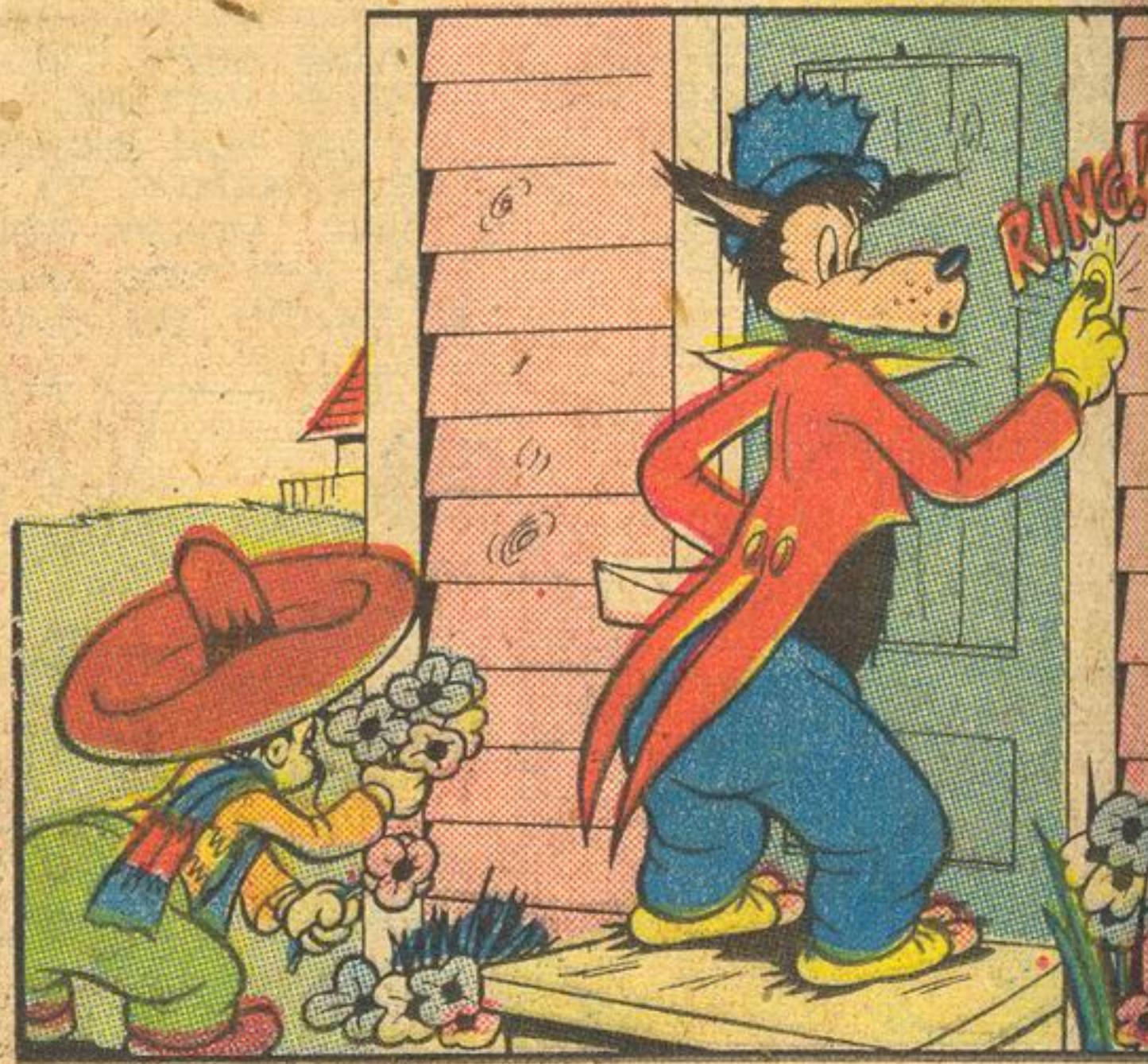
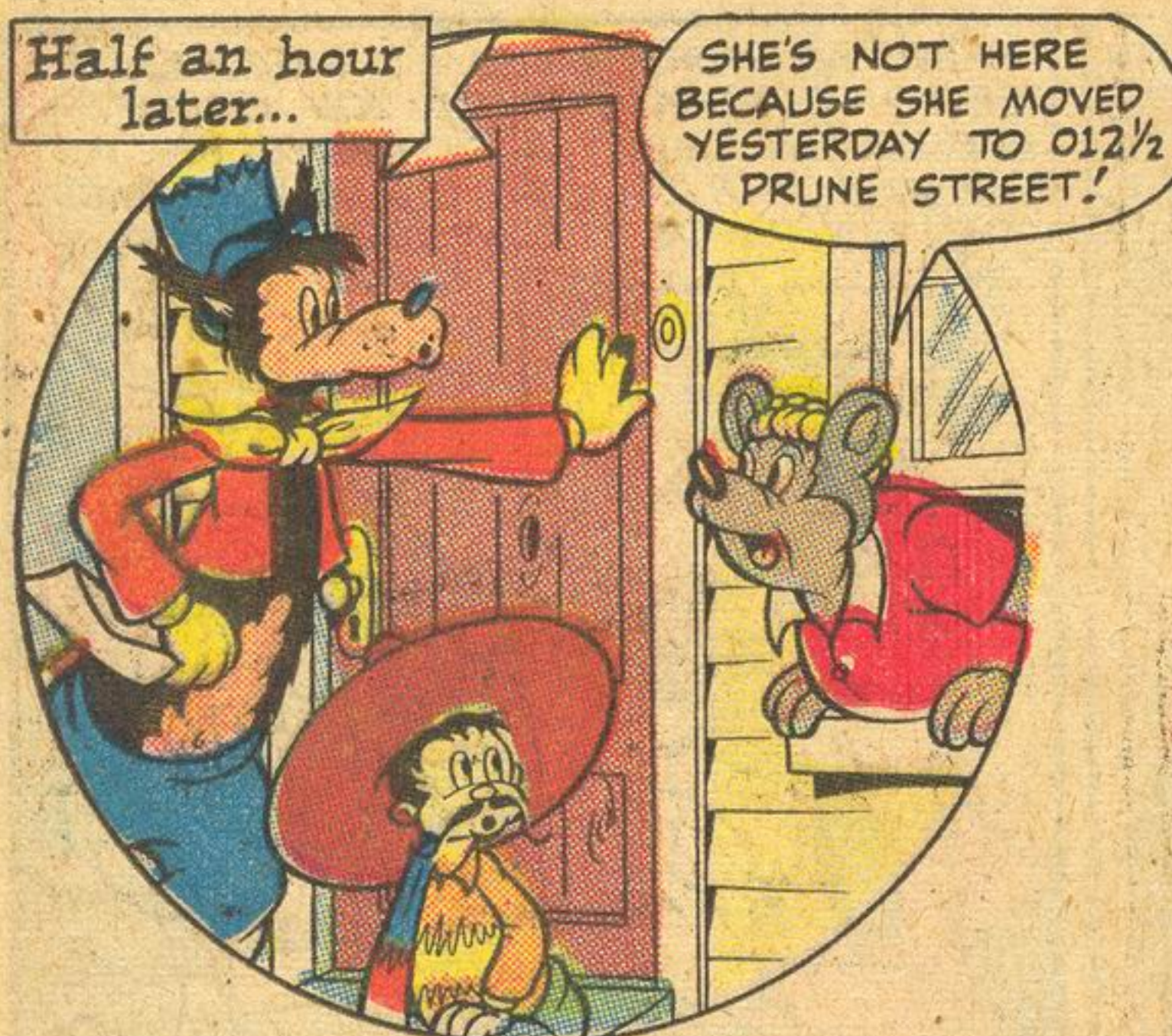
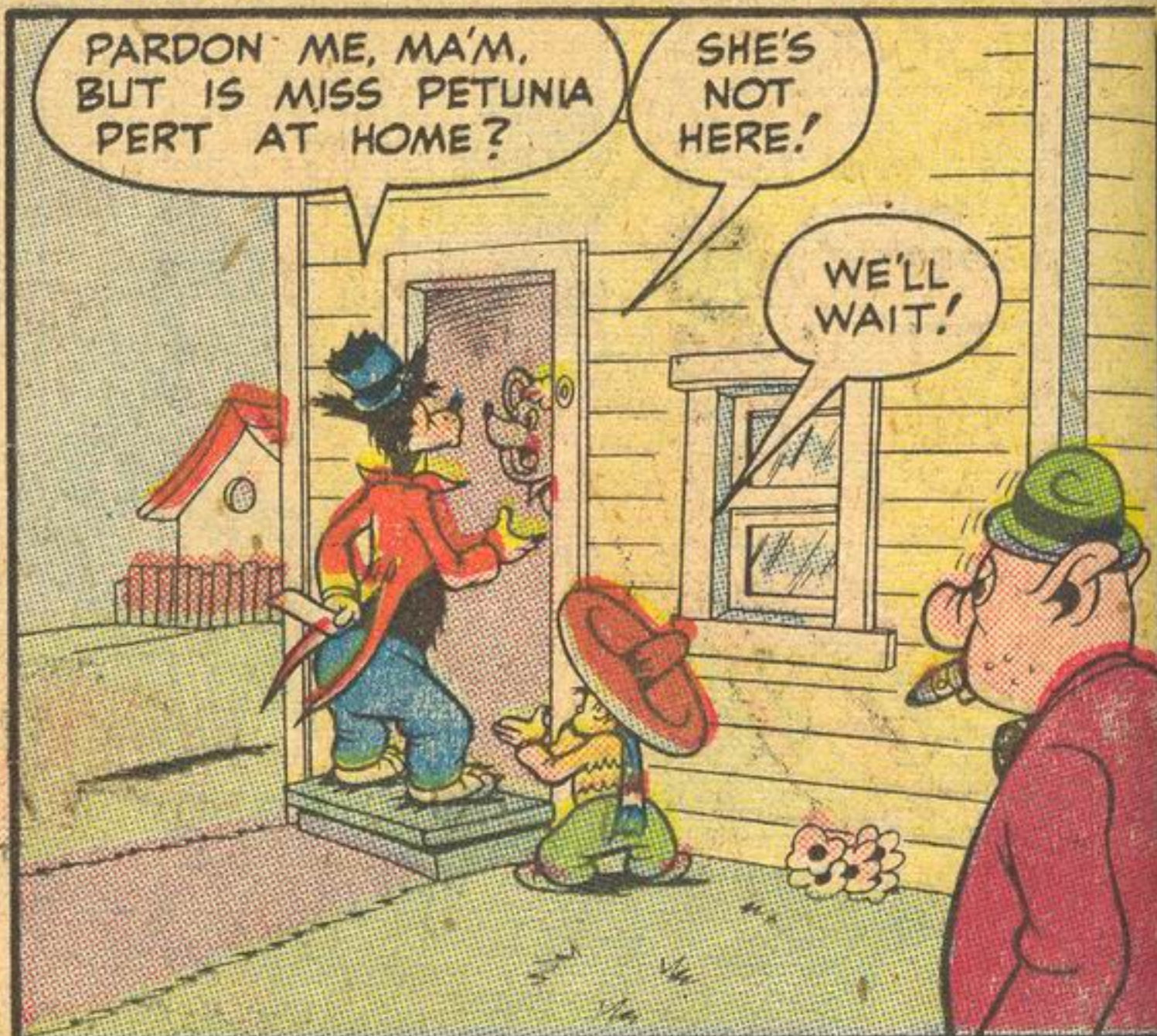
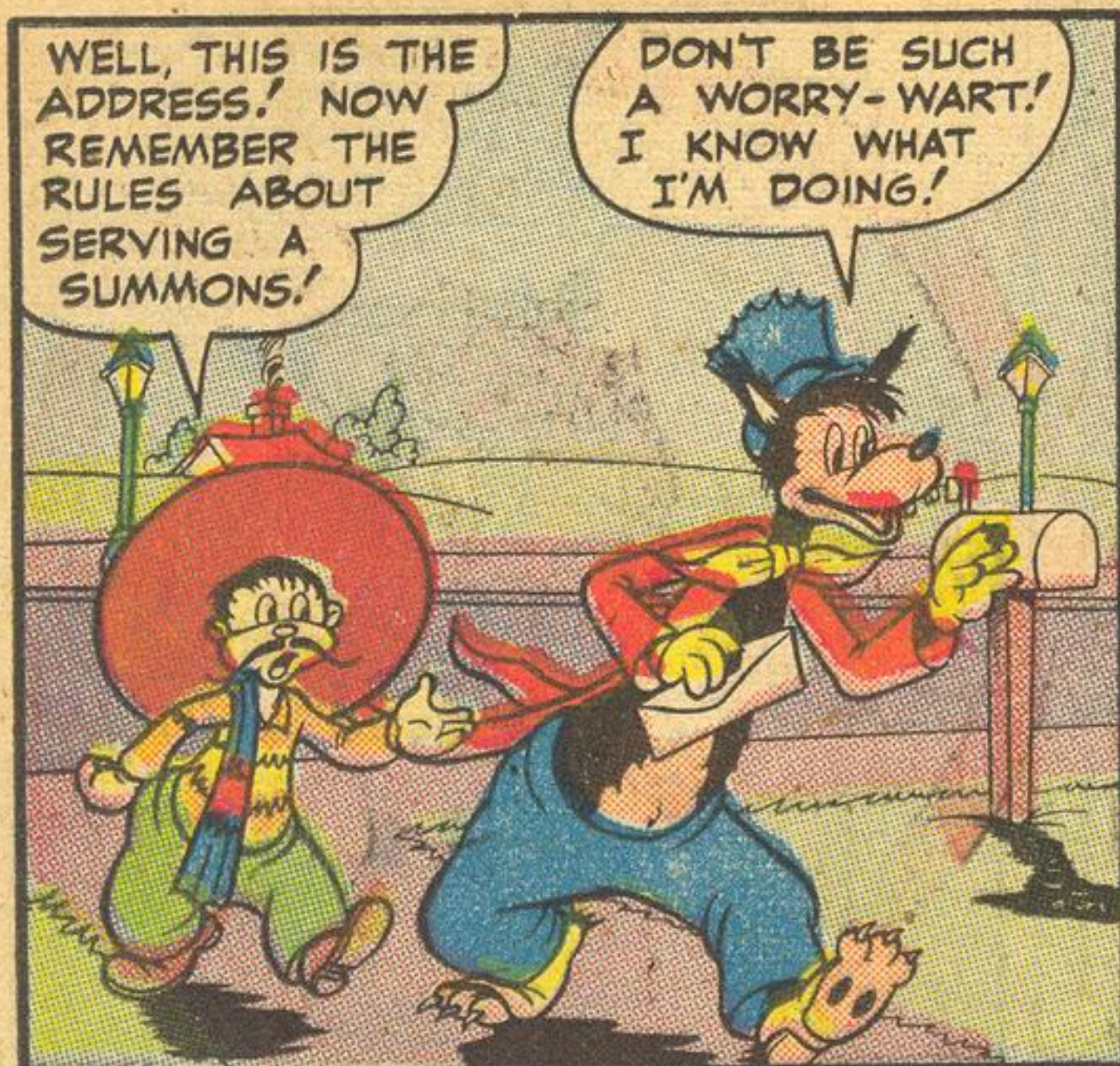
A
CLIENT!

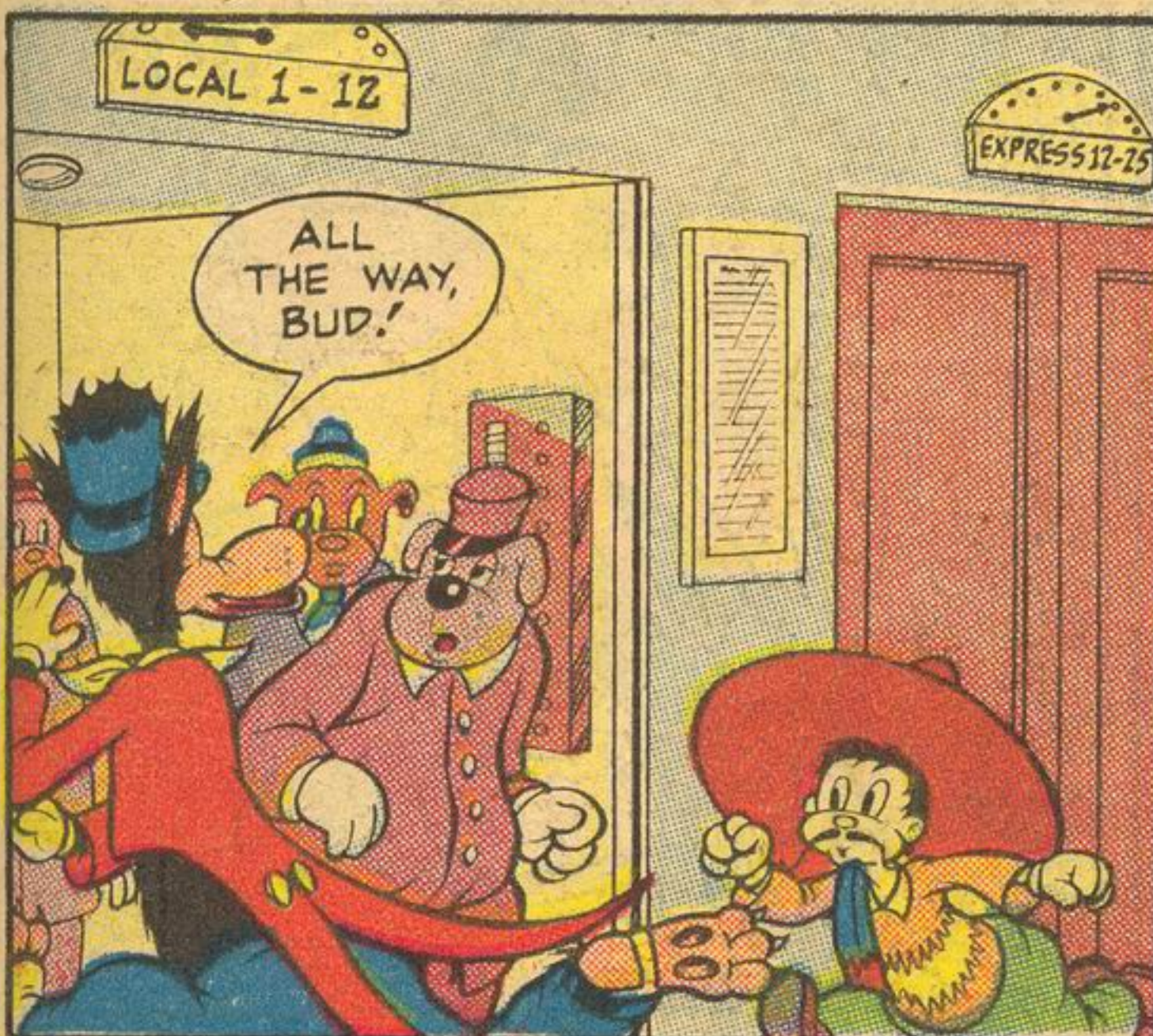
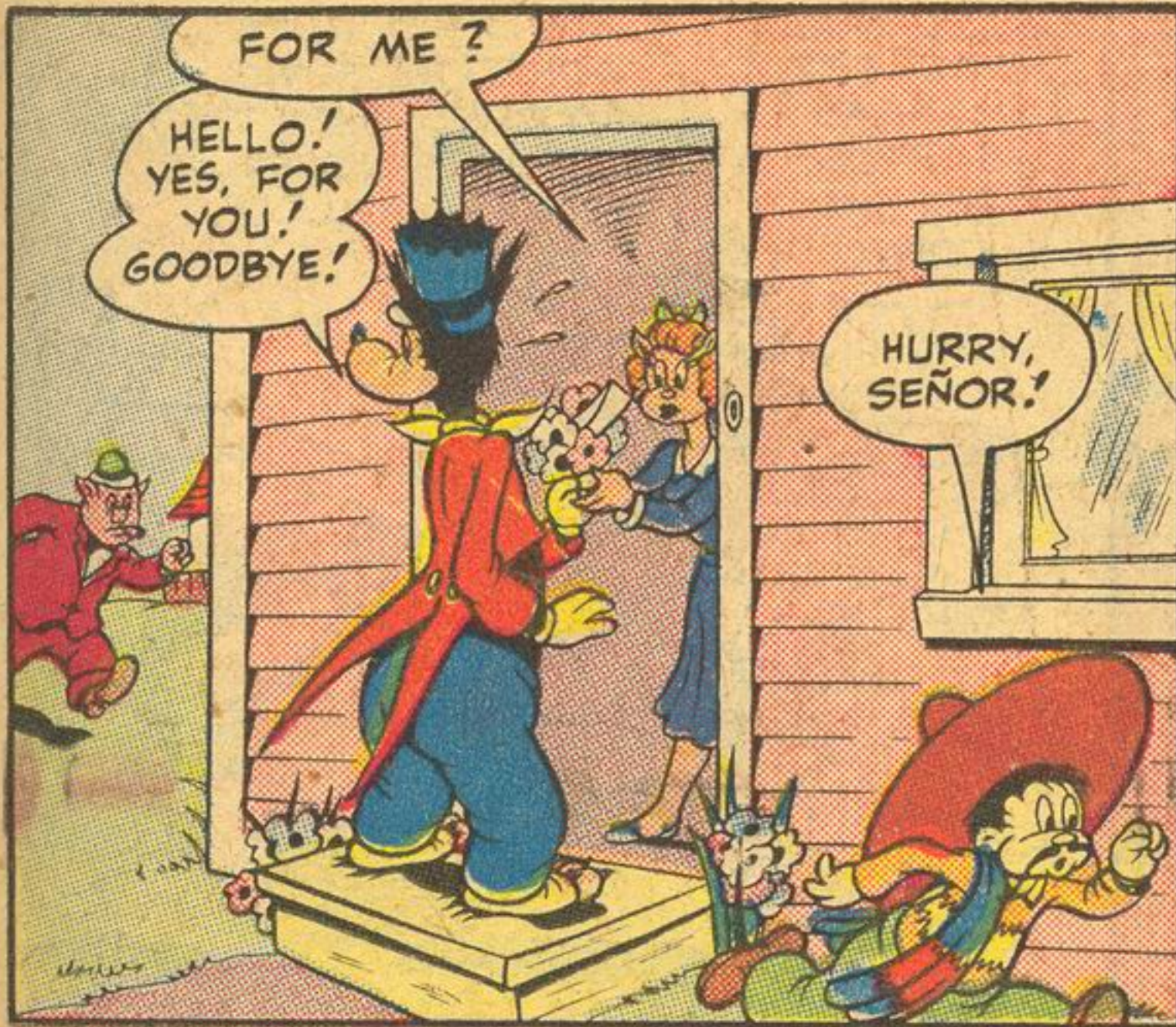
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



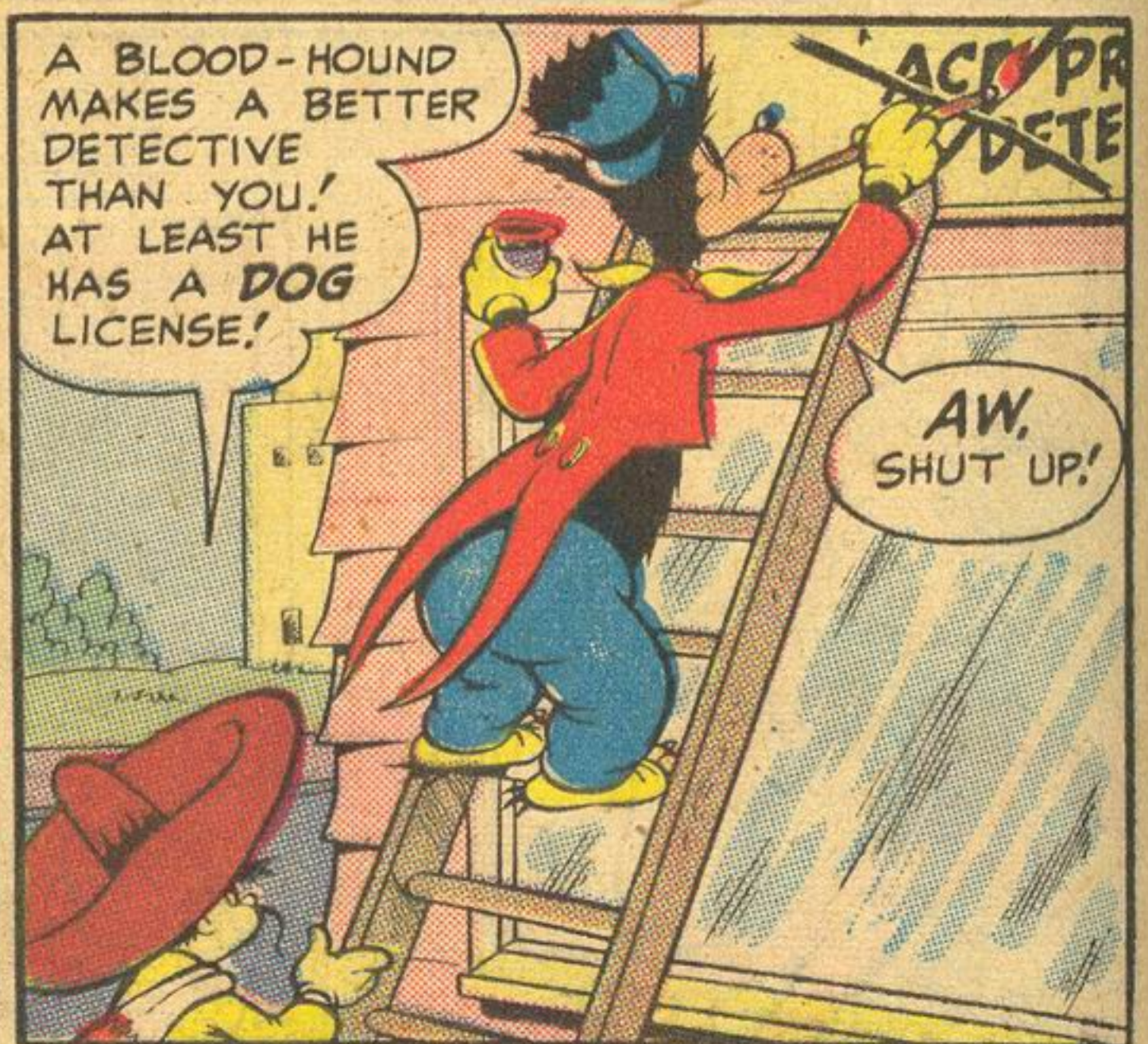
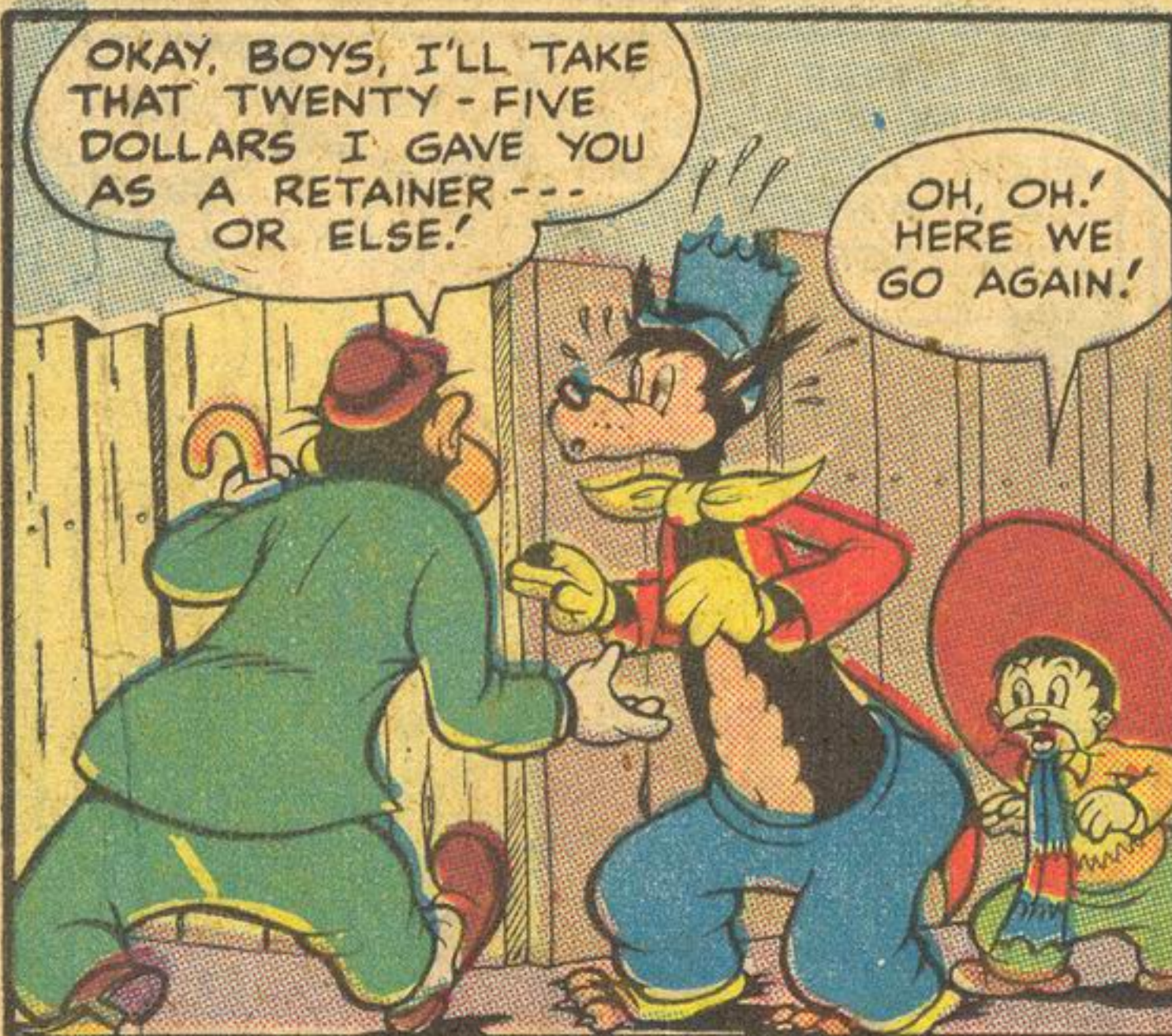
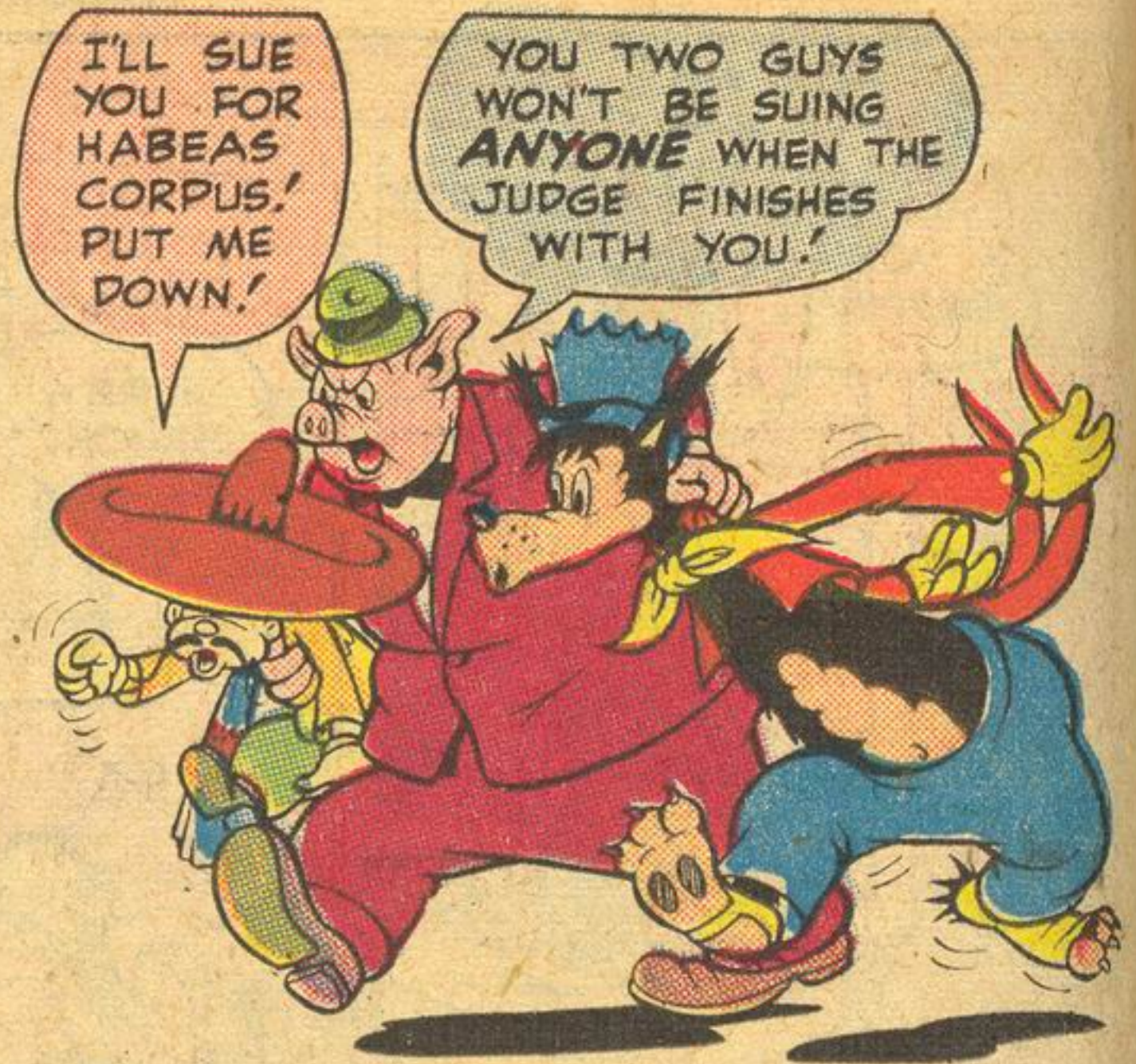
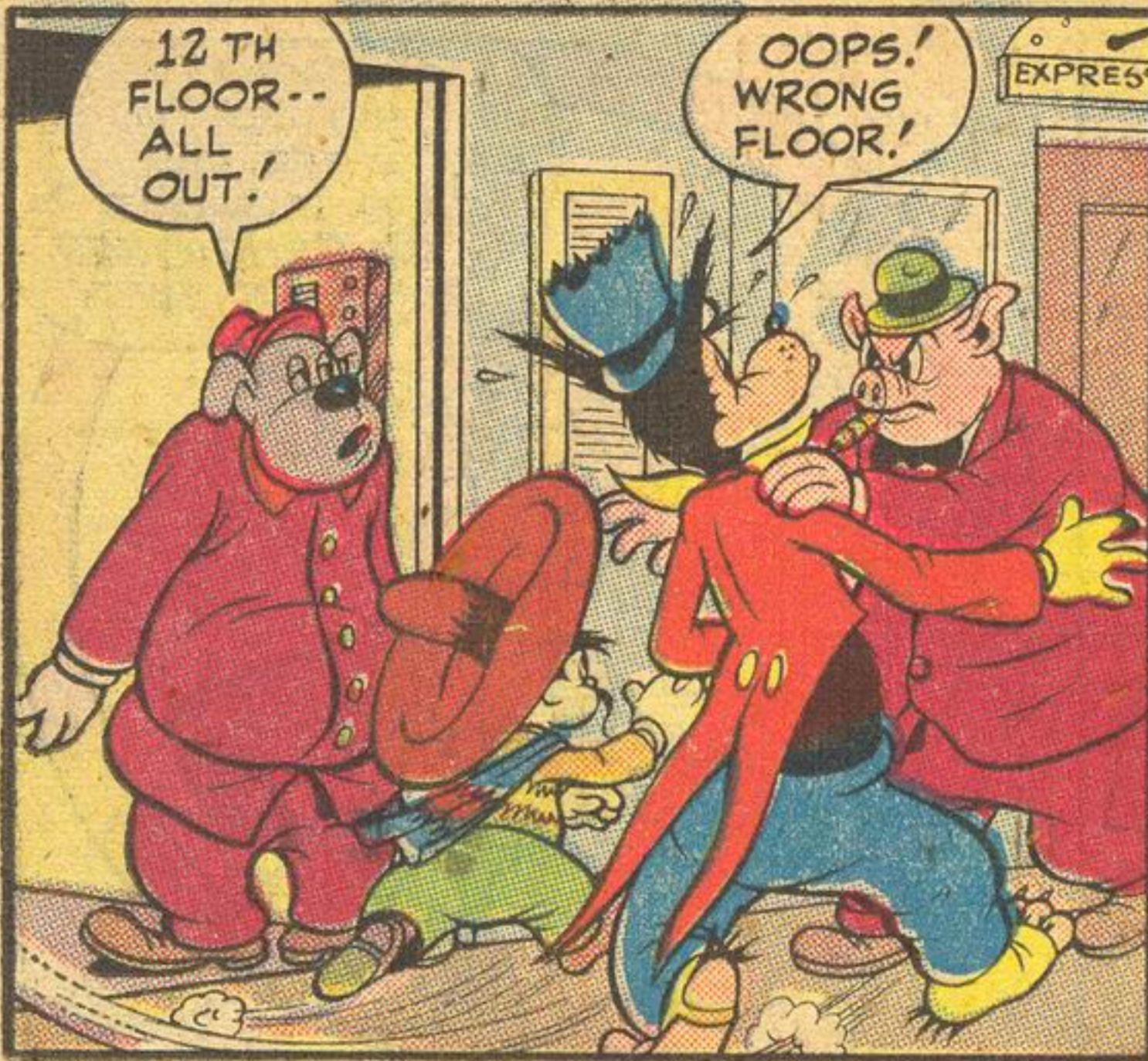


FEATURE COMICS

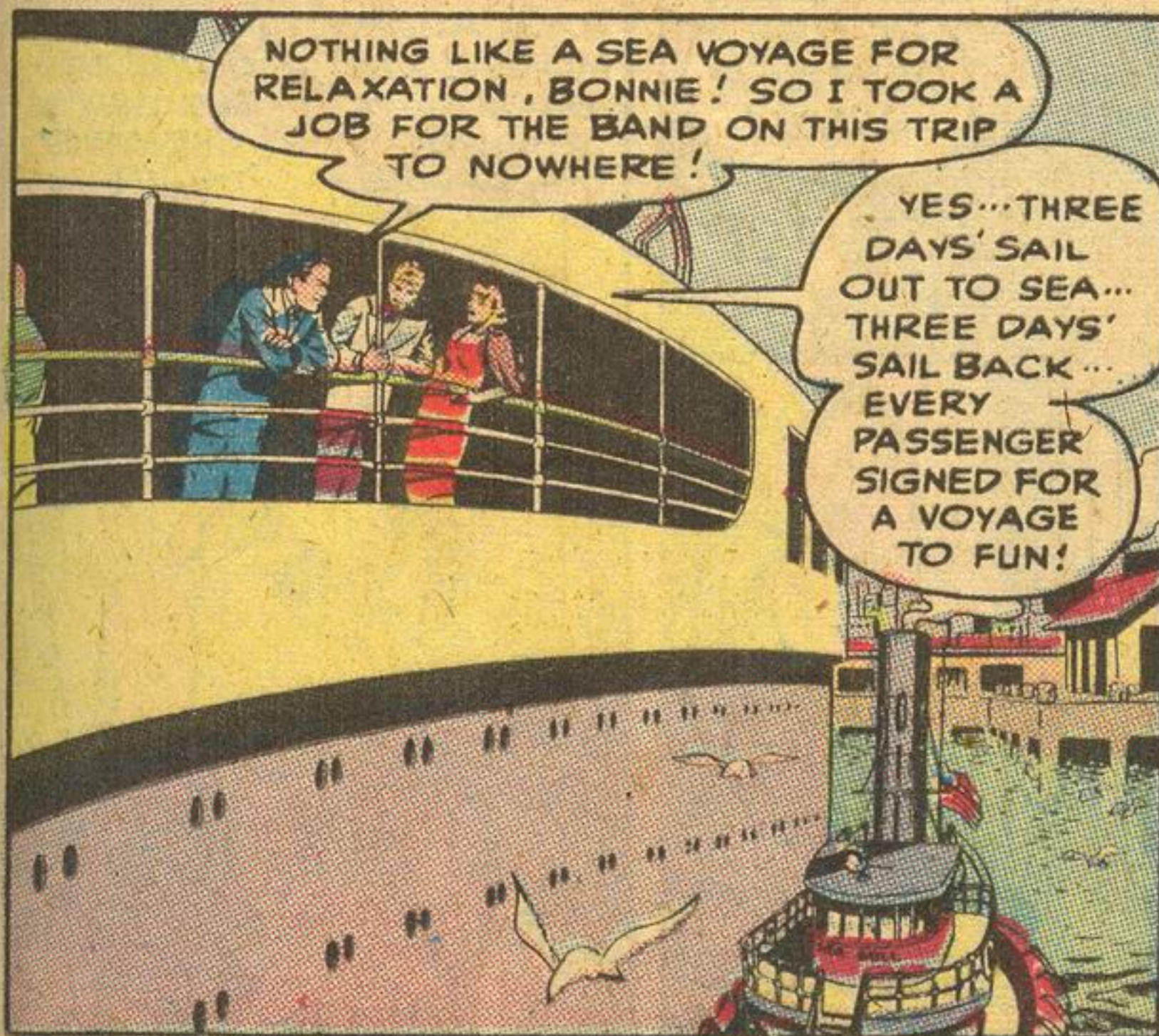
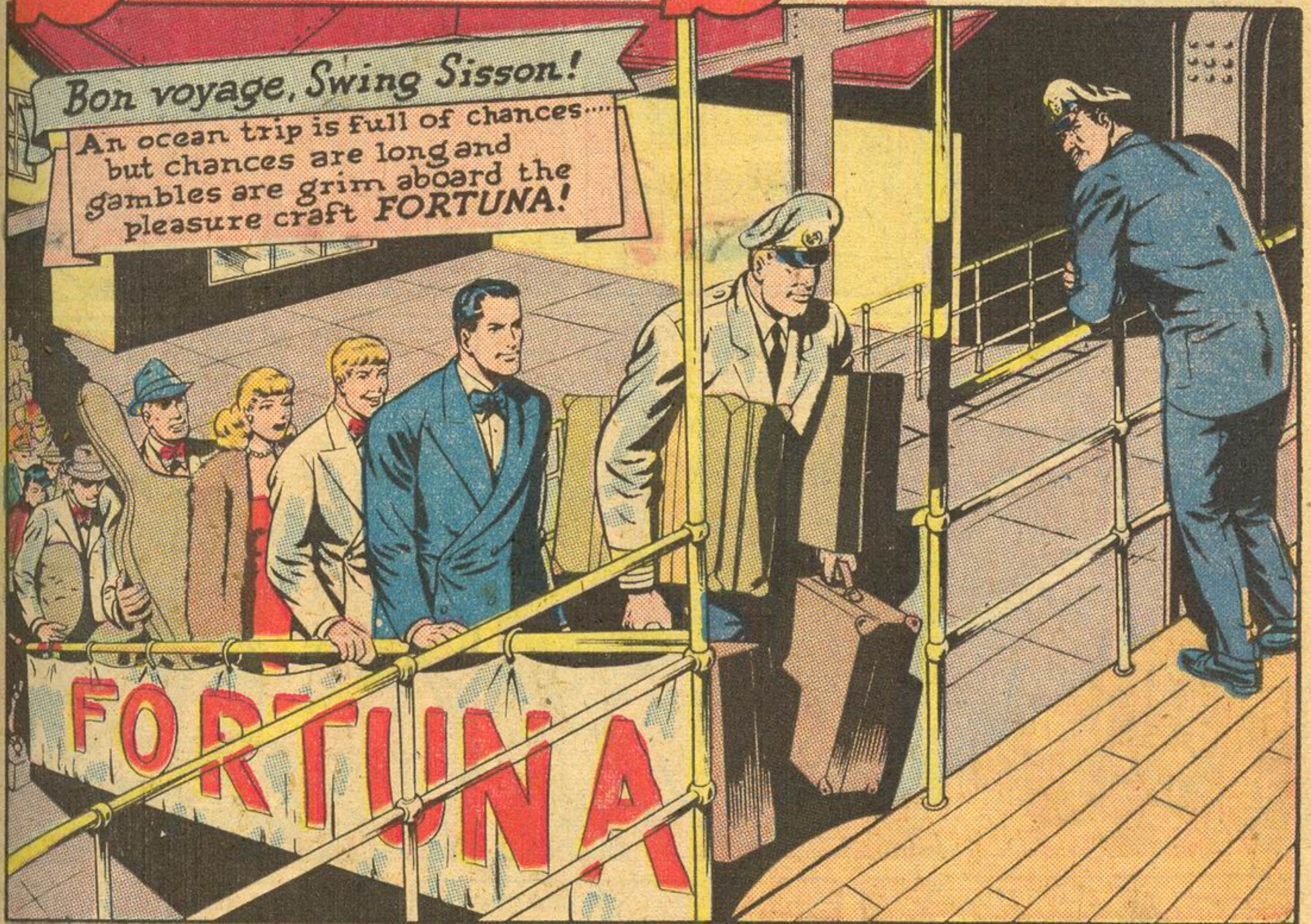




FEATURE COMICS



SWING SISSON



FEATURE COMICS



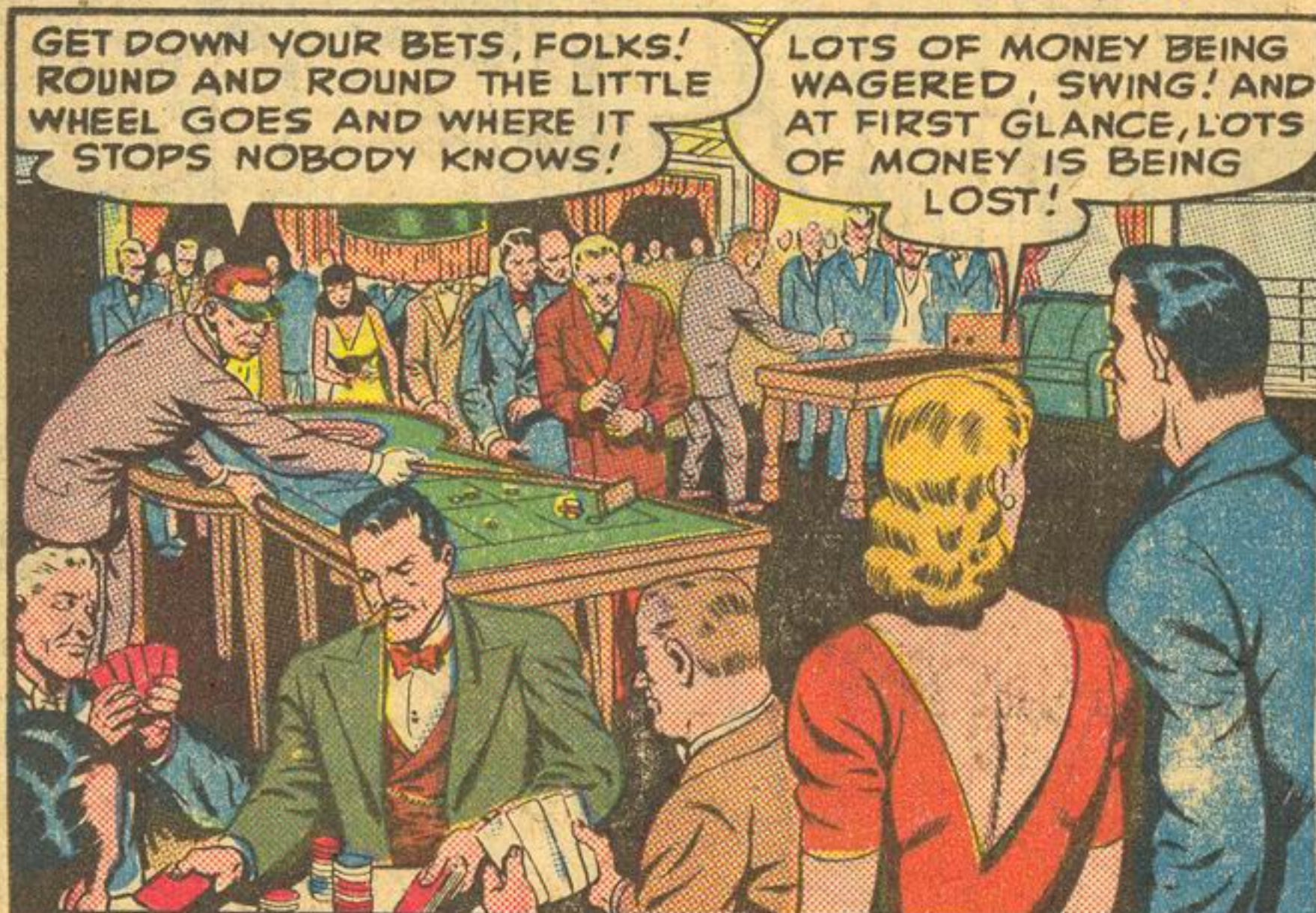
LADEES AN' GENTS! WE'RE FIFTEEN MILES OUT... RESTRICTIONS IS OFF! THE HALL O' CHANCT IS OPEN IN THE MAIN SALOON! WHY'NCHA GO THERE AN' RISK A BUCK?

IT'S A GAMBLING SHIP! THEY DIDN'T MAKE THAT POINT KNOWN WHEN THEY HIRED US!



THE GUESTS ARE HEADING FOR THE GAMBLING TABLES! NO USE PLAYING FOR NOTHING! WHAT ABOUT THIS, SWING?

NOTHING FOR THE PRESENT! TAKE TEN MINUTES WHILE BONNIE AND I HAVE A LOOK!



GET DOWN YOUR BETS, FOLKS! ROUND AND ROUND THE LITTLE WHEEL GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS NOBODY KNOWS!

LOTS OF MONEY BEING WAGERED, SWING! AND AT FIRST GLANCE, LOTS OF MONEY IS BEING LOST!



MIGHT IT BE CROOKED, SWING?

CAN'T TELL FROM HERE! BUT DROP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, BONNIE!



OOPS!

I'LL GET IT, BONNIE!



AND THE WHEEL STOPS.. HOUSE NUMBER WINS!

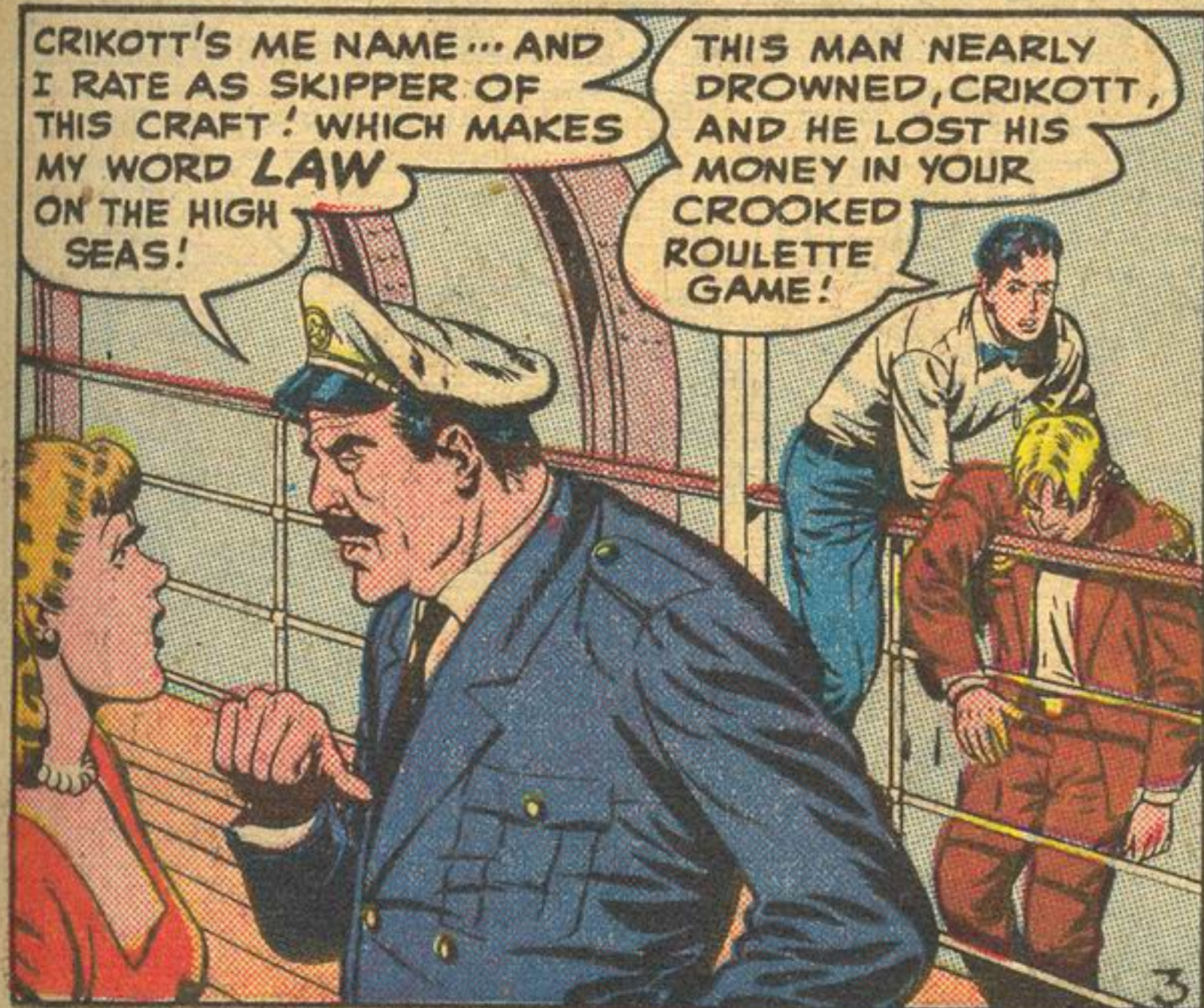
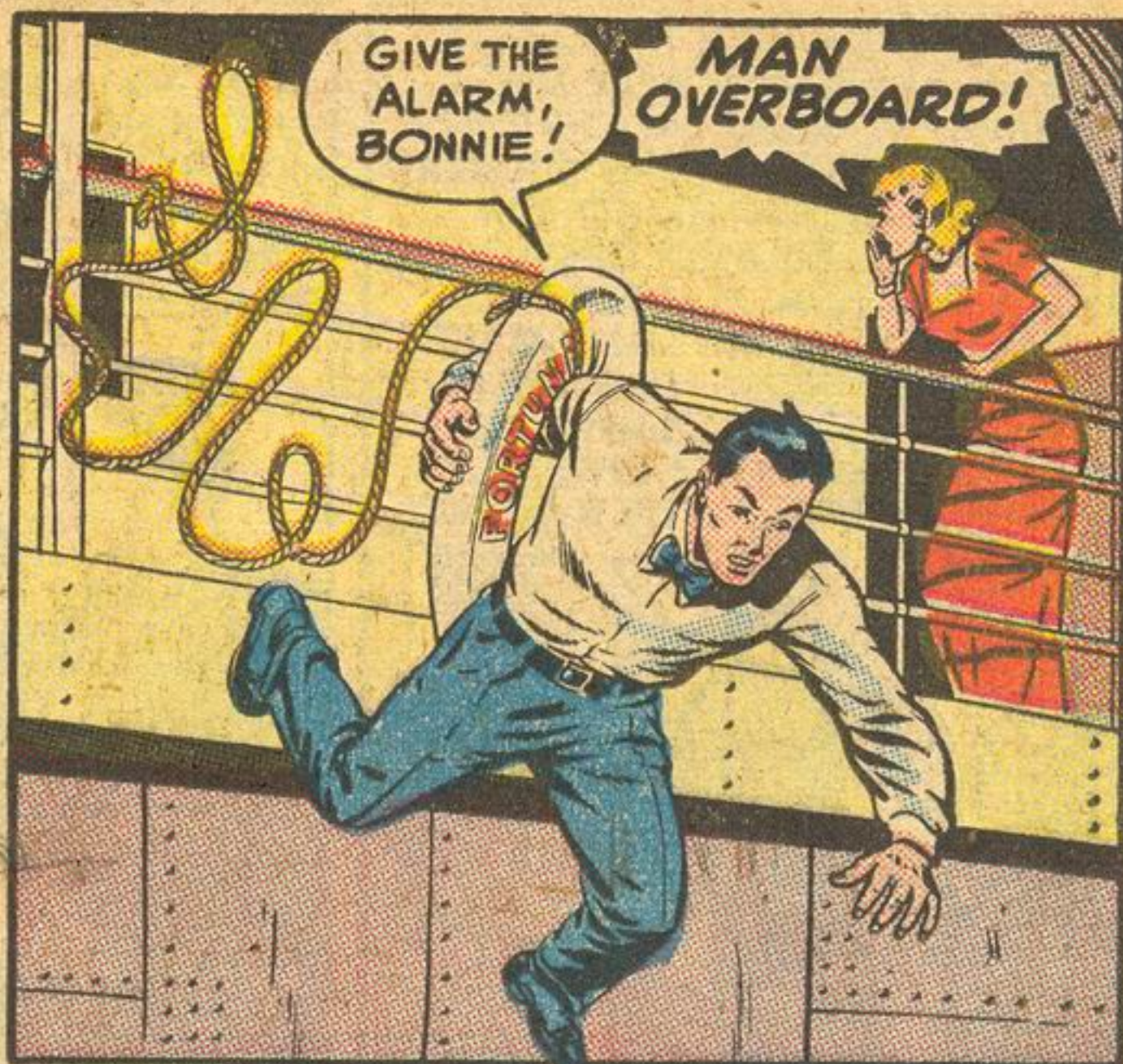
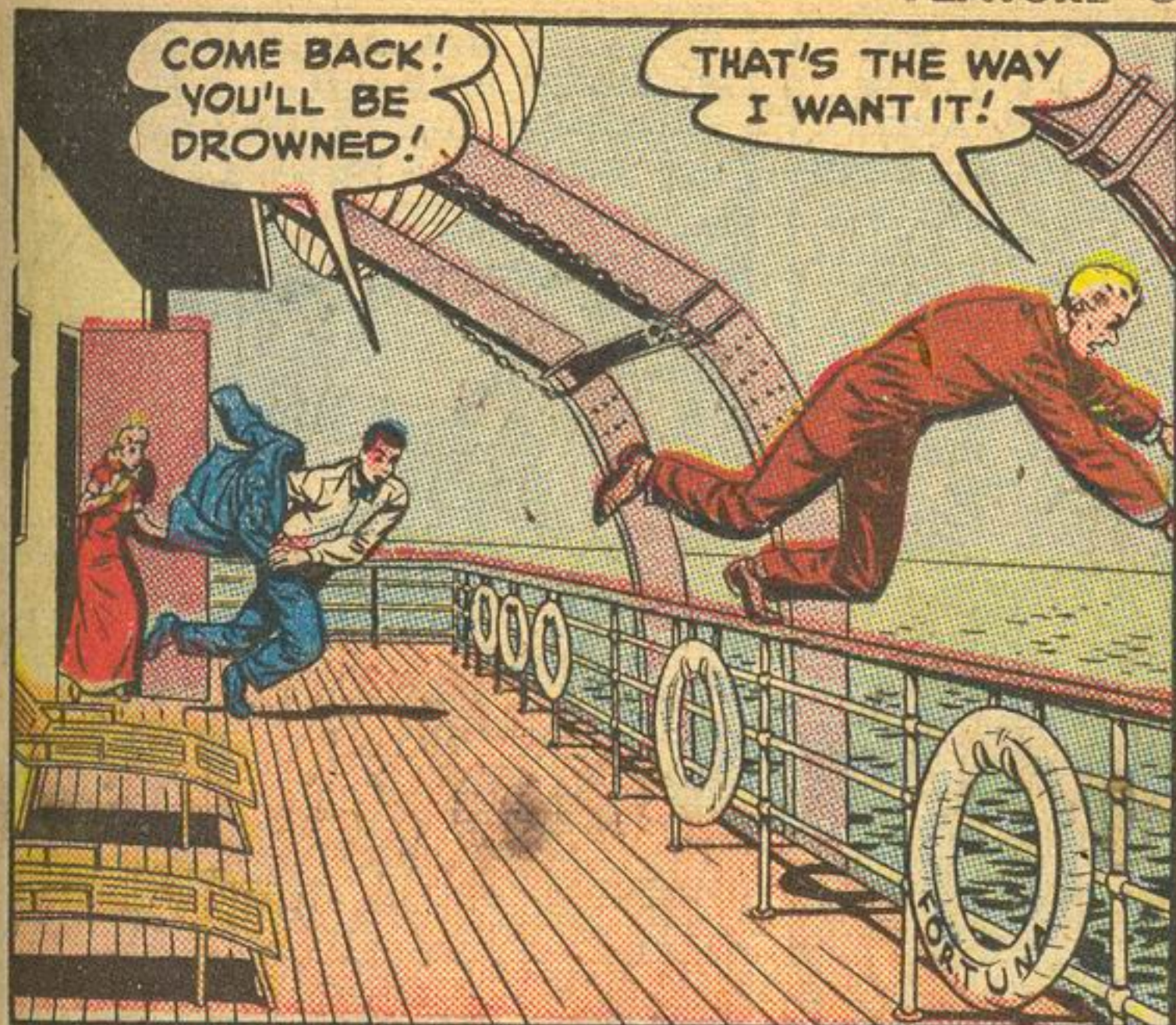
I GET IT!



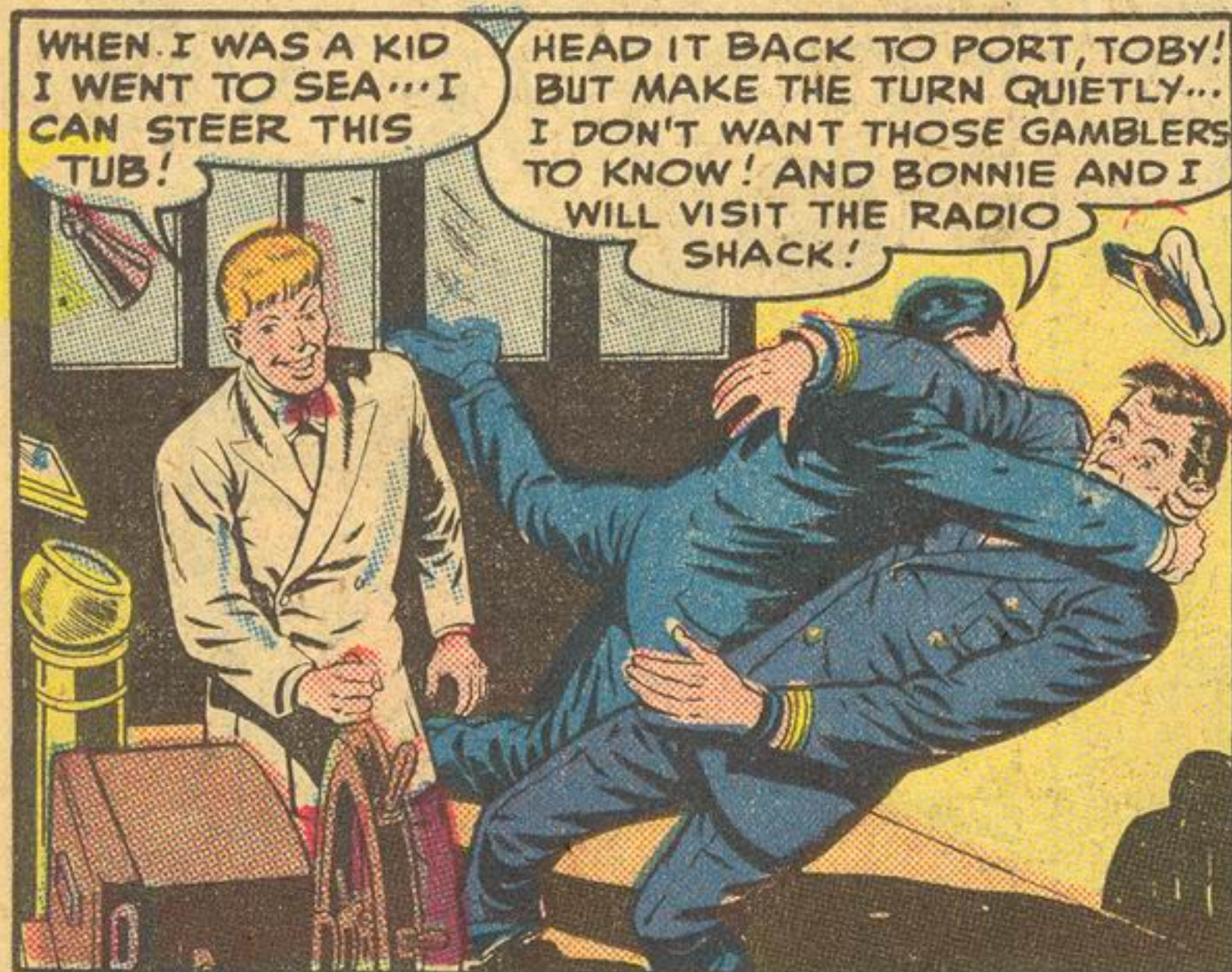
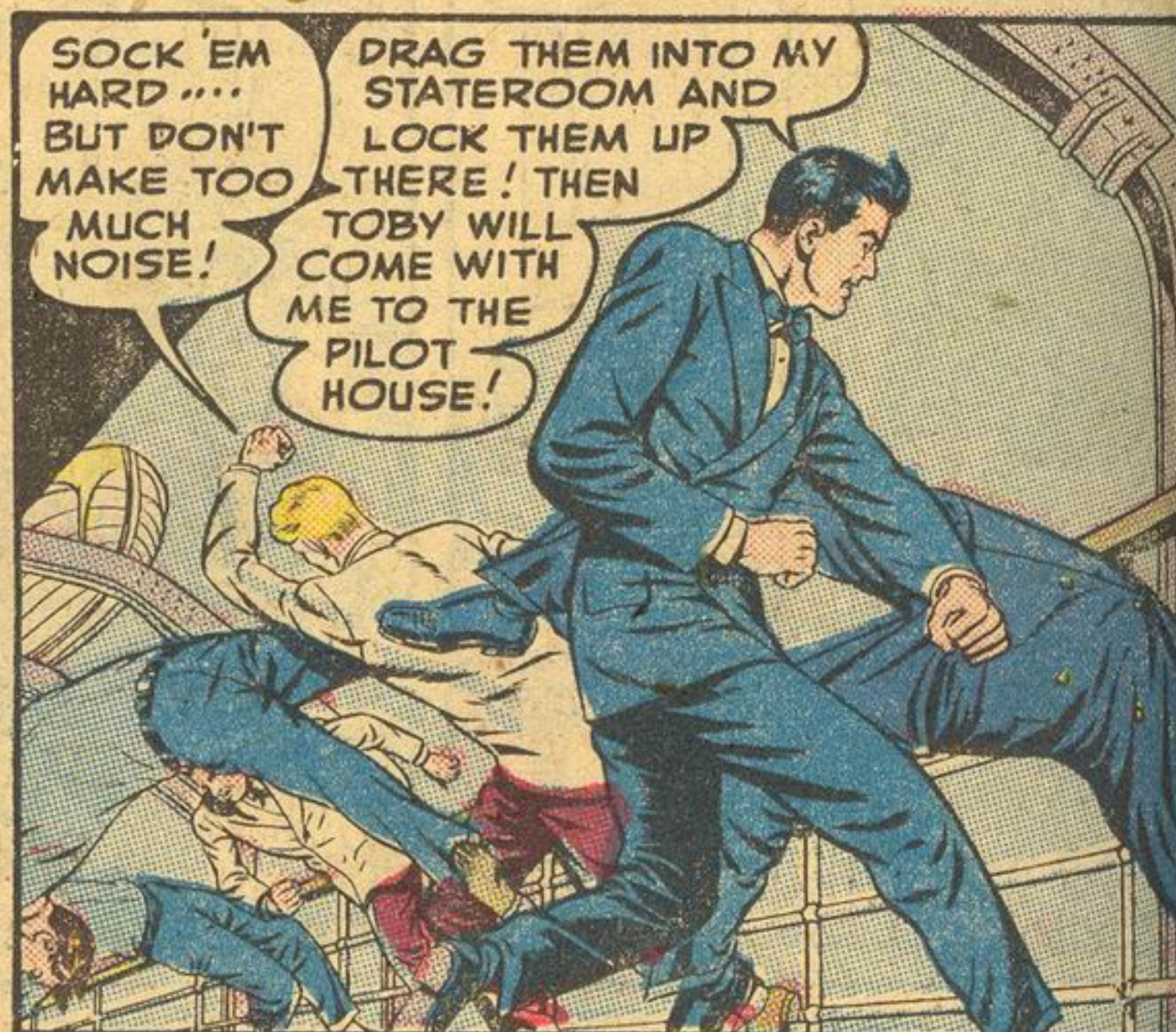
THAT LAST TURN OF THE WHEEL TOOK ALL MY MONEY! I'M BROKE... RUINED!

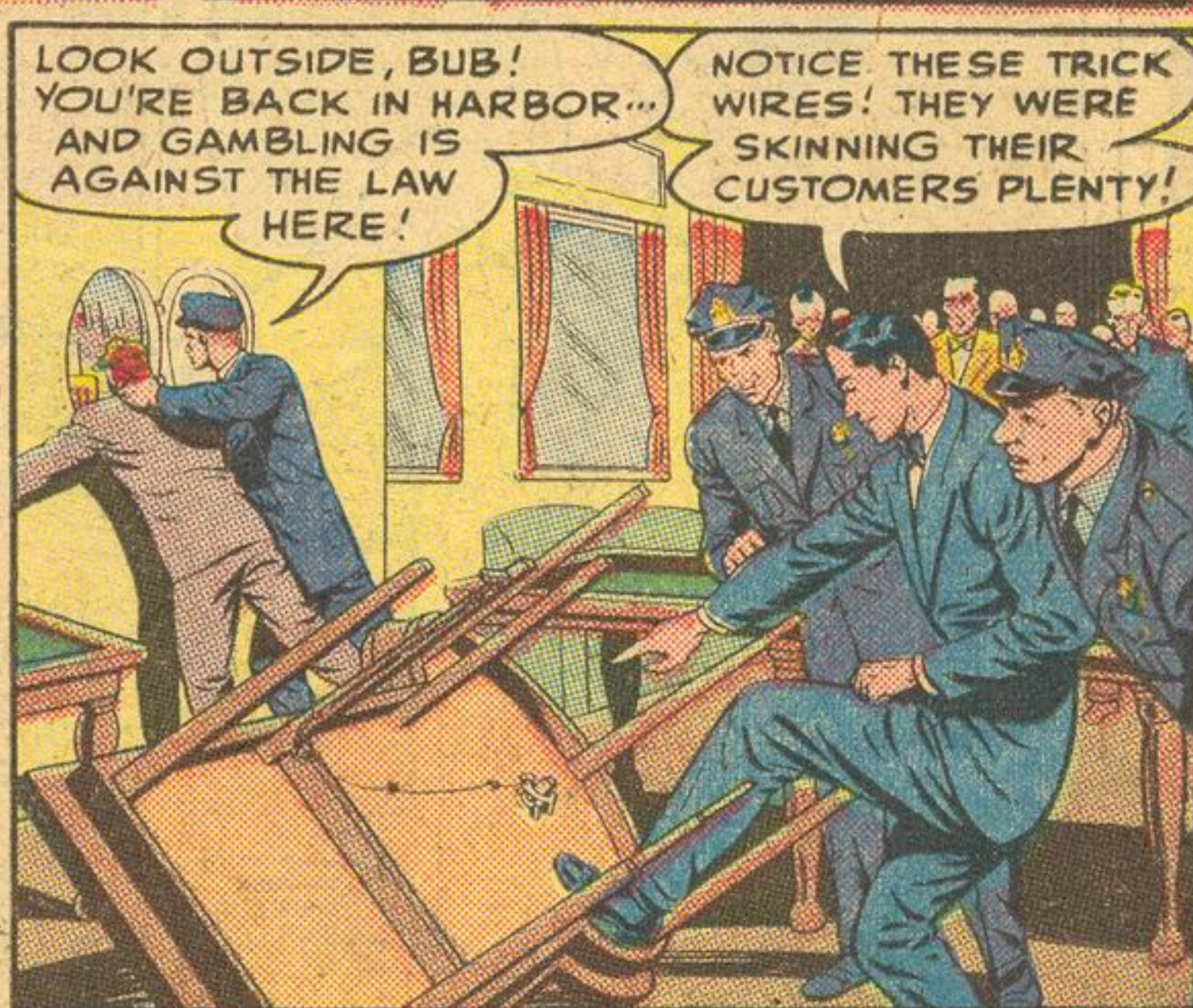
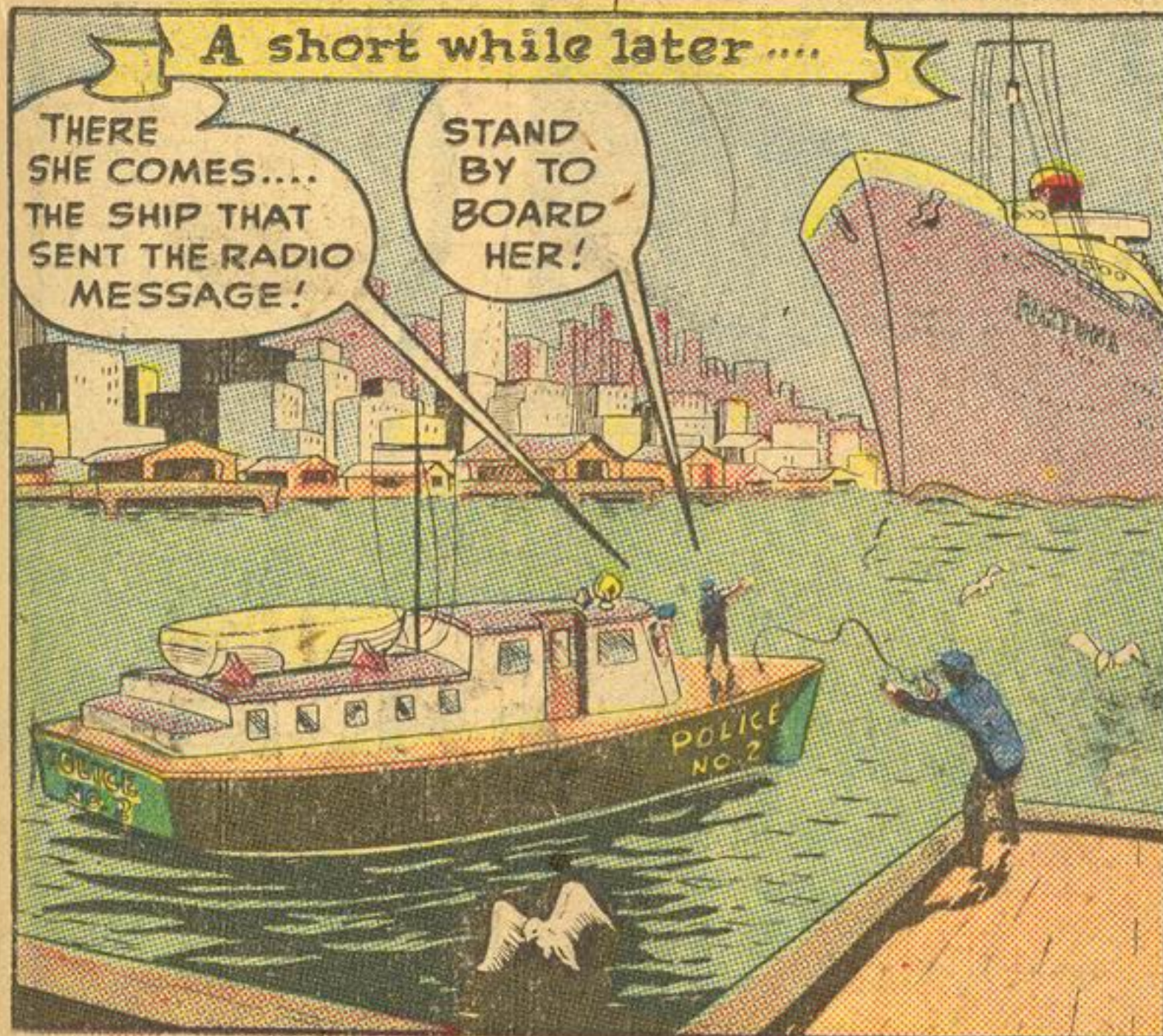
COME, BONNIE! NOT ONLY ARE THEY GAMBLING... BUT THEY'RE CHEATING!

FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





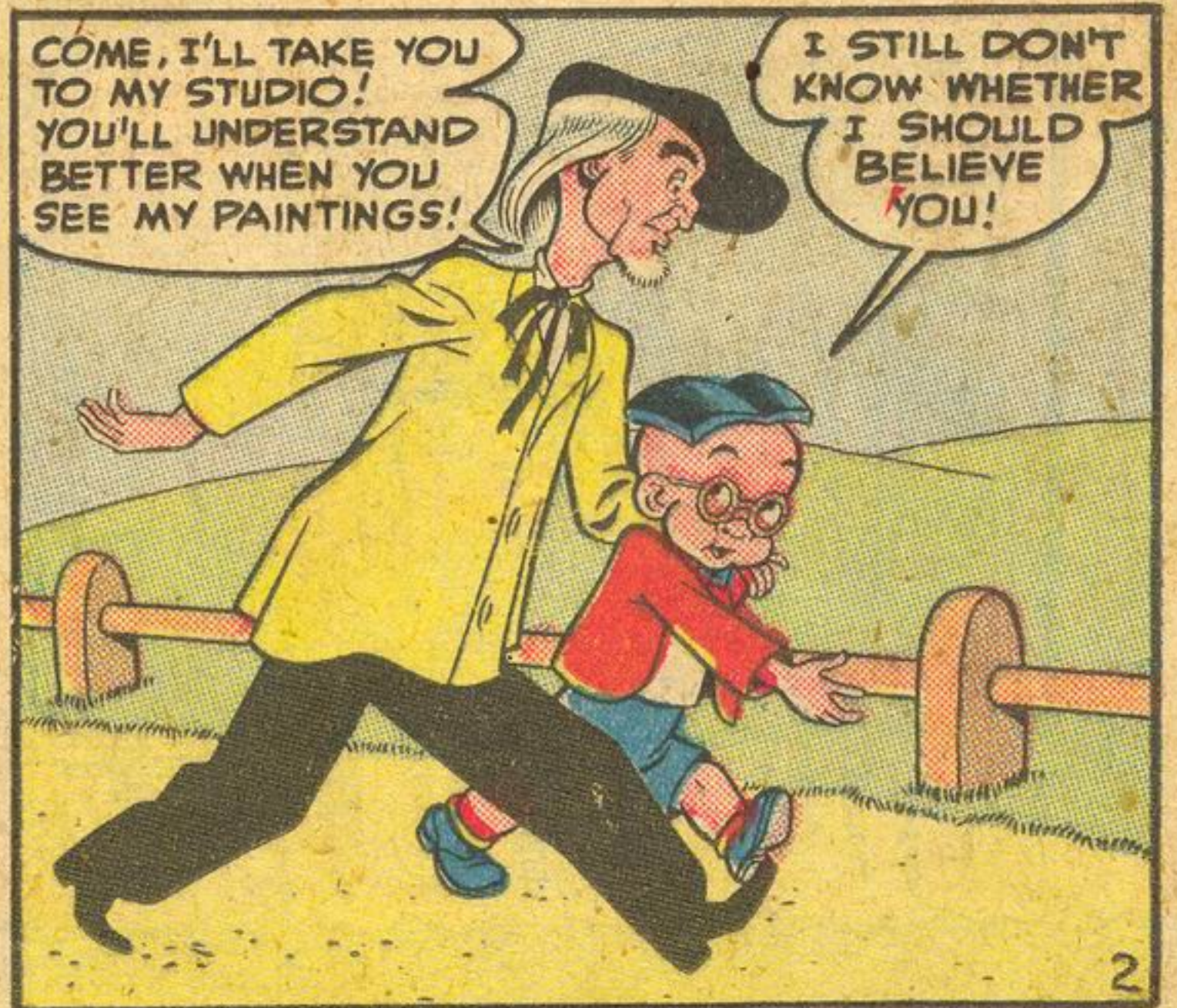
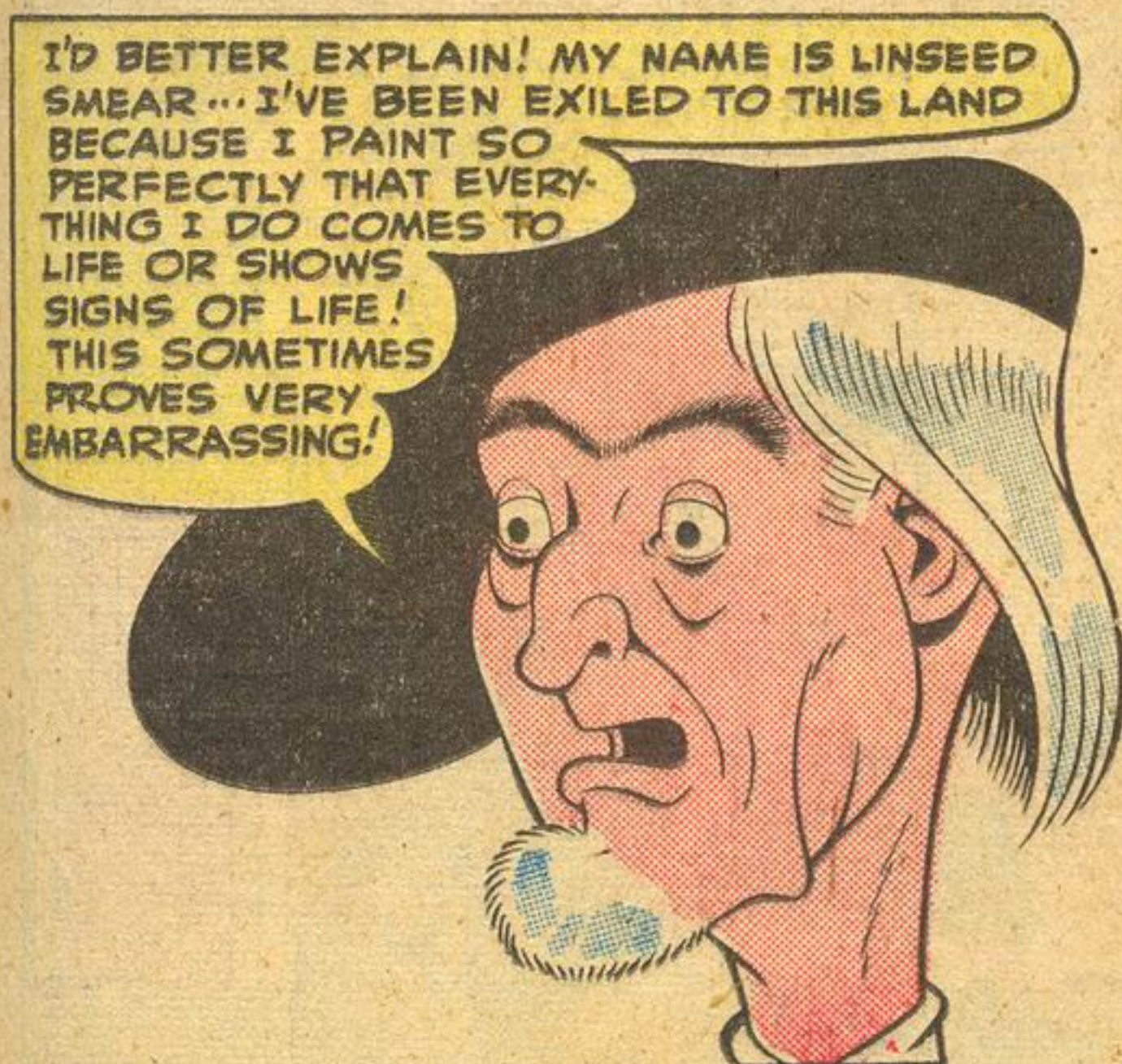
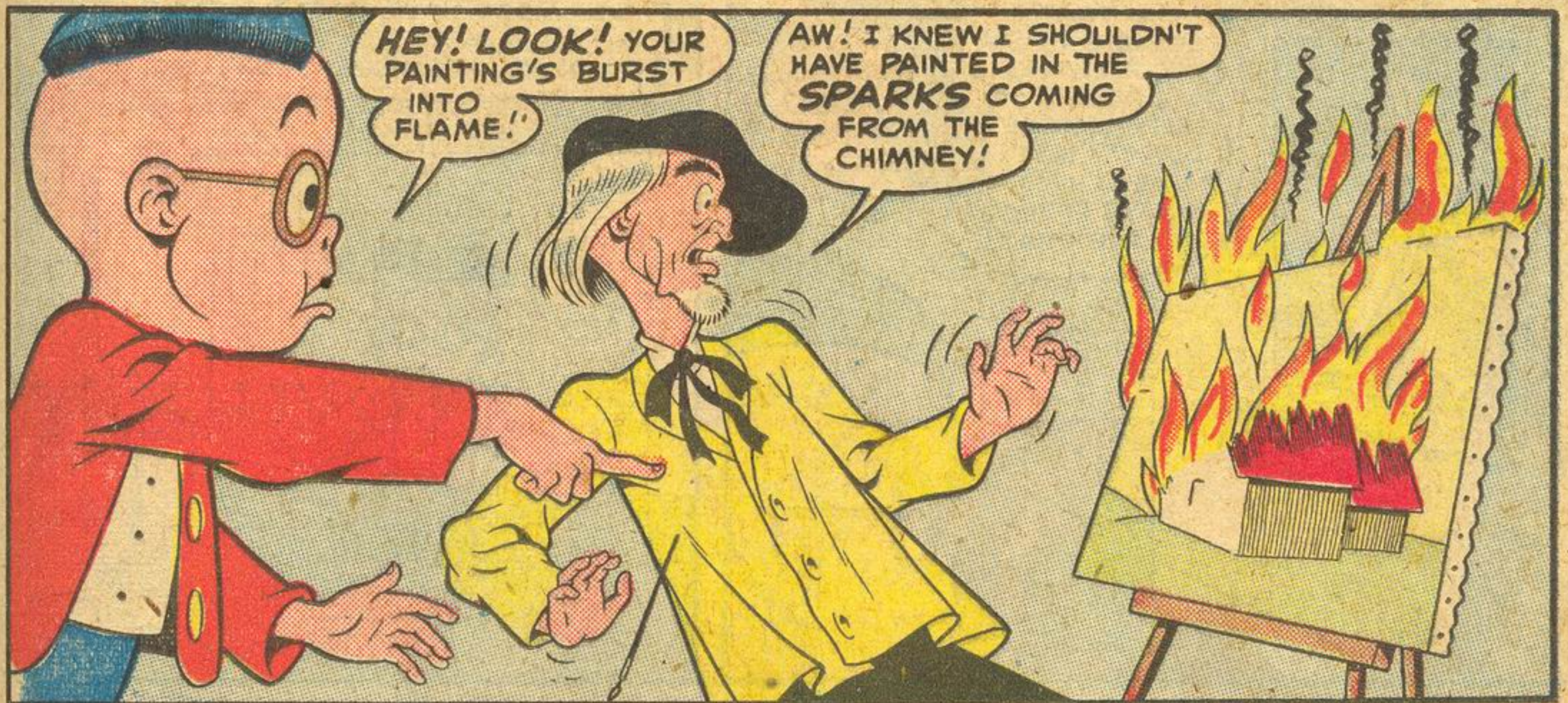
PERKY

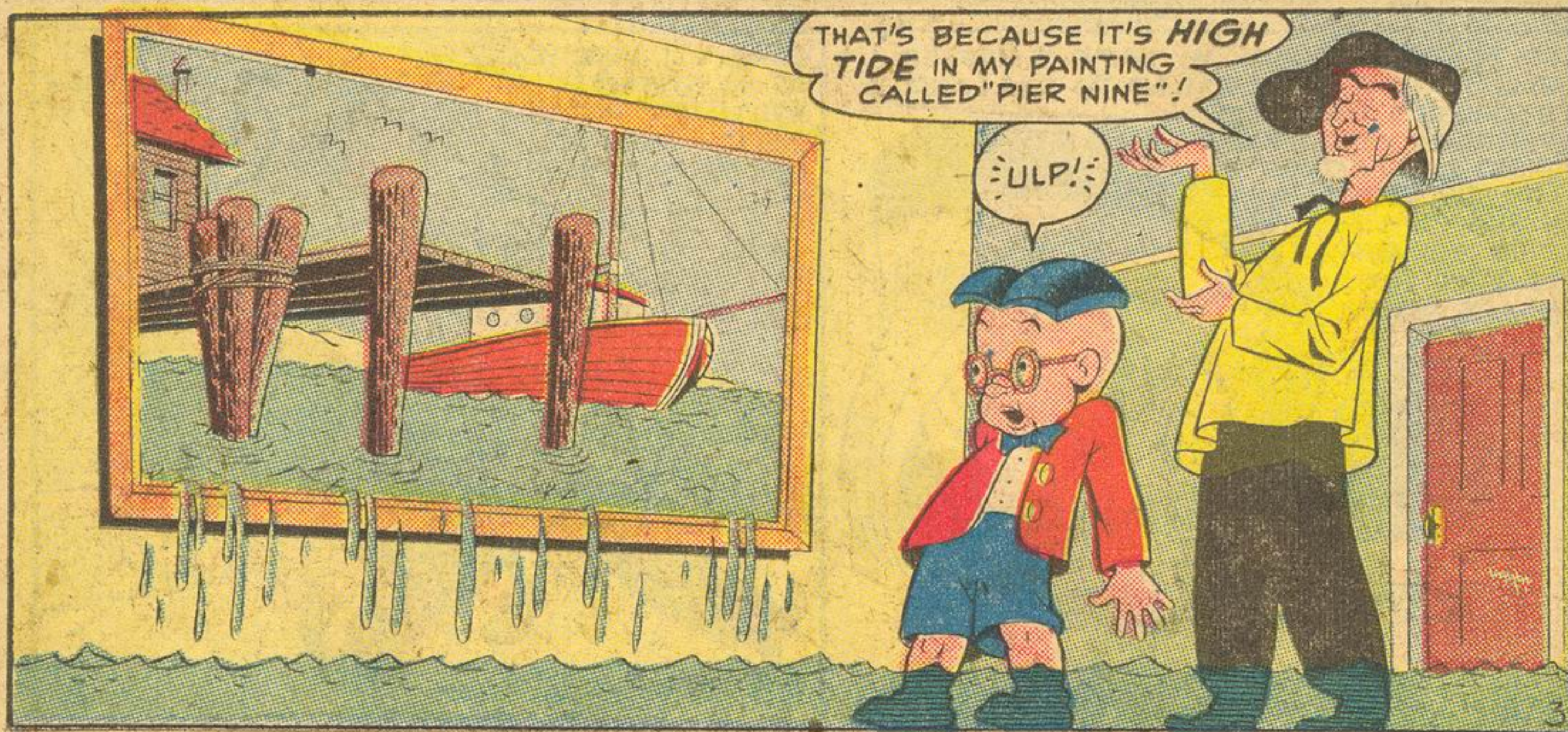
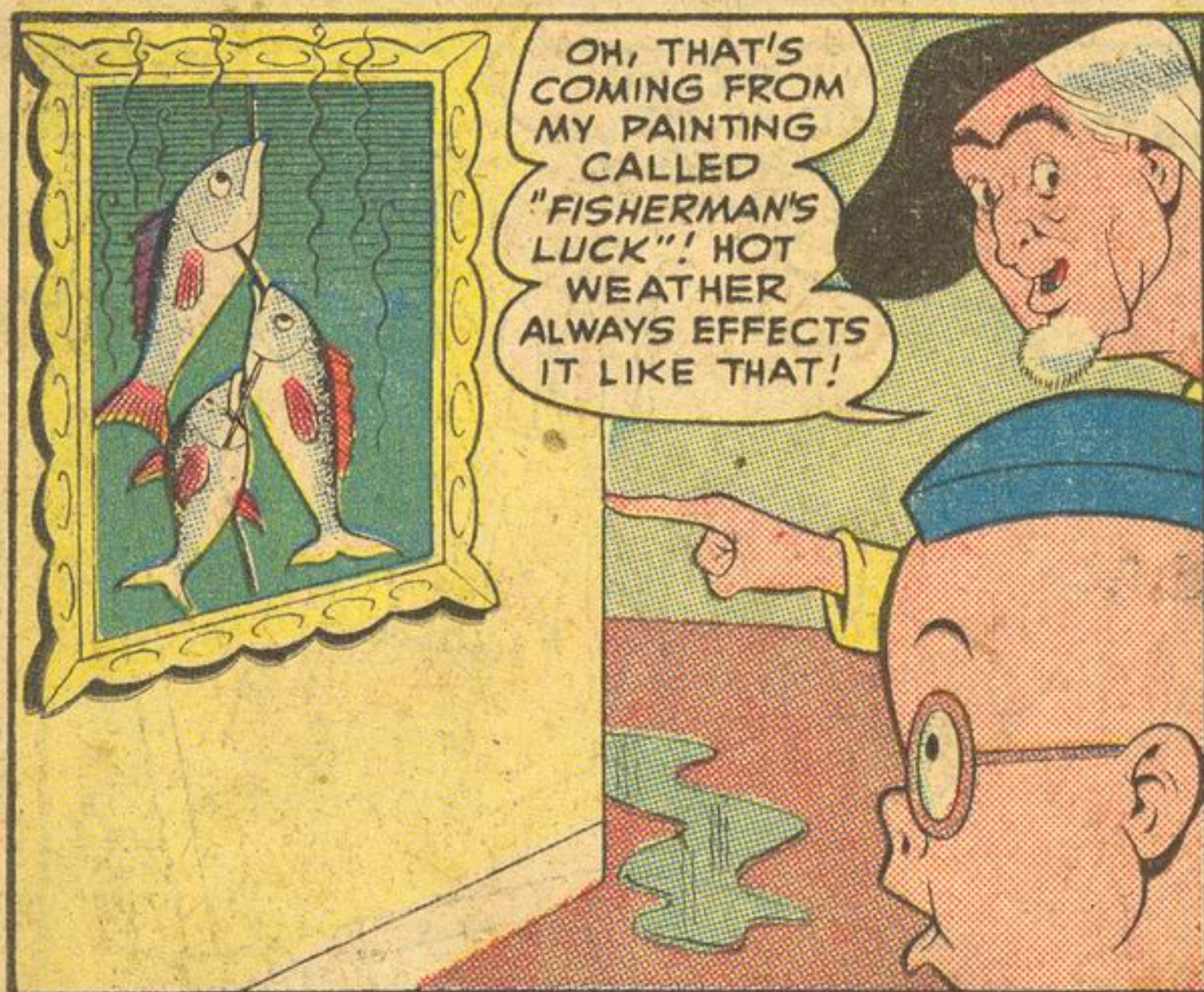


Perky started his adventurous career when he stepped into a magician's vanishing box and disappeared! Since then, he's been hurled into strange lands every time the magician pulls the lever!



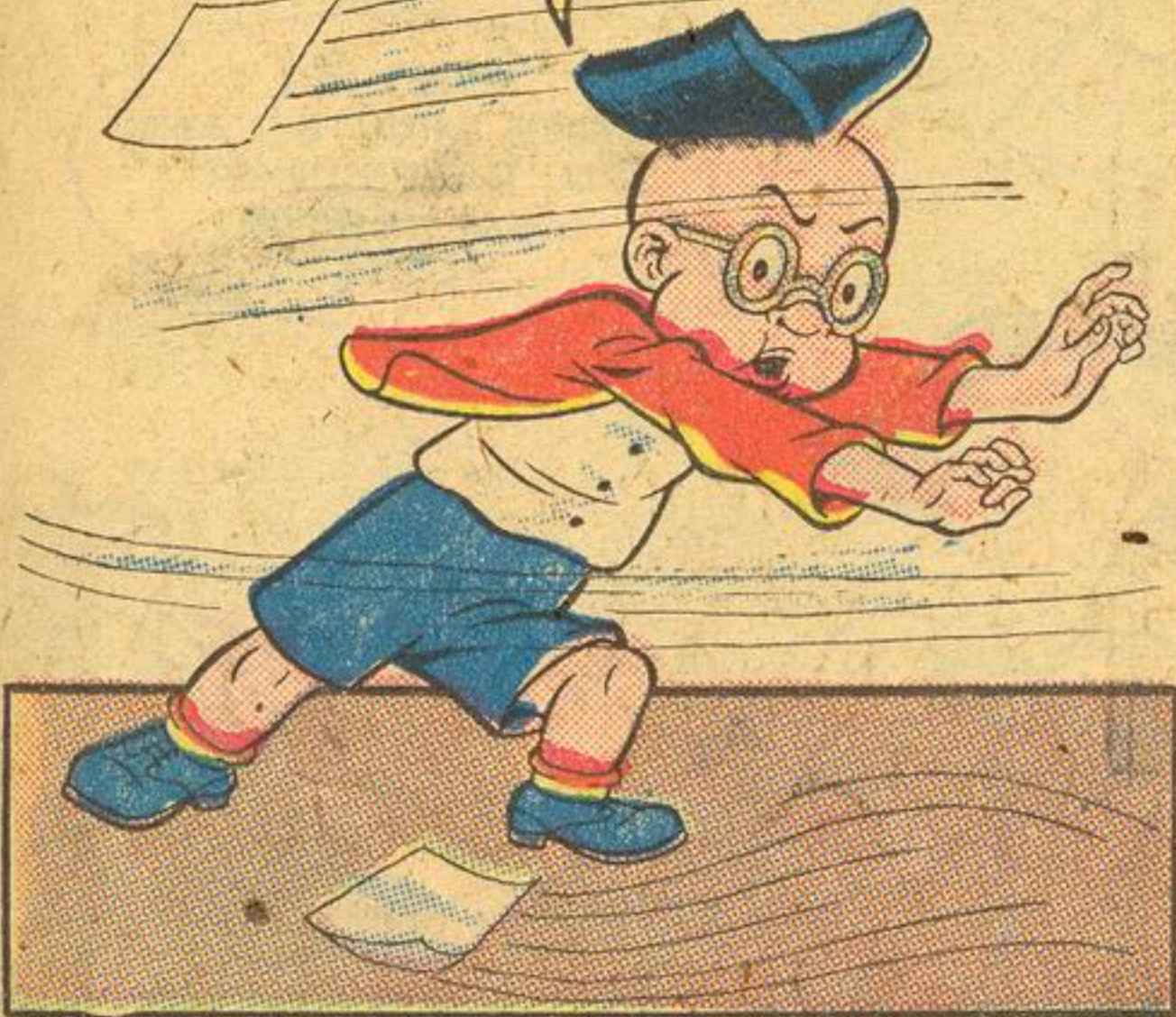
FEATURE COMICS



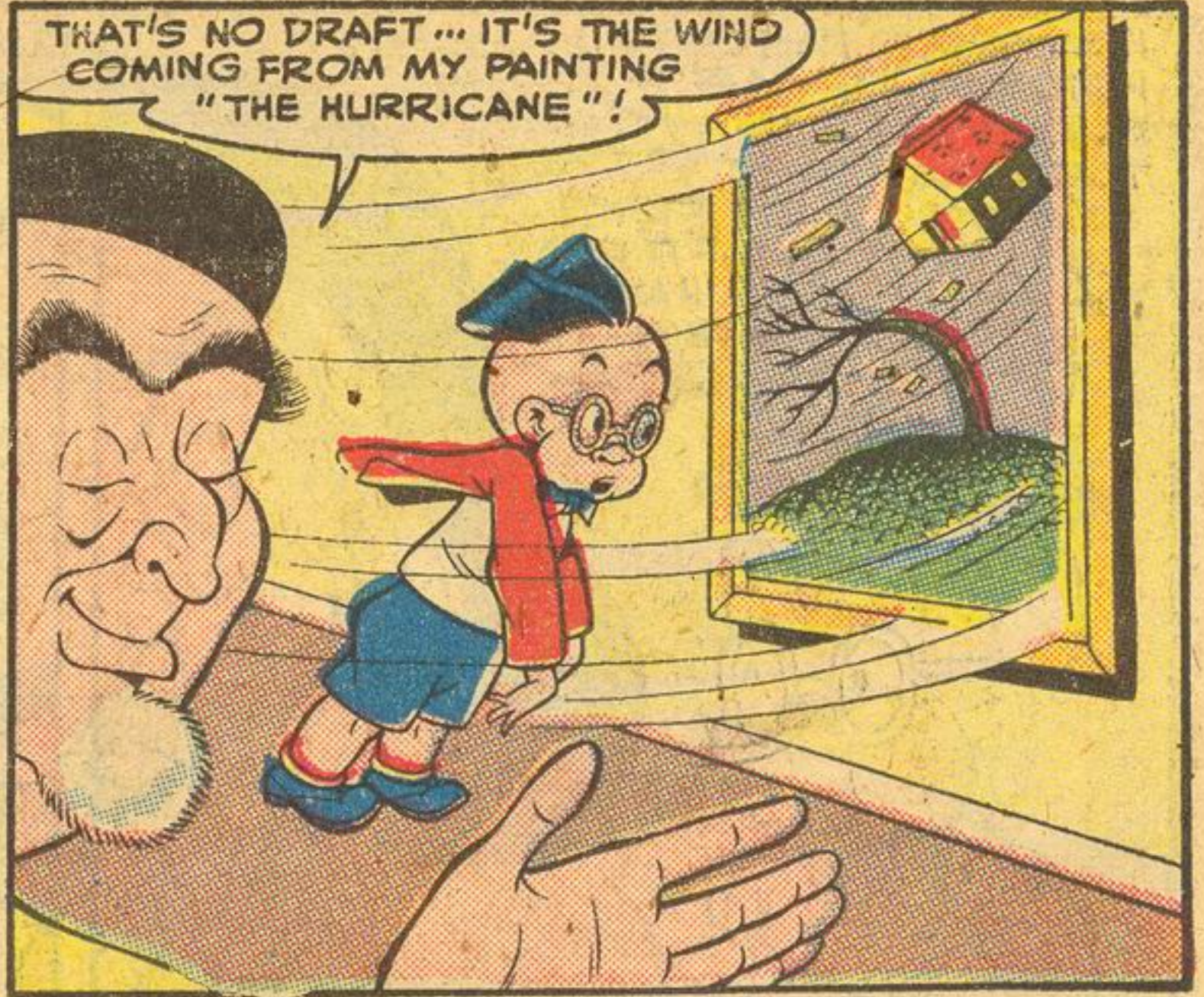


FEATURE COMICS

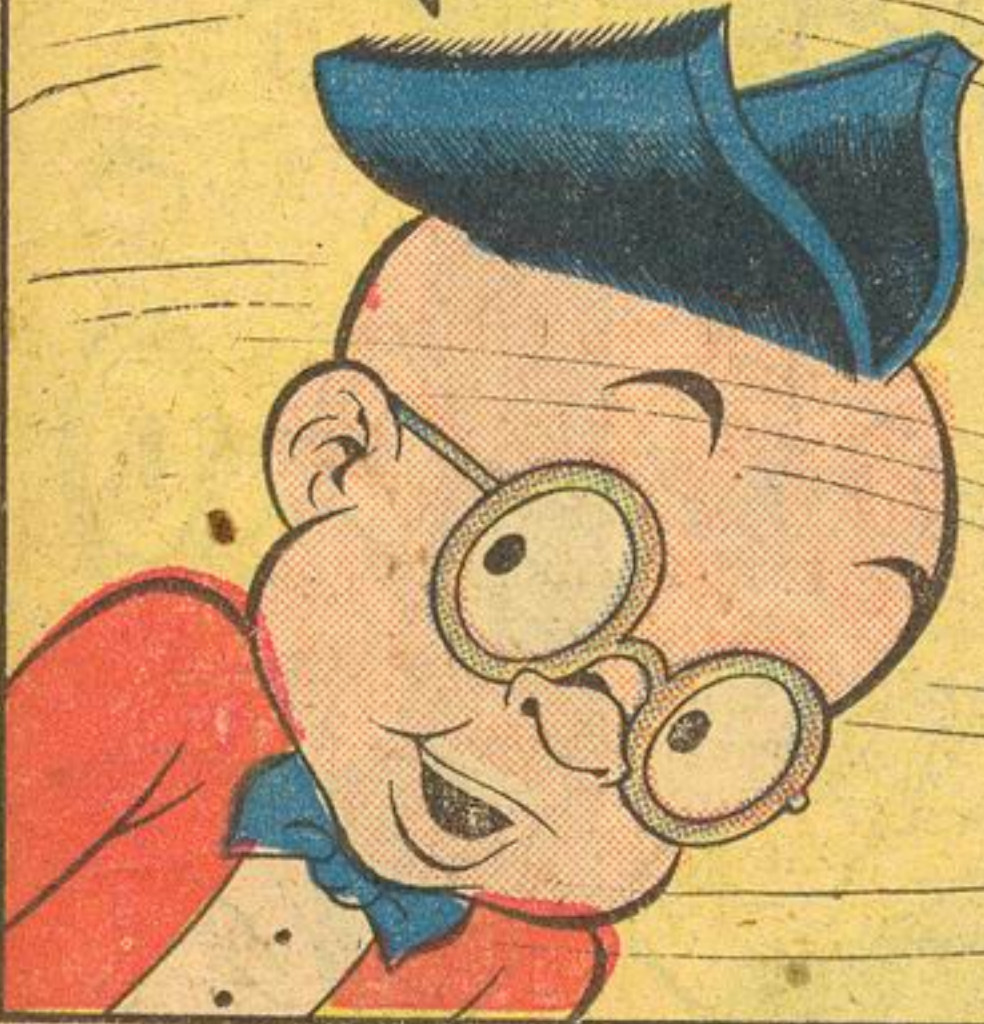
WOW! THERE'S A **STRONG DRAFT** IN HERE!



THAT'S NO DRAFT... IT'S THE WIND COMING FROM MY PAINTING "THE HURRICANE"!



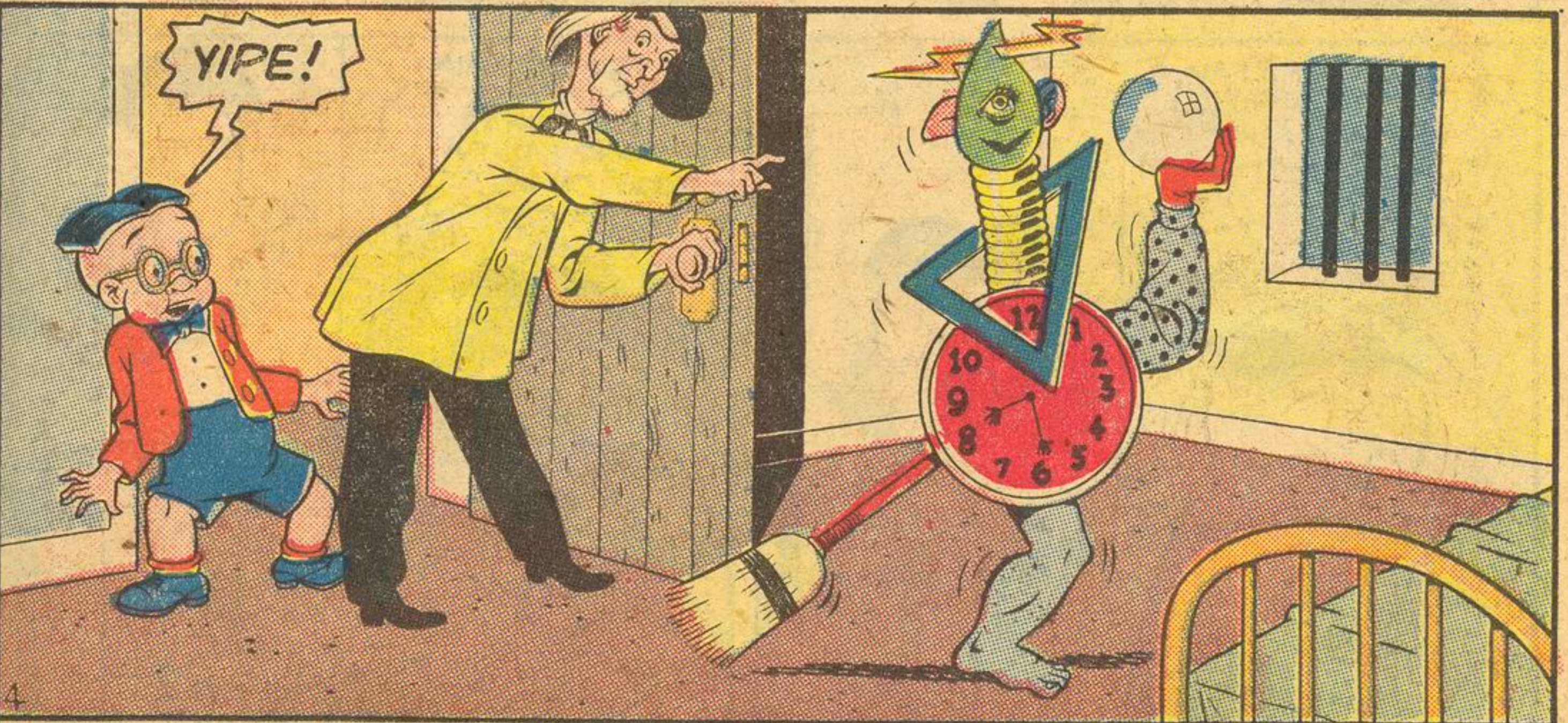
SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU OUGHT TO TRY PAINTING SURREALIST SUBJECTS! THEY COULDN'T COME TO LIFE!



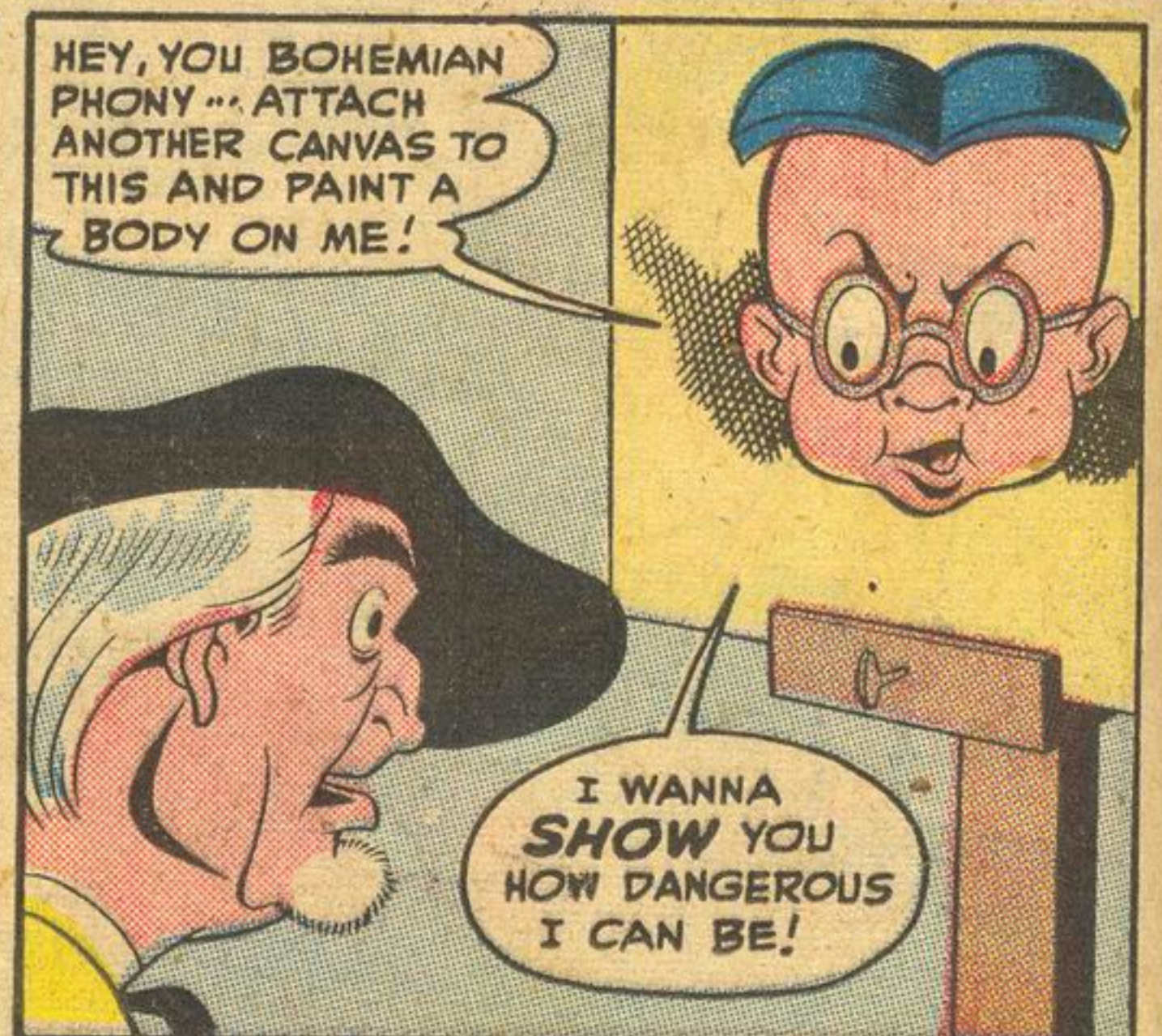
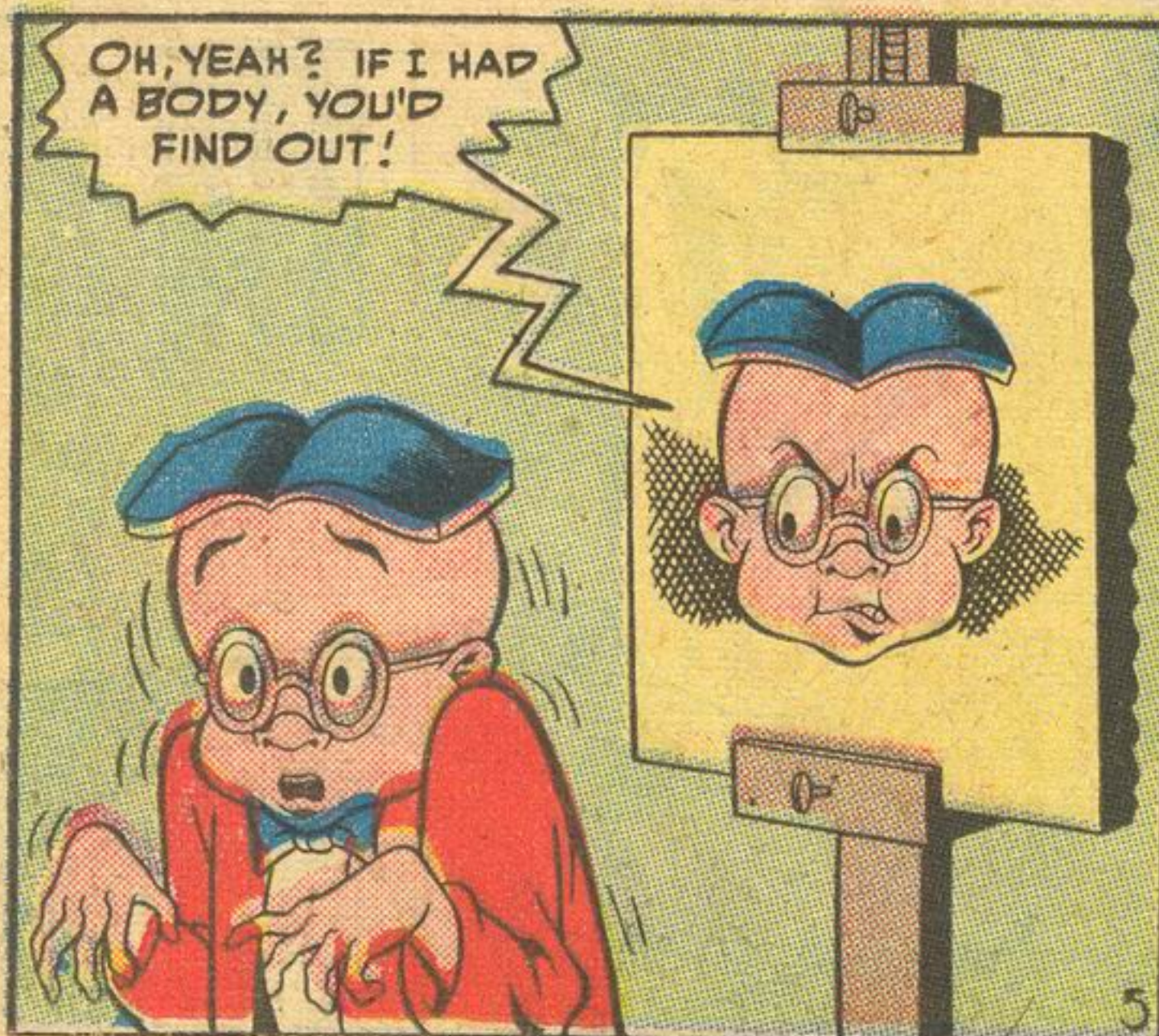
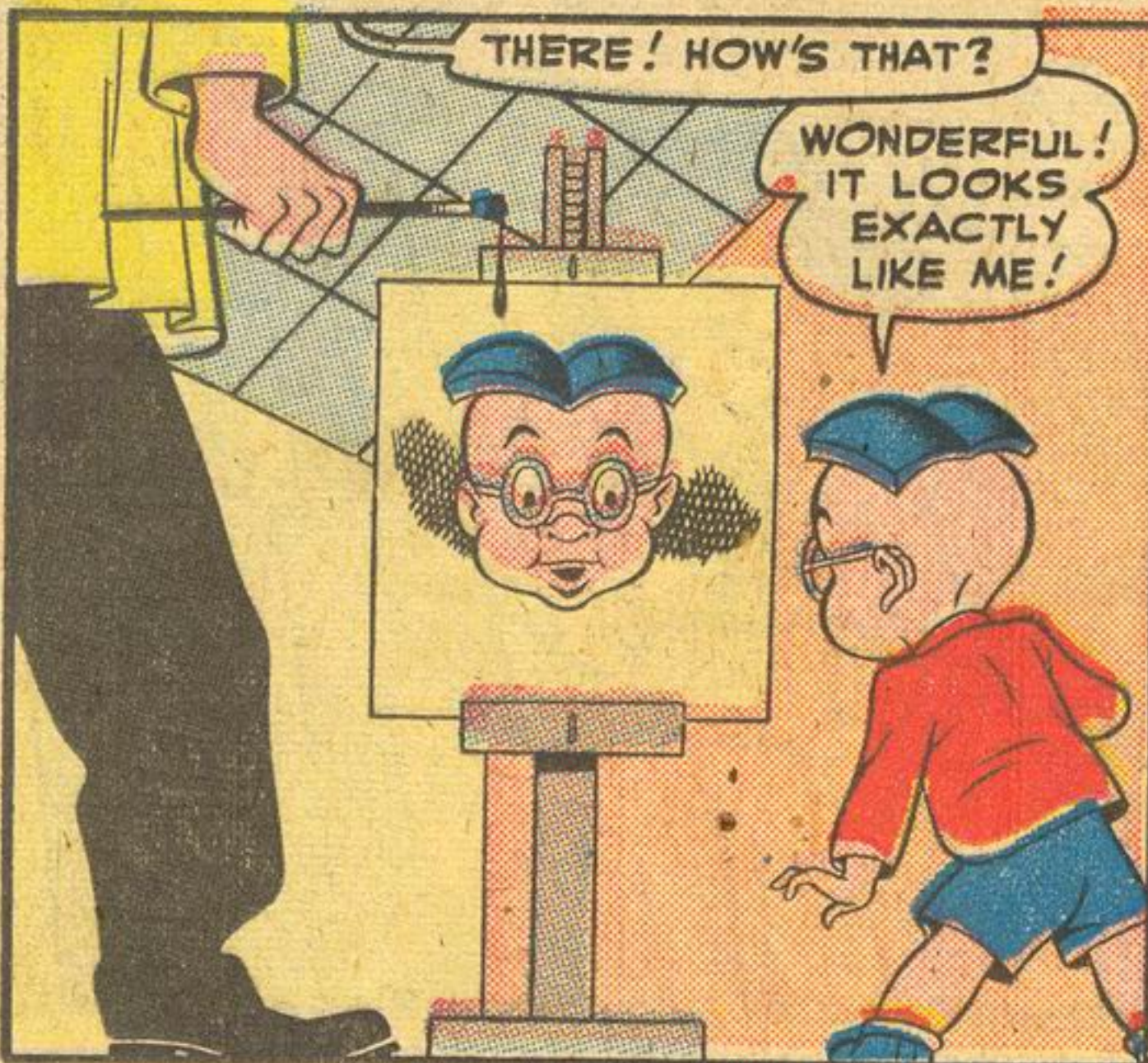
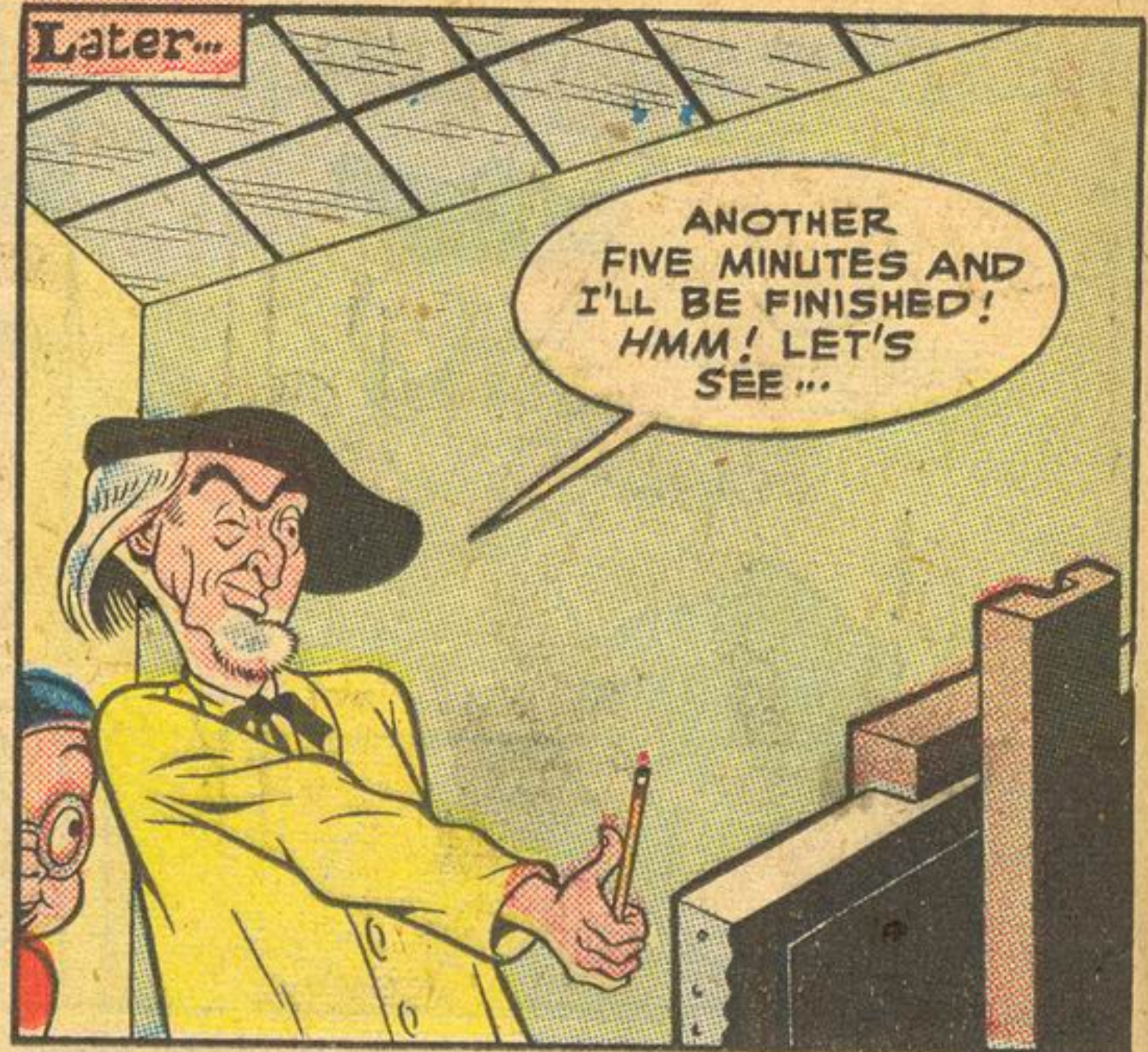
I'VE TRIED THAT, TOO! I KEEP THE THING THAT HOPPED OFF THE CANVAS LOOKED IN THIS ROOM!



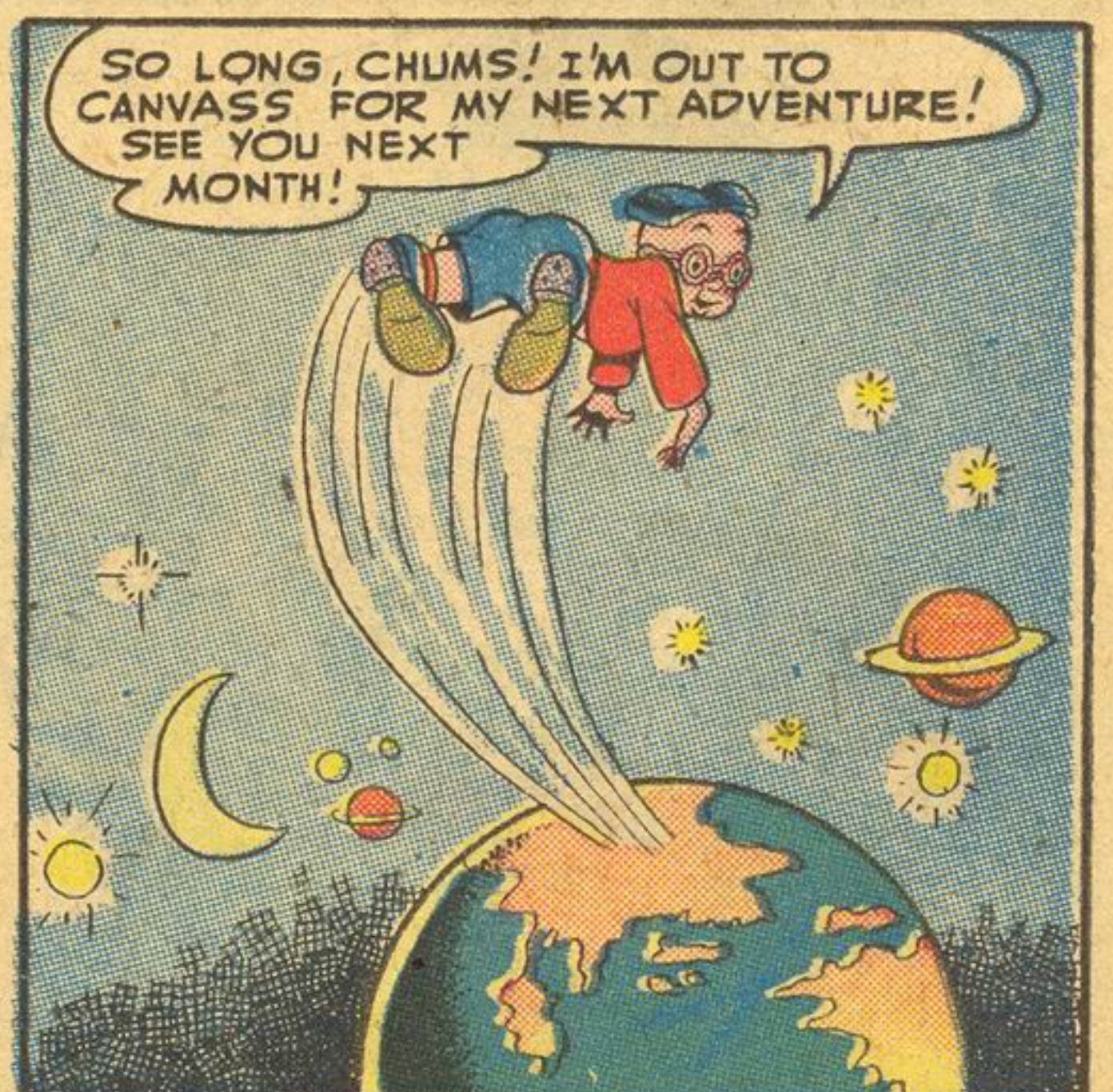
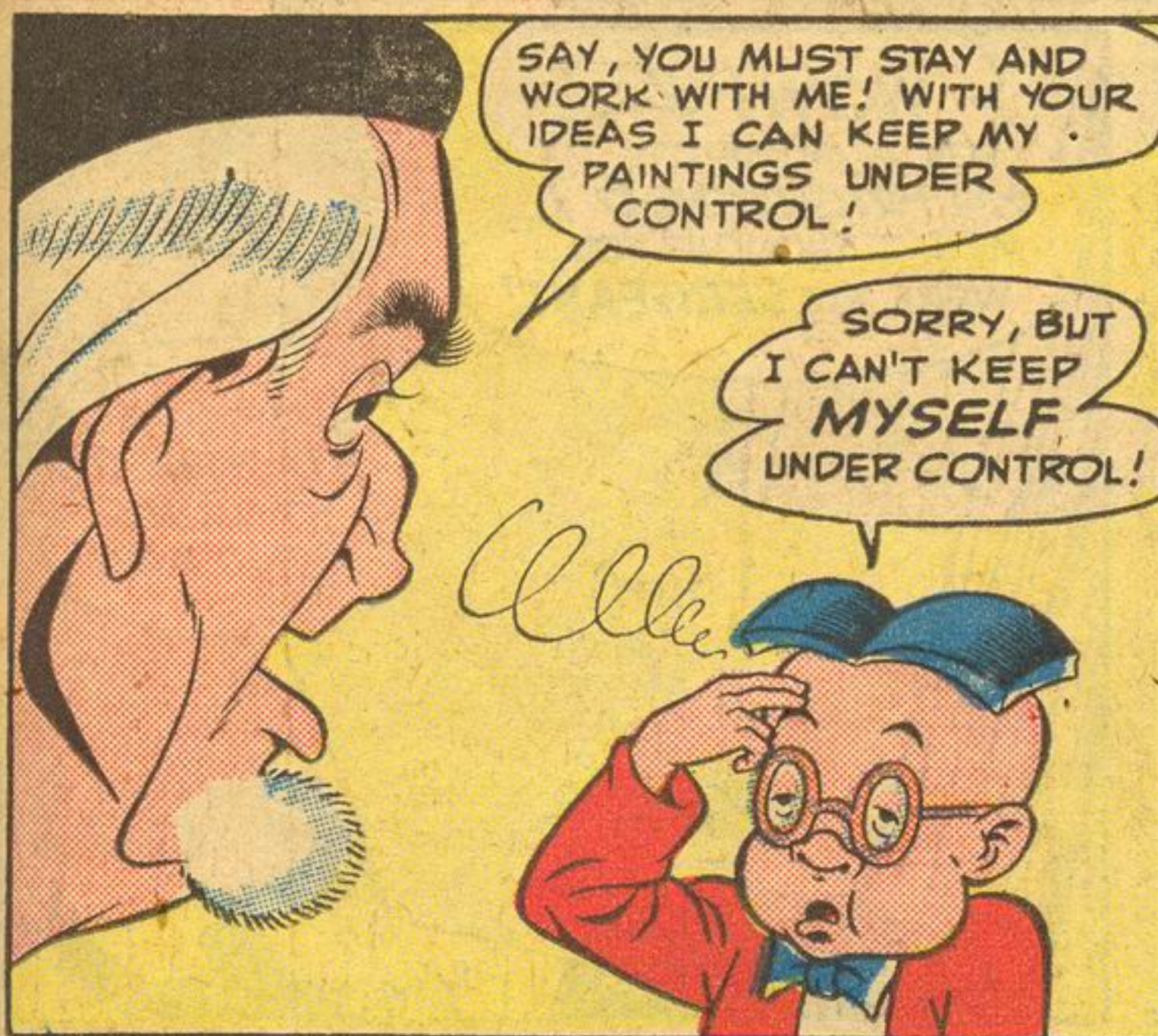
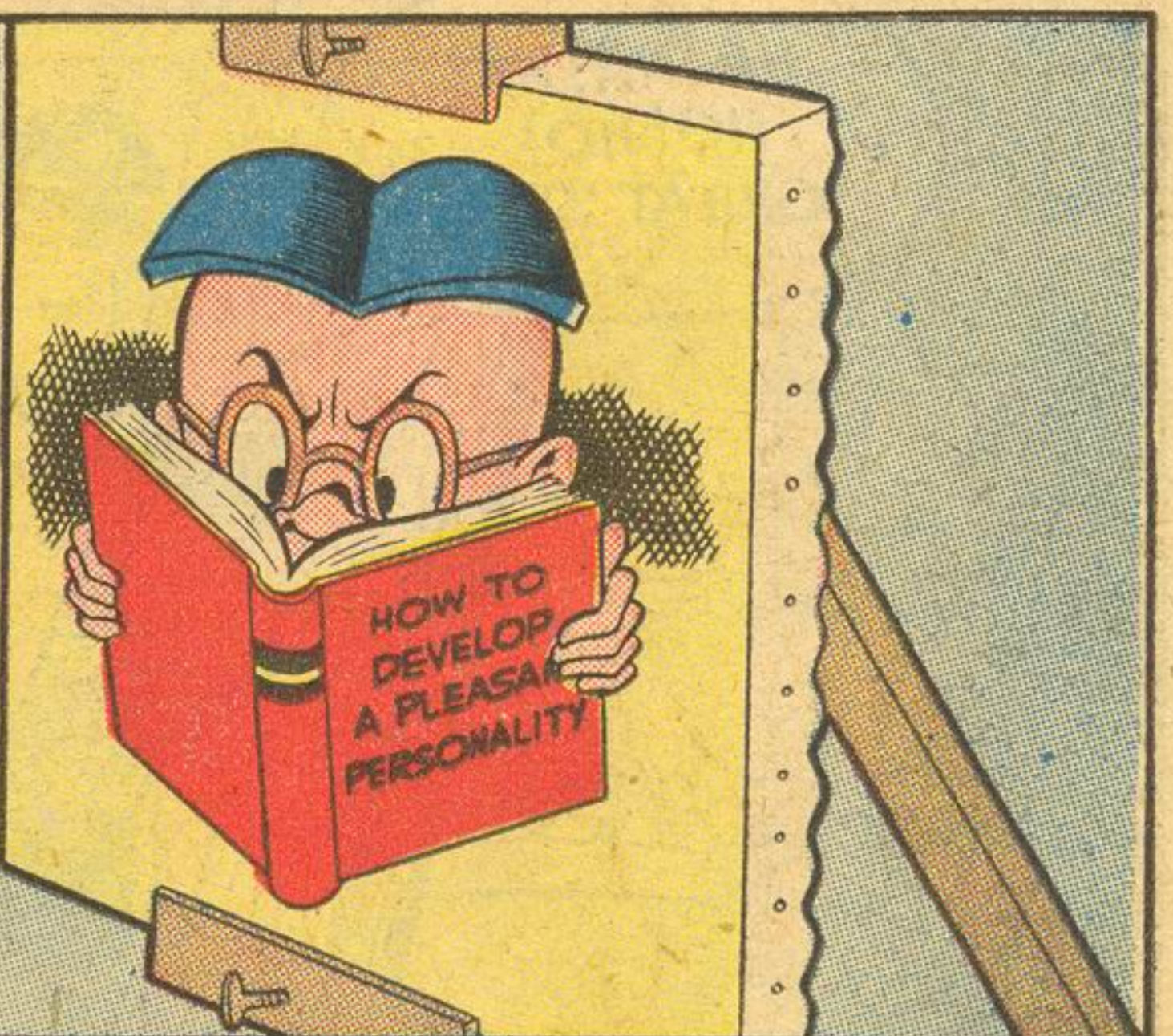
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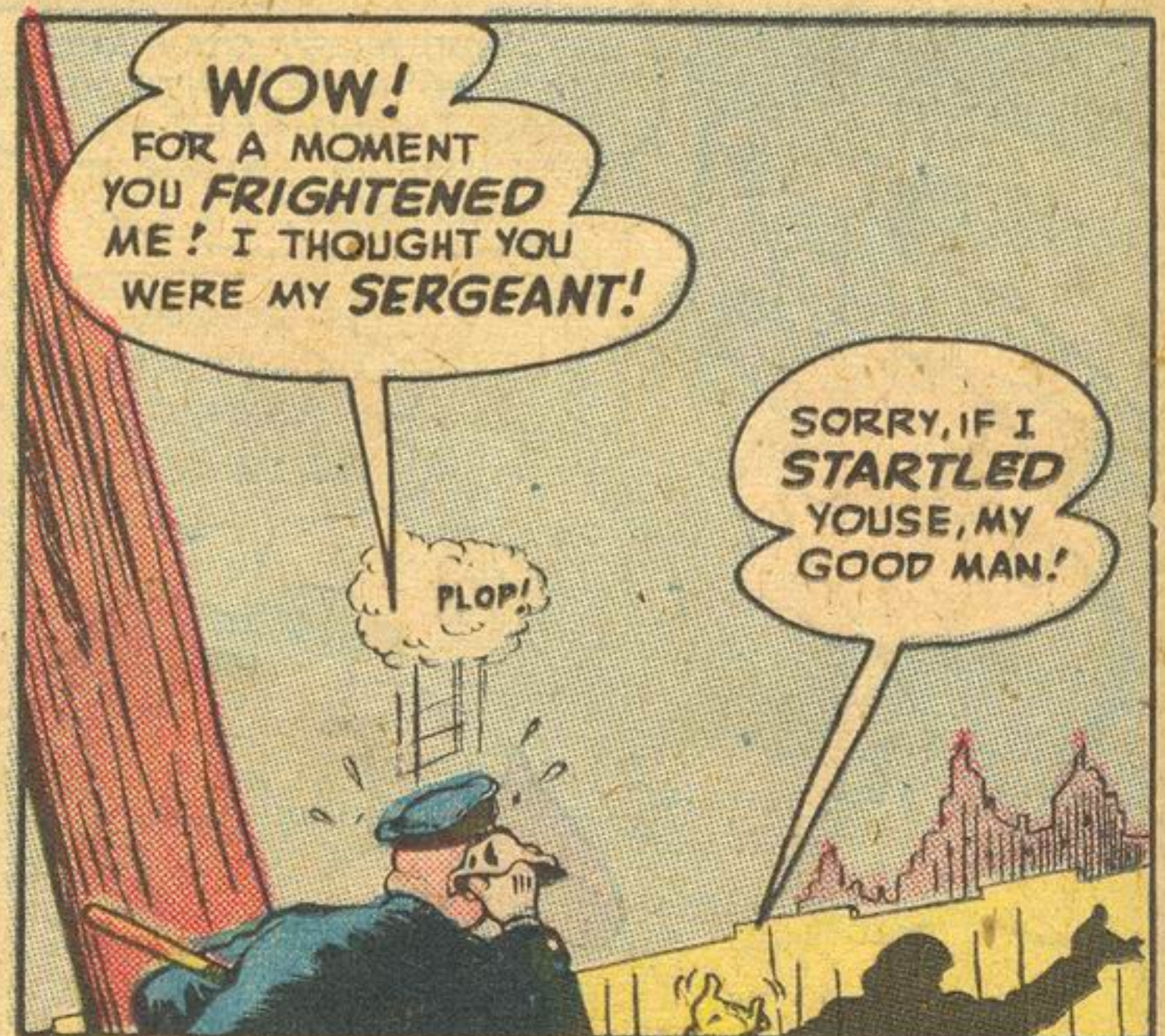
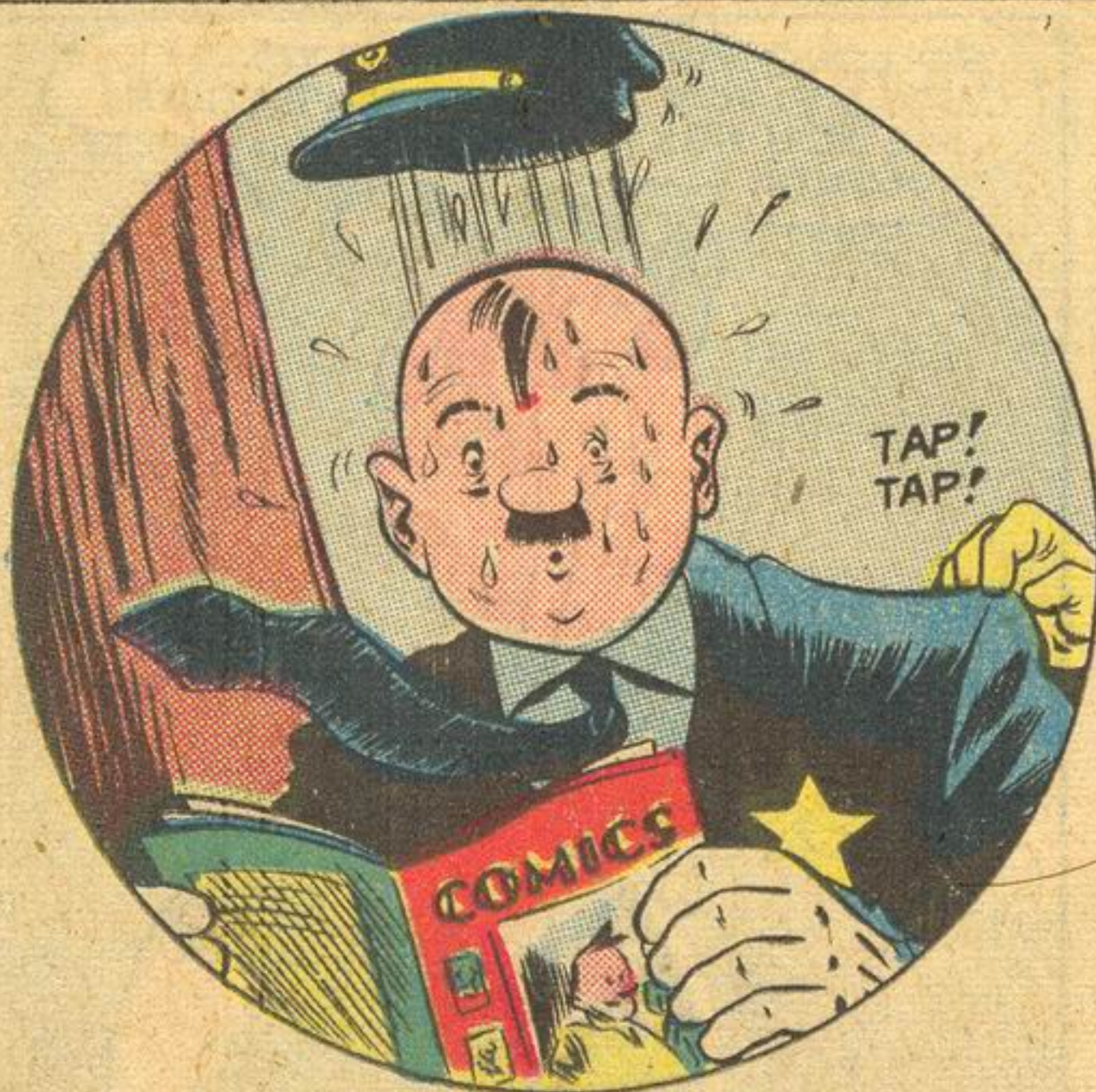


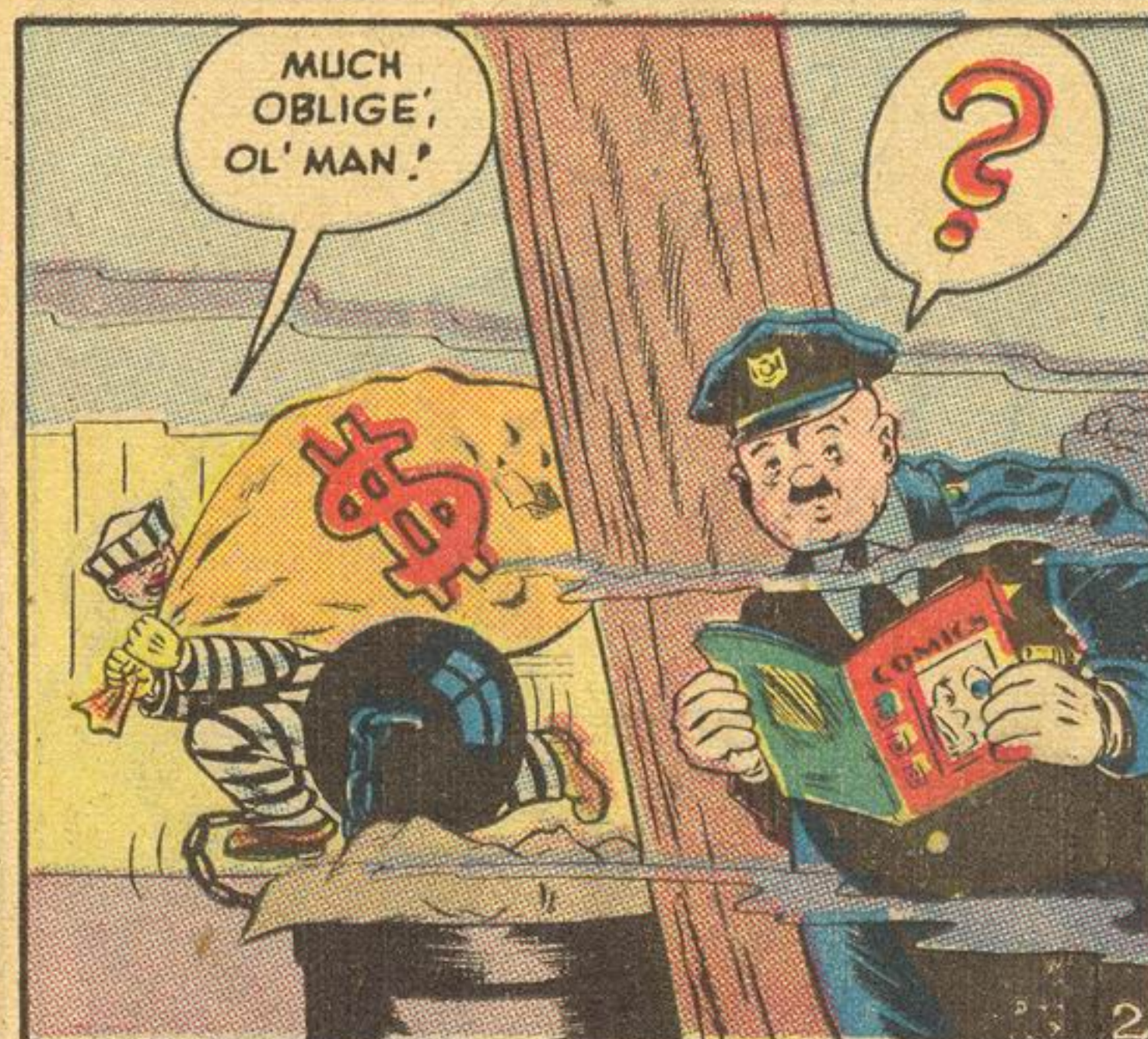
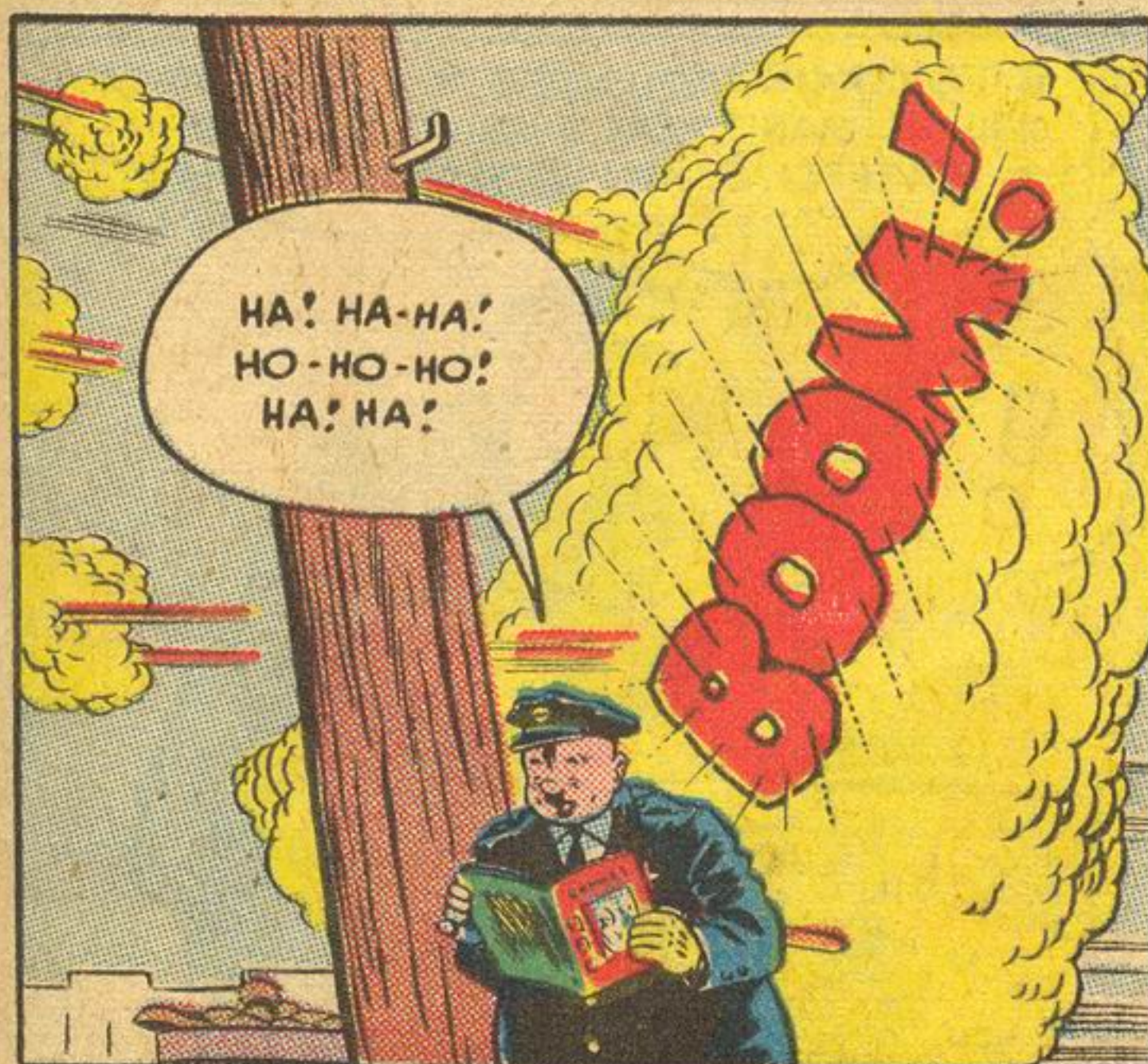
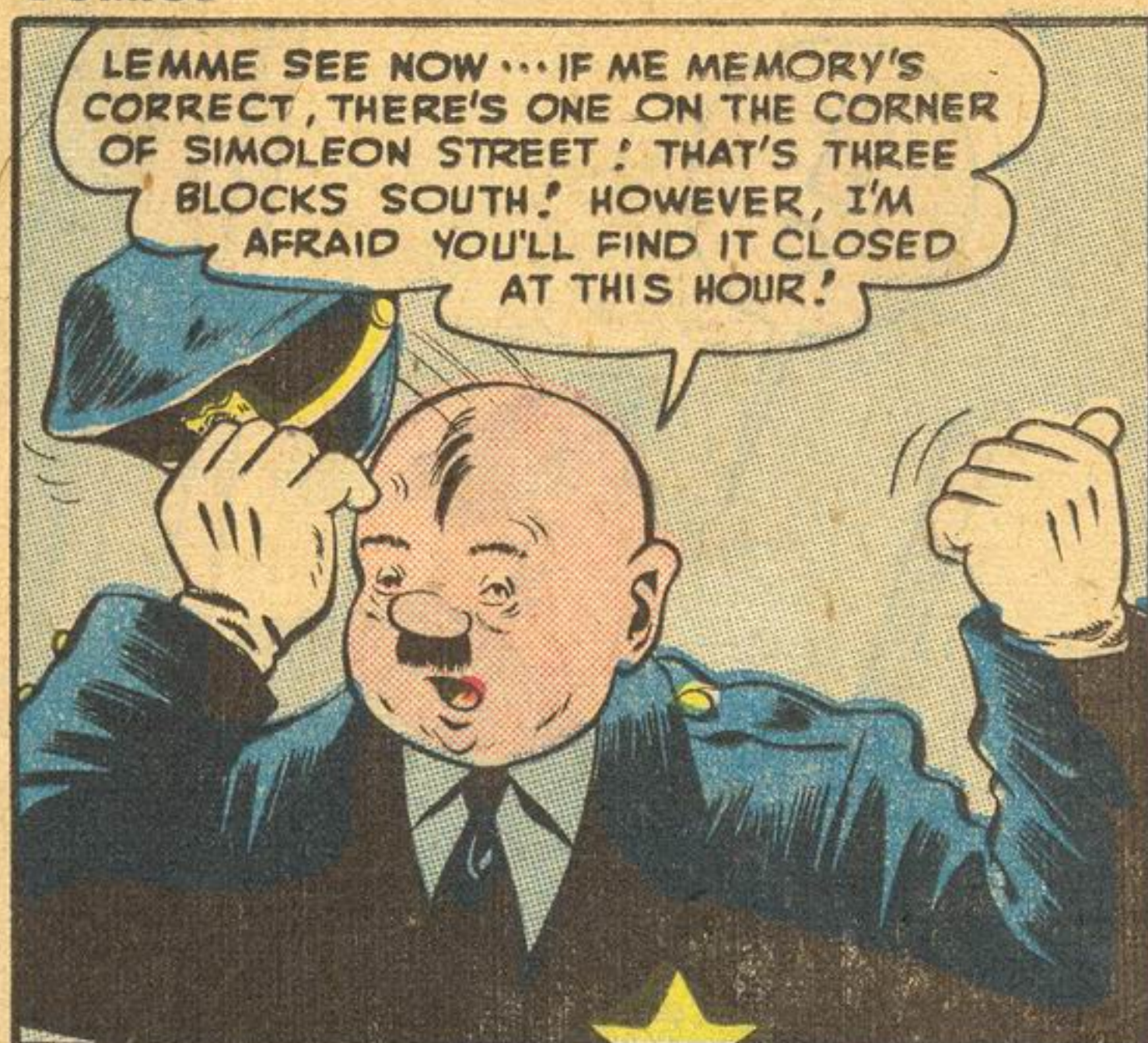
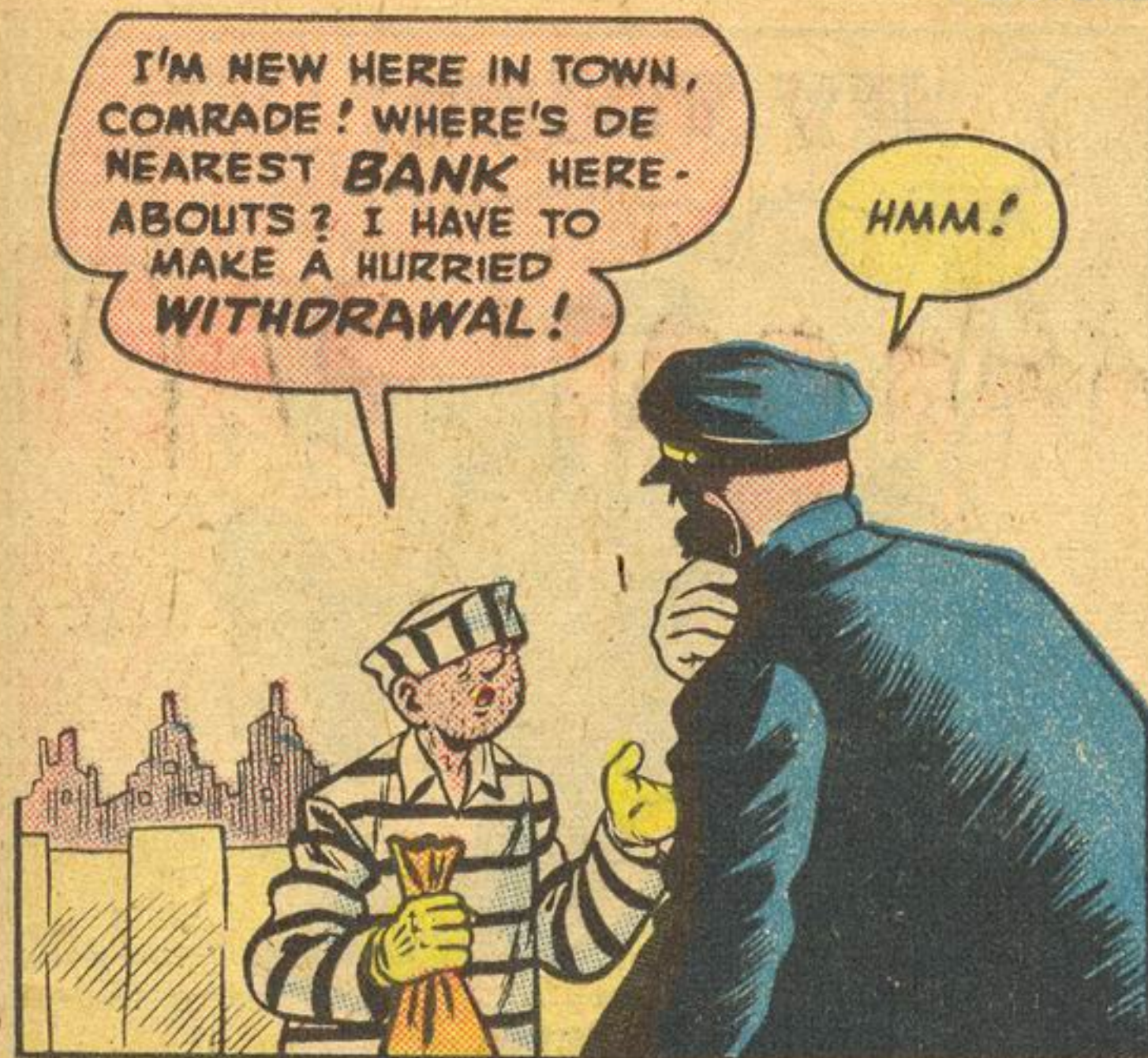
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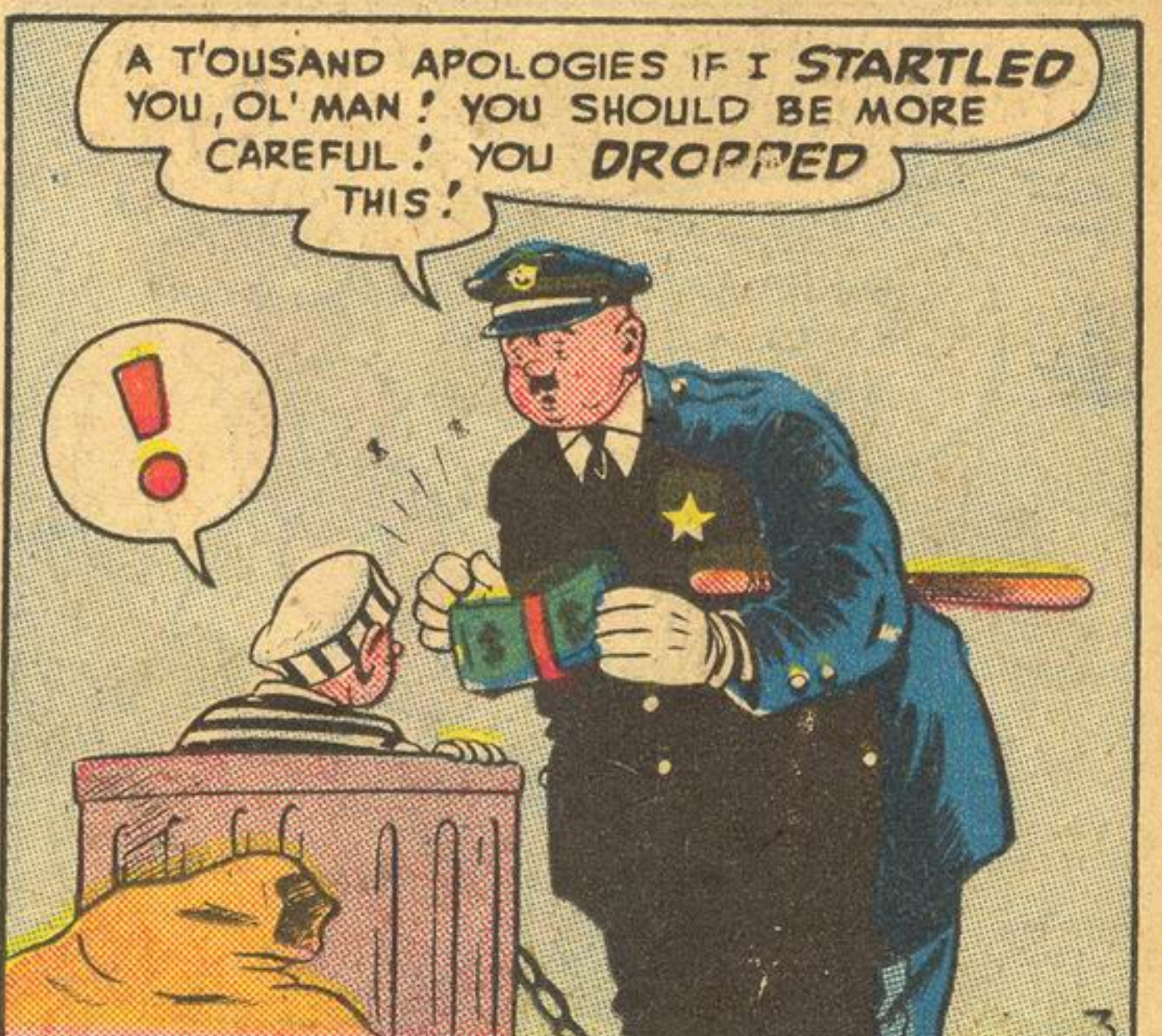
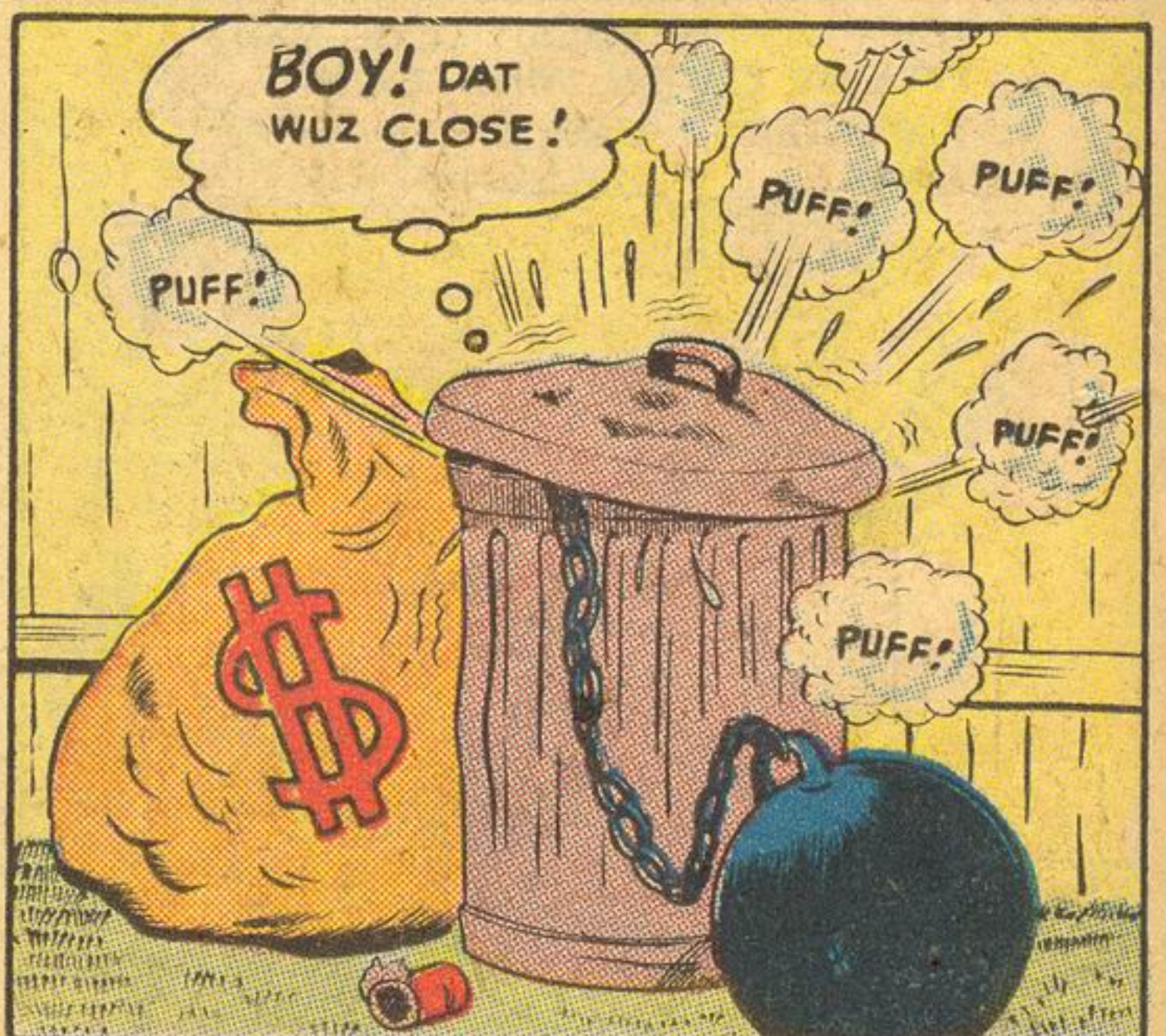
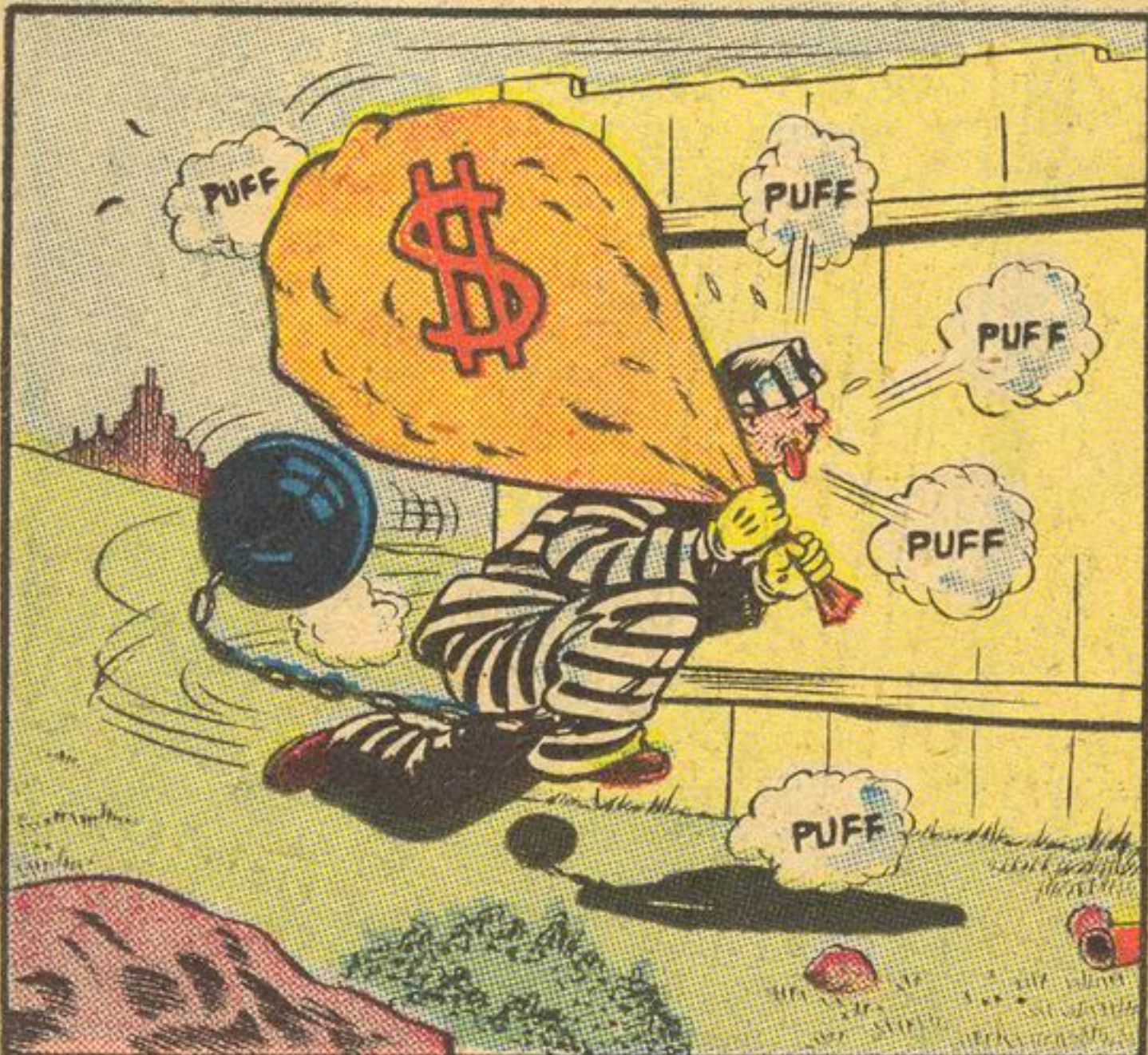
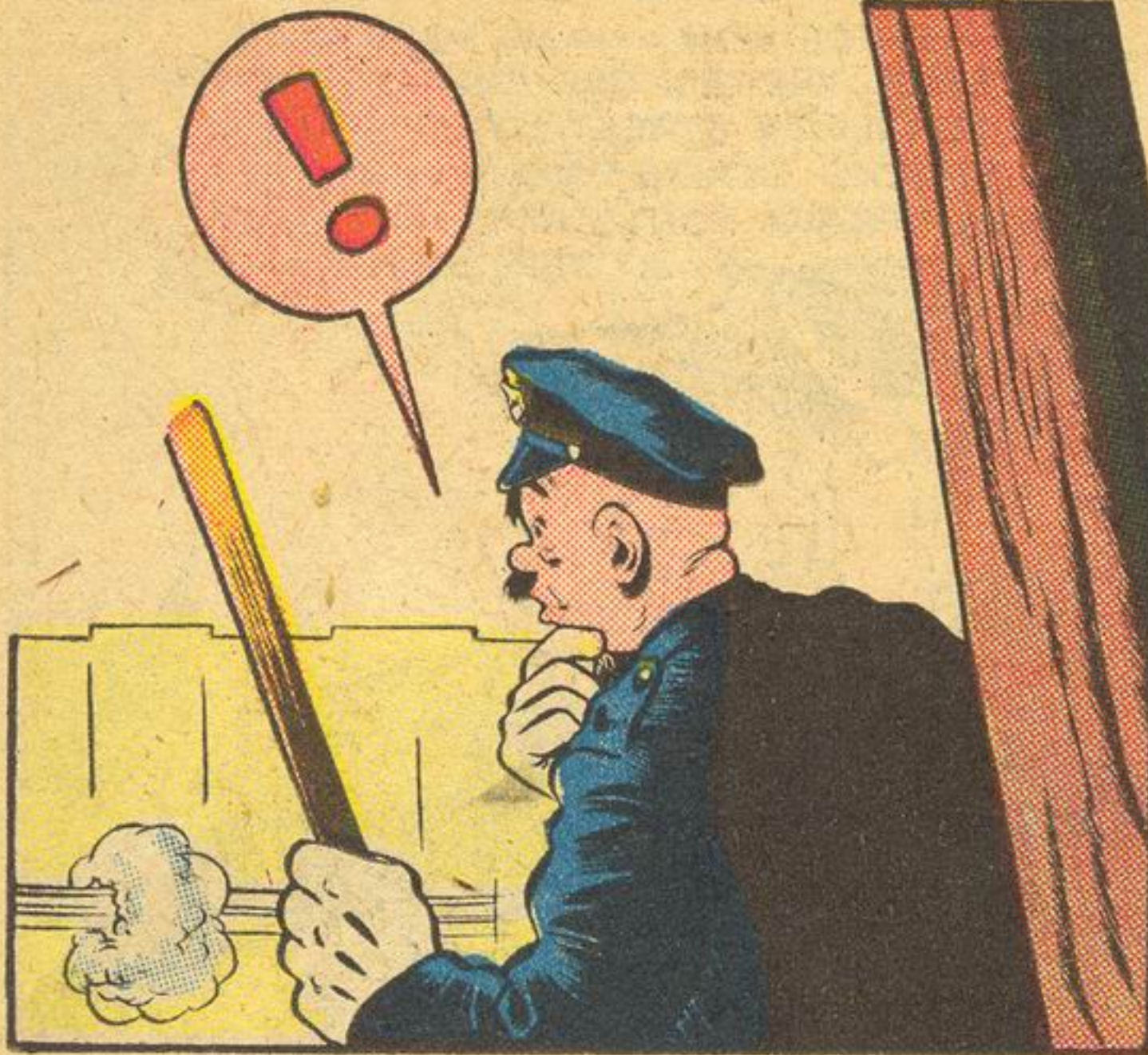


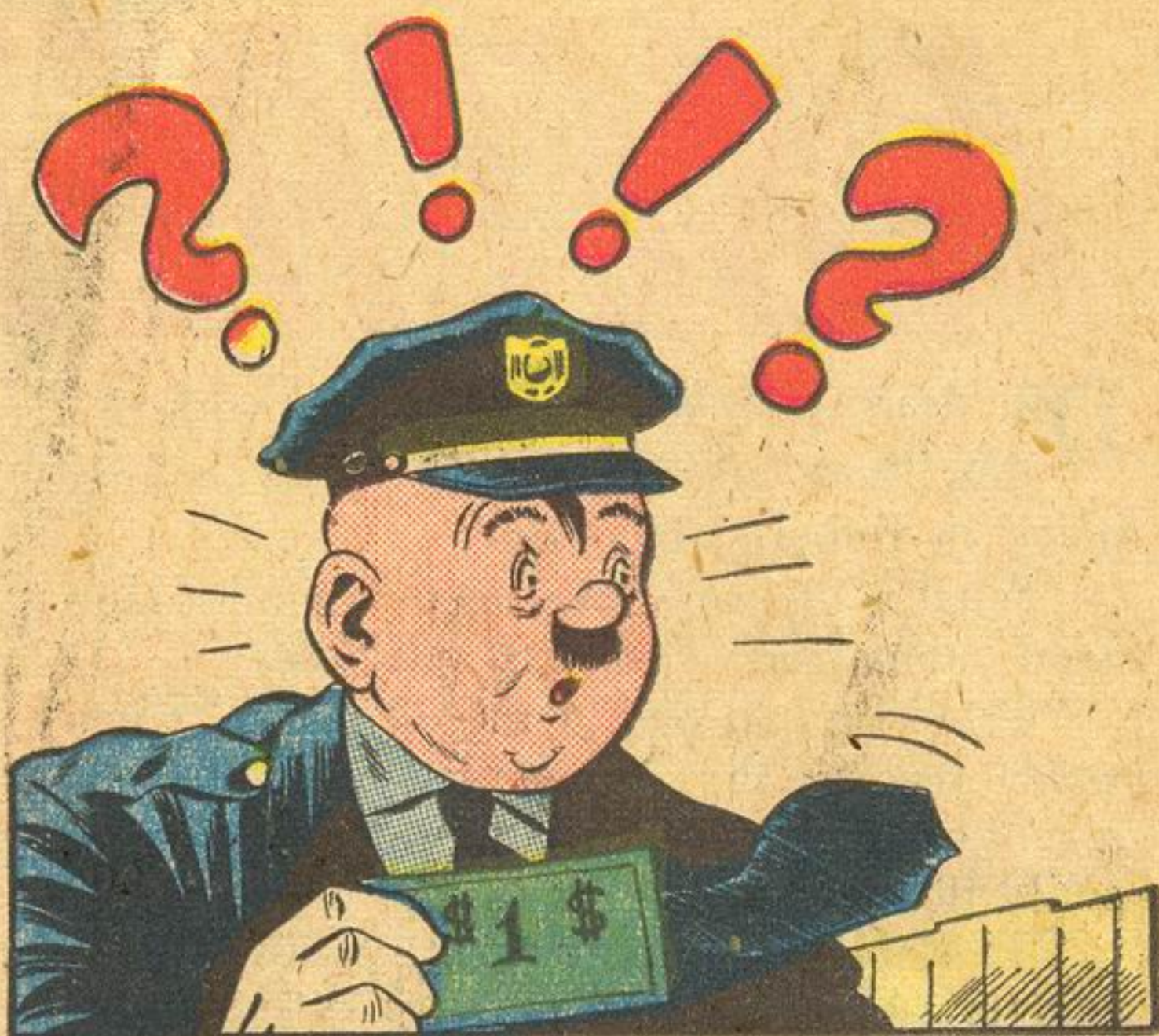
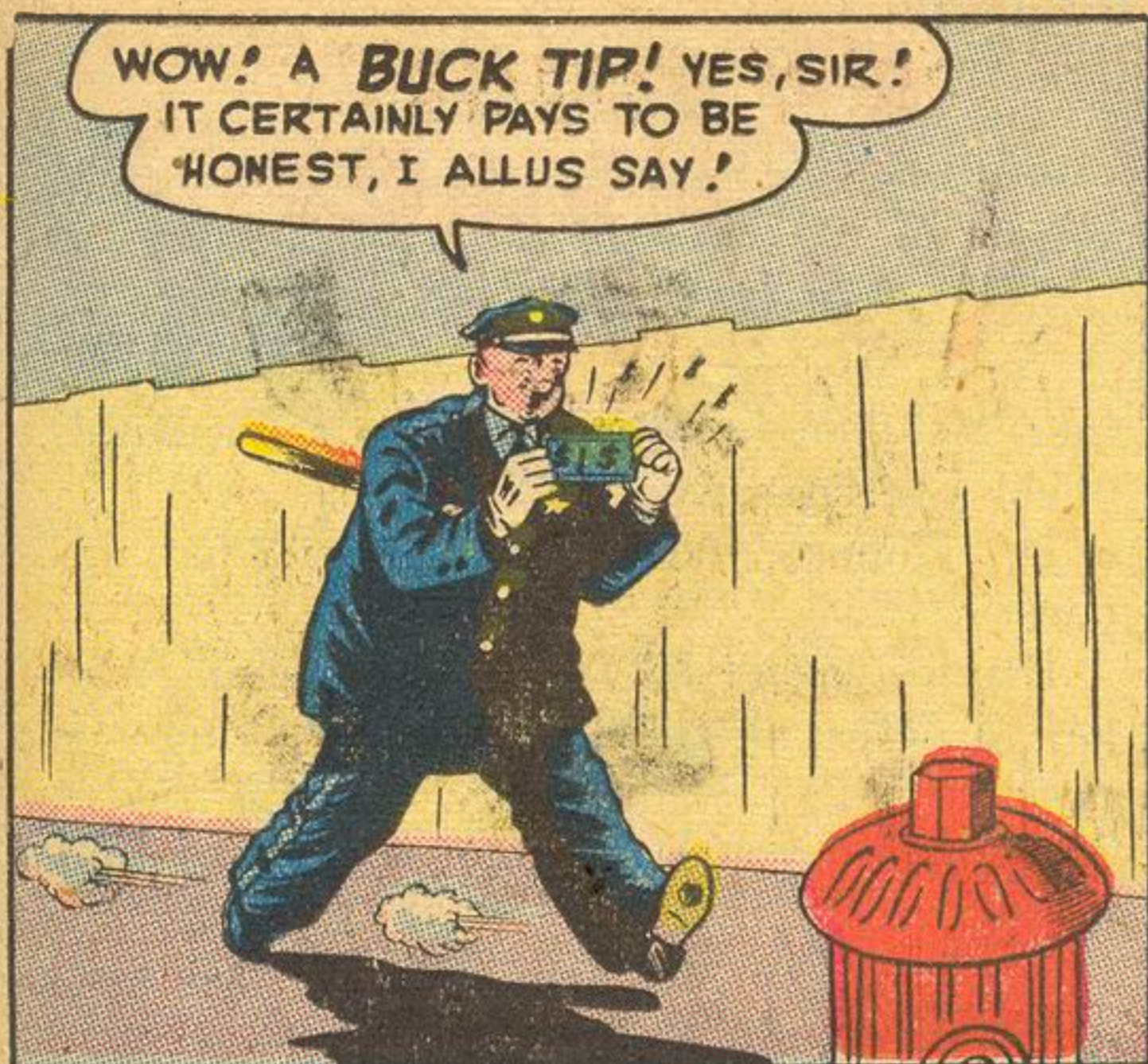
FEATURE COMICS











A SECRET Saved

DR. ROBERTS was in conference with two big Navy officials. The talk was taking place in Roberts' laboratory.

"What is the worst menace to life of a damaged submarine?" asked Dr. Roberts.

"Gas," replied one of the officials. "When water reaches the storage batteries, the gas given off is almost instantly deadly. If we could lick that—"

Dr. Roberts smiled. "That, gentlemen, is exactly what I have to offer—a gas to be released automatically when a sub gets into trouble, a gas that counteracts the battery gas."

Lieut. Holmes of the Navy looked at the old physicist as if he didn't believe what he heard. "You mean, sir, that you have found such a gas?"

"Exactly, Lt. Holmes. I have been working on the formula for five years. I'm only too sorry that I couldn't come up with it during the war."

Lt. Holmes pondered. "Do you realize the value of such a gas, doctor?"

The latter nodded. "Not only to the United States but to other nations," he said. "It was my idea to make it available to all friendly nations."

"Of course," said Holmes. "But in the meantime, doctor, you and the formula are in grave danger. Secret agents of belligerent nations may know of your invention."

Dr. Roberts shook his head. "I doubt it, lieutenant. There has been no publicity at all. However, I think both of us are well protected."

Martha Roberts, the doctor's daughter, came into the lab. "There are two newspaper men waiting to see you, Dad," she said as the naval men rose.

Roberts presented them. Then he said, "Newsmen? I wonder what they want!"

When the two Navy men had gone, Dr. Roberts went into the anteroom. Two men rose and held out their hands.

One of them said, "I'm Bentley of The Times, and this is Dick Simms of the Exam-

iner. We thought you might give a few words about your discovery."

Dr. Roberts looked at them. "What discovery?"

Bentley grinned. "Oh, come, doctor. Your gas to defeat the effects of battery fumes in subs."

"How did you hear about it?" asked Roberts.

Bentley's grin still held. "Oh, we have ways of learning about things, you know—how about giving us a few words?"

Roberts shook his head. "There must be no publicity on this, gentlemen. I just gave the secret to our Navy."

Simms' eyes bugged. "Then you admit that you actually have such a gas?"

"Yes, but that's all I can give out, boys."

The two newsmen chuckled and shook hands again. "Thanks, doctor. We understand."

They left.

The phone rang and Roberts lifted the receiver. "Yes?"

"Hi, Doc. This is Darrel. Did a couple of ginks try to interview you—yes?—well, listen, they're not newspapermen—no—I picked up the dope on them—foreign agents—good. Glad you didn't give 'em anything."

After making his call, Darrel Dane paced his den, deep in thought. By his knowledge of the underworld and its crooks, he had picked up the information about Dr. Roberts' two callers. They were working for a European power, bent on getting hold of Roberts' secret formula.

"If there was only some law to grab such guys before they start trouble," he said to himself.

But there wasn't. Known thugs wandered the streets in perfect safety—even with police protection—until they had done something illegal.

"Oh, heck," said Darrel. "Maybe I'm a worry wort."

But that evening Darrel changed his tune when he saw the paper.

NAVY OFFICERS FOUND SHOT IN HOTEL ROOM

Darrel didn't have to read the story to know who the Navy men were. The posing "newspapermen" had shot them and stolen Dr. Roberts' formula.

"Holy cats," he exclaimed. "They must have been tailing those Navy guys. Well, there's work to do."

The work to be done was to nab those two crooks before they had a chance to relay the secret formula to the government they represented. Now, where to start looking for them.

Martha Roberts, Darrel Dane's fiancée, was talking with her father. "But Dad you didn't!"

Dr. Roberts grinned. "Oh, but I did, Martha. I gave the Navy men only half of the formula. Darrel taught me that trick long ago. So those thugs don't have the other half at all."

Martha was worried. "Then, Dad, if they find out, you'll be in danger. They'll be after the other half."

The door bell rang and Martha went to answer it.

"Hi, Martha!" sang out Darrel as he stepped inside. "How's the gal?"

"I'm worried, Darrel," said Martha. "Dad gave those Navy men only half of the formula."

"Certainly," said Darrel. "That was the thing to do. Your Uncle Darrel taught him that trick."

"Yes, but Dad's in danger now. They'll find out that the formula is only half. What'll we do?"

Darrel chuckled. "Leave that to me, baby. I'm going to find those rats."

Darrel left the Roberts home and began a hunt among the underworld characters. Strangely enough, he could not find the two so-called newsmen. While he prowled, his tiny radiophone buzzed. It was a call from Martha.

"Oh, Darrel," she sobbed. "Those men were here and they slugged Dad. Please come at once."

"Be right with you," said Darrel and cut the connection.

Dr. Roberts was in a bad state when Darrel arrived. One of the thugs had sapped him and he had a slight fracture, according to the doctor that attended him. They took him to the hospital.

"I'm worried awfully," said Martha.

"Did they find anything?" Darrel asked.

"I wonder if they did."

"No," replied Martha. "I have the other half of the formula. Dad gave it to me to keep."

"Good," said Darrel. "Now I'll get on the trail of those lugs. Let's look over the doc's lab."

He found little in the way of clues. But that didn't bother Darrel Dane. Yet, once more in the underworld, he came to a surprising fact: the two thugs were actually reporters on one of the city's newspapers!

Darrel entered the *Call* office at about six that evening, while the evening edition was being put to bed.

But now Darrel Dane was not Darrel in the exact sense of the word. Possessing the ability to concentrate the molecules of his body, he had shrunk to the figure of The Doll Man. No one knew that Darrel Dane was The Doll Man except Dr. Roberts and his daughter.

It was in the office of the feature editor that Darrel found his men. The feature editor, George Blake, was in fact one of the men who had cracked Dr. Roberts' skull. At this moment he was talking on the phone.

"Sure we got it," he said into the mouthpiece. "Naw, nothing so dumb as that. We're running a box on the racing page; that'll give you the other half of the formula. Yeah. So long."

Darrel, as The Doll Man, leaped onto Blake's desk and grabbed up the sheaf of pages lying before the feature editor. With a loud cry, Blake snatched a gun out of his desk drawer and began firing. But The Doll Man was a difficult target. He leaped this way and that, at last landing on top of Blake's head.

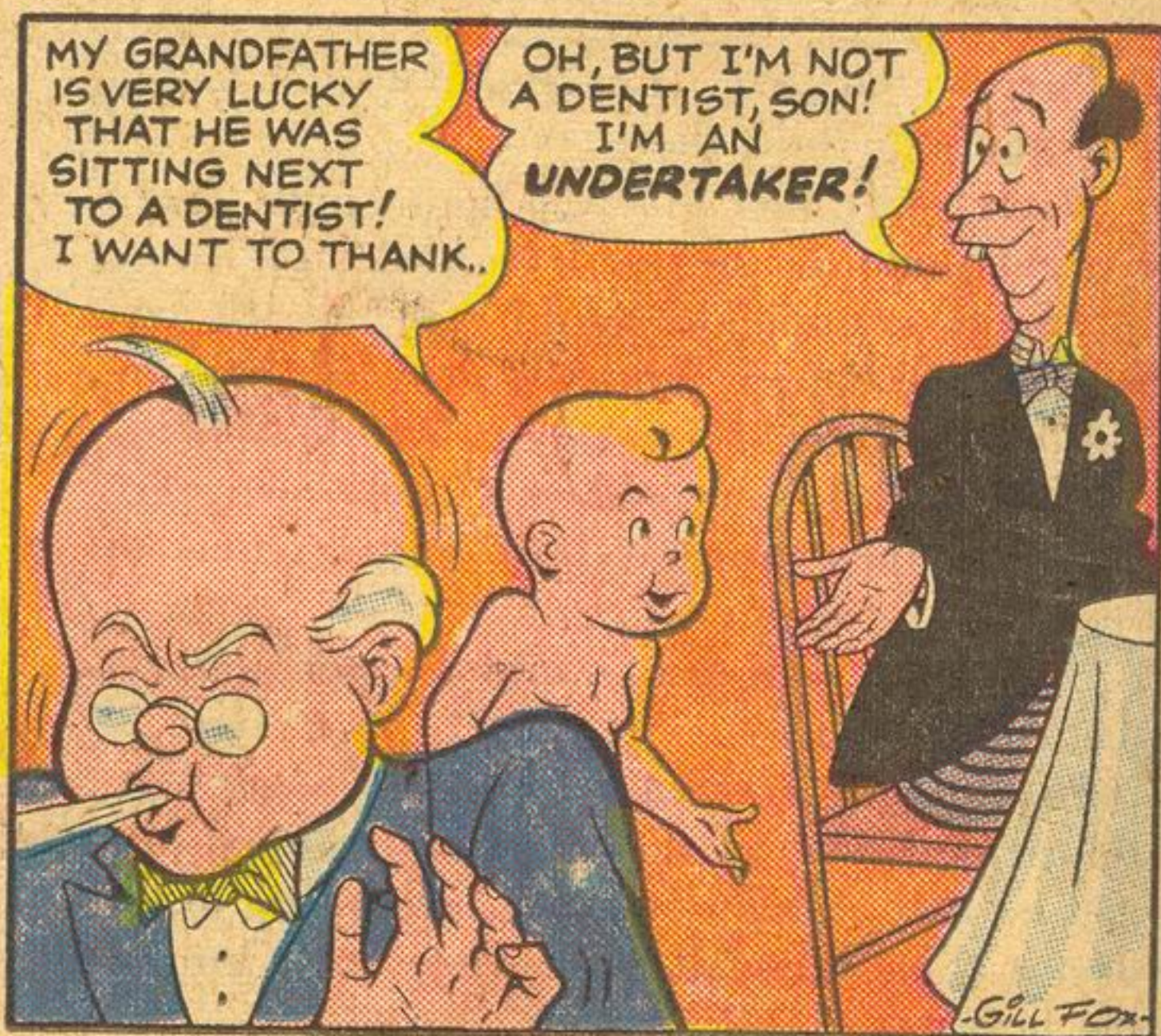
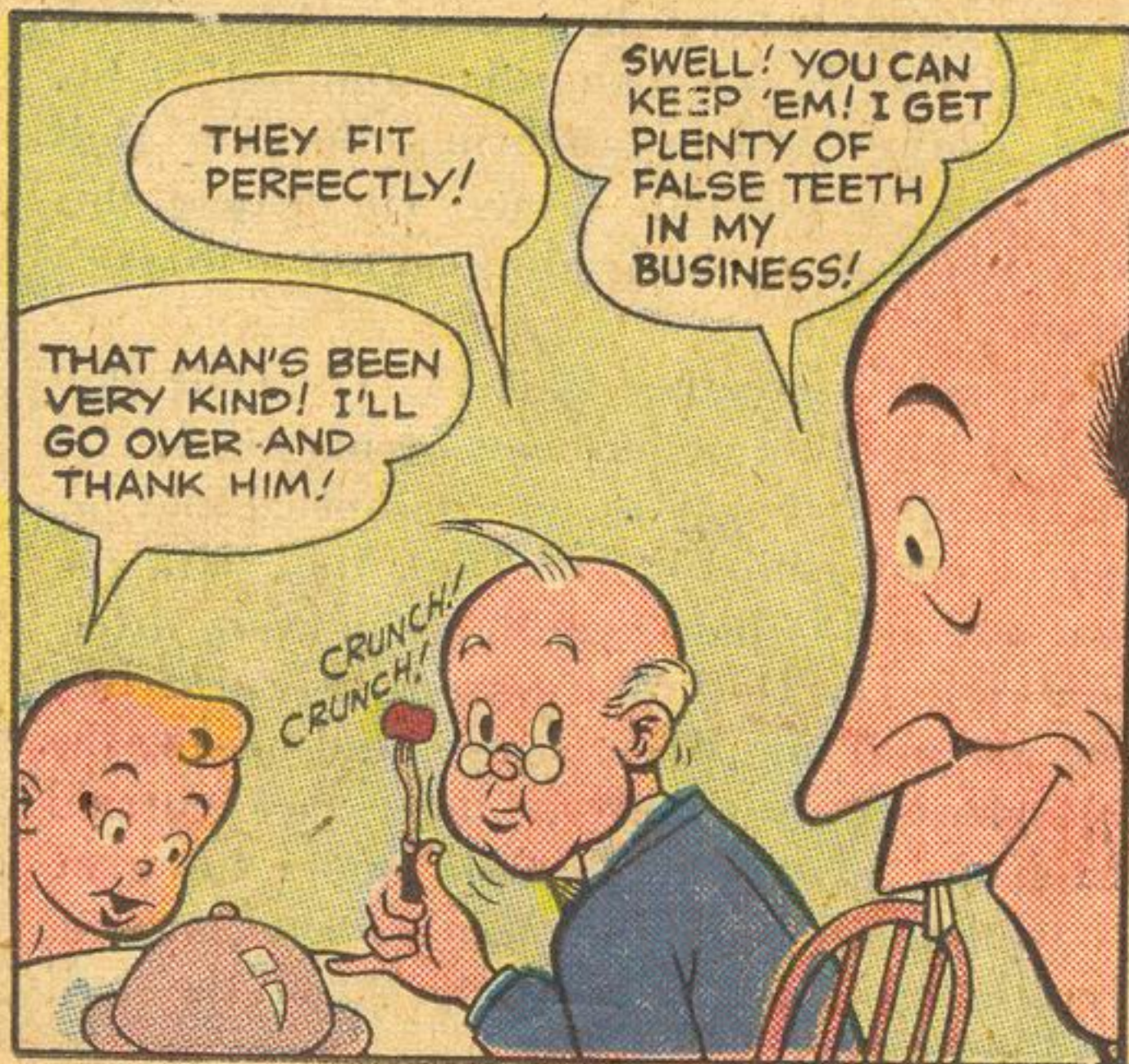
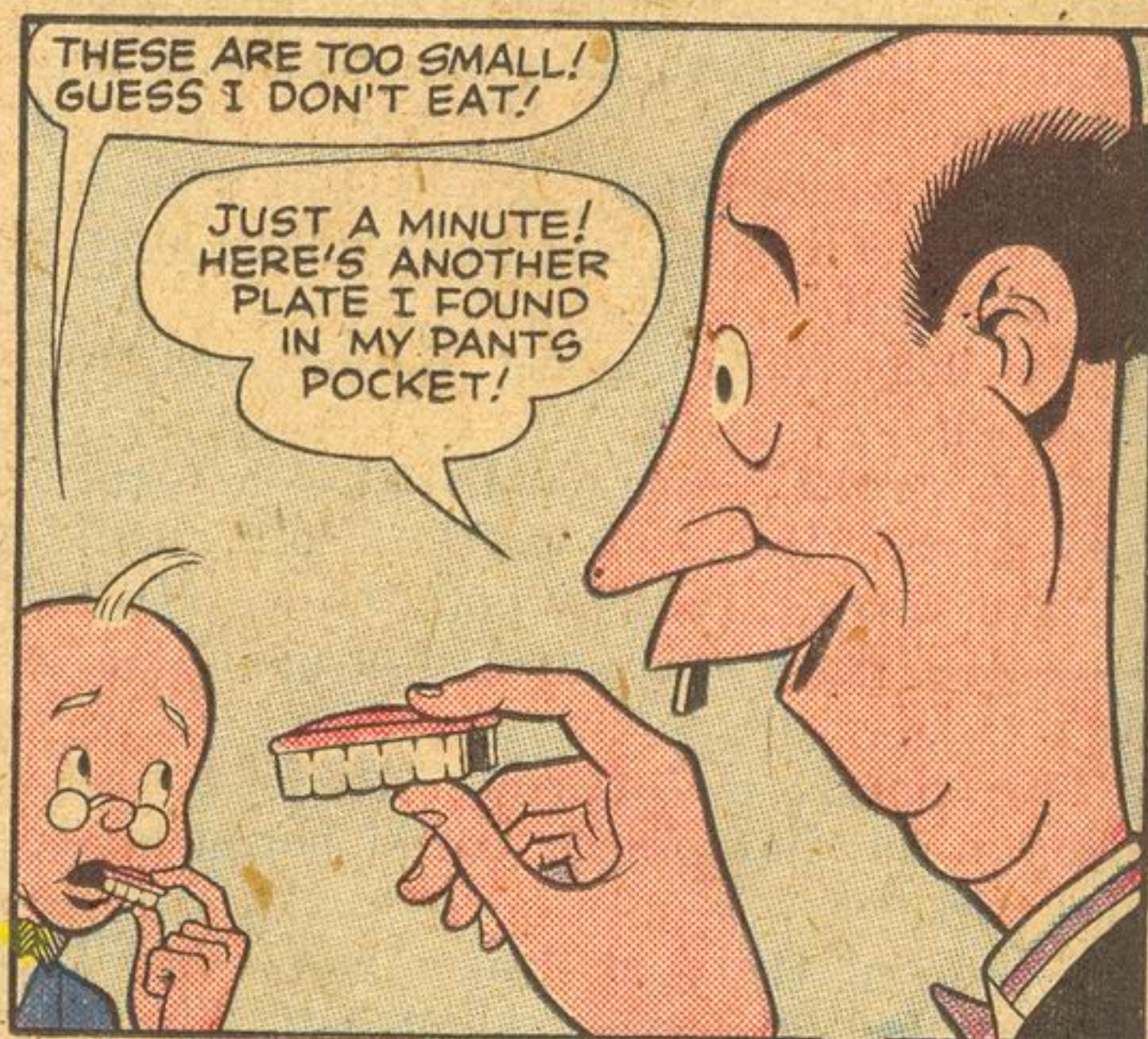
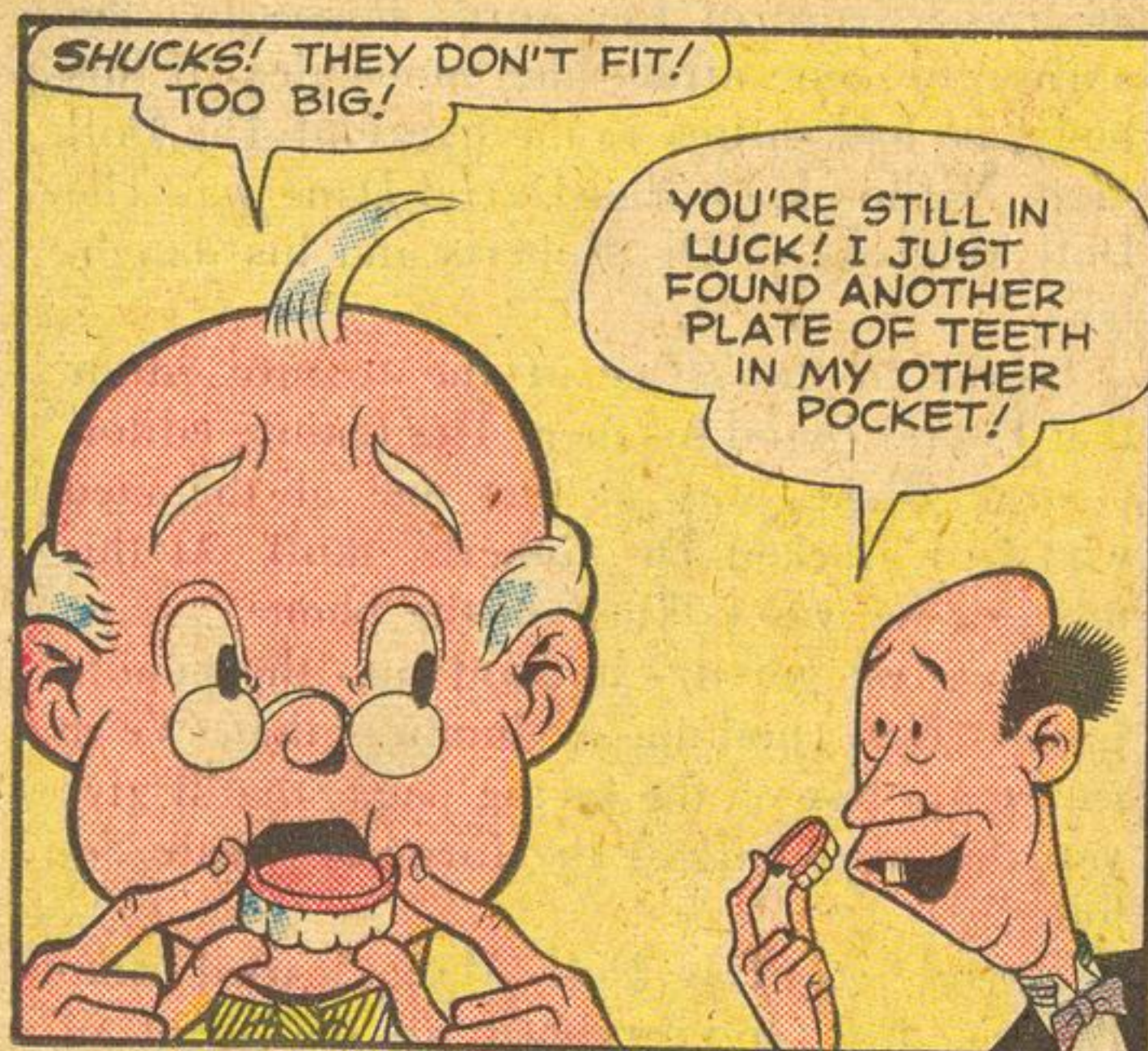
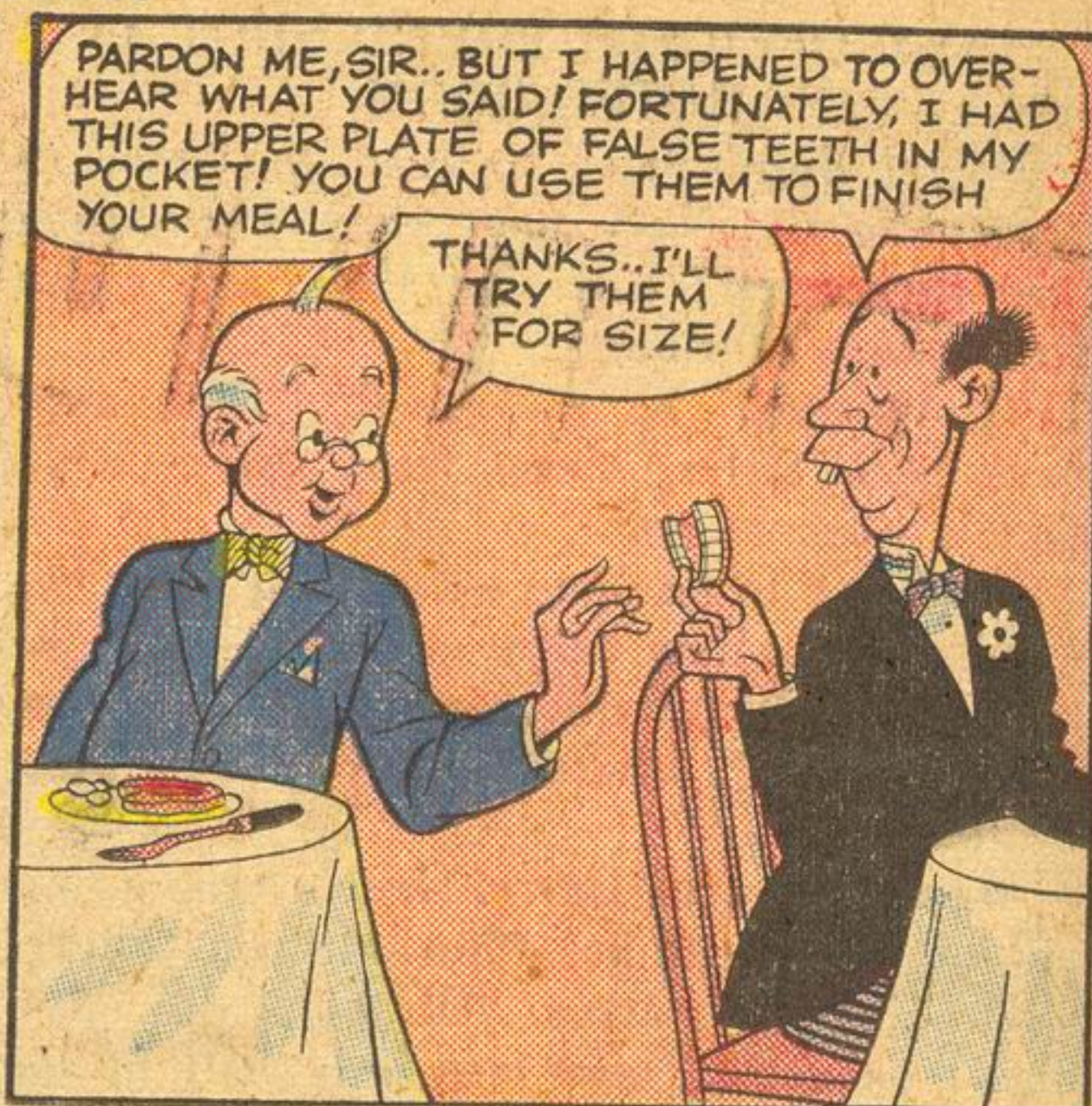
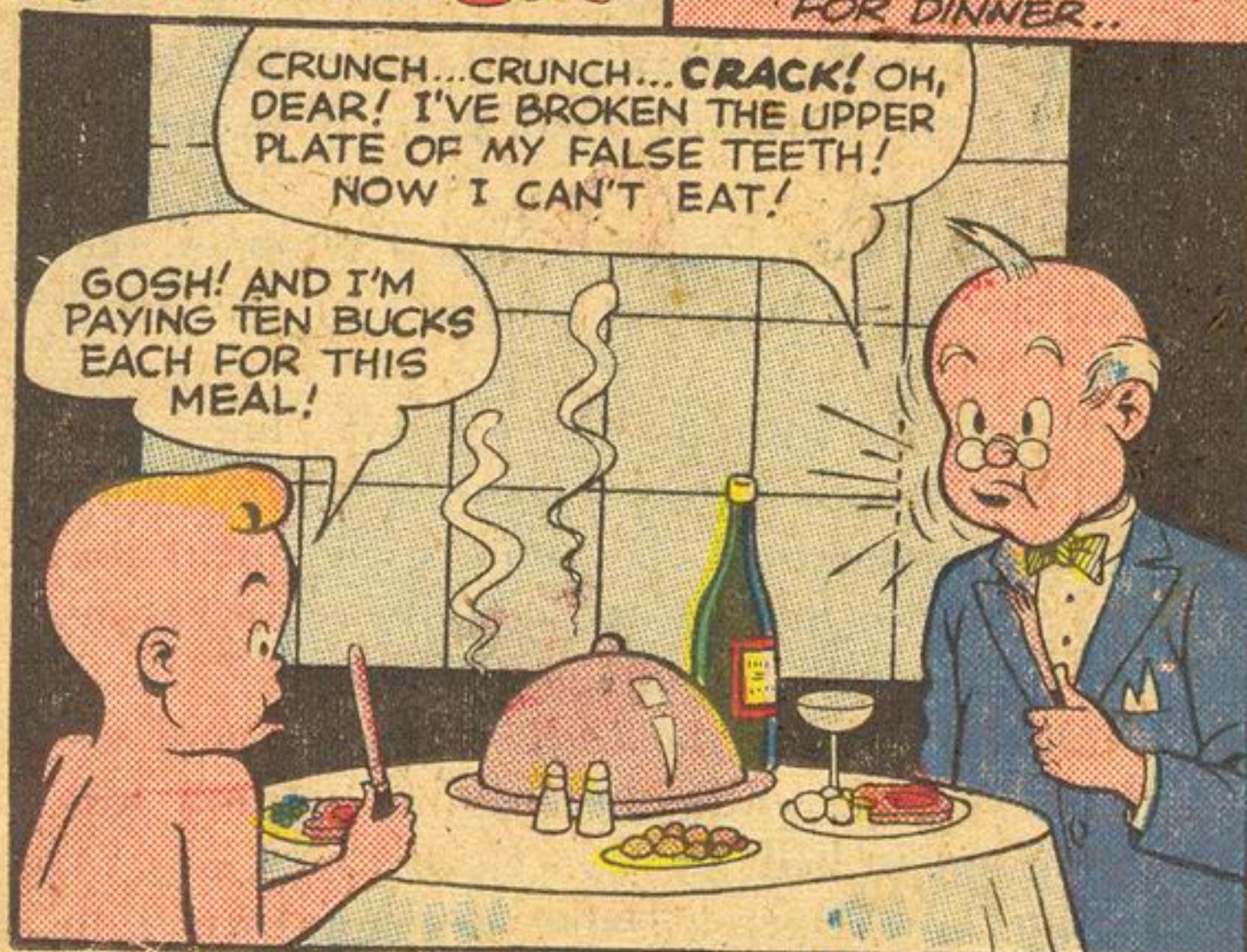
"Leggo!" screamed Blake as The Doll Man pulled handfuls of hair out of his head.

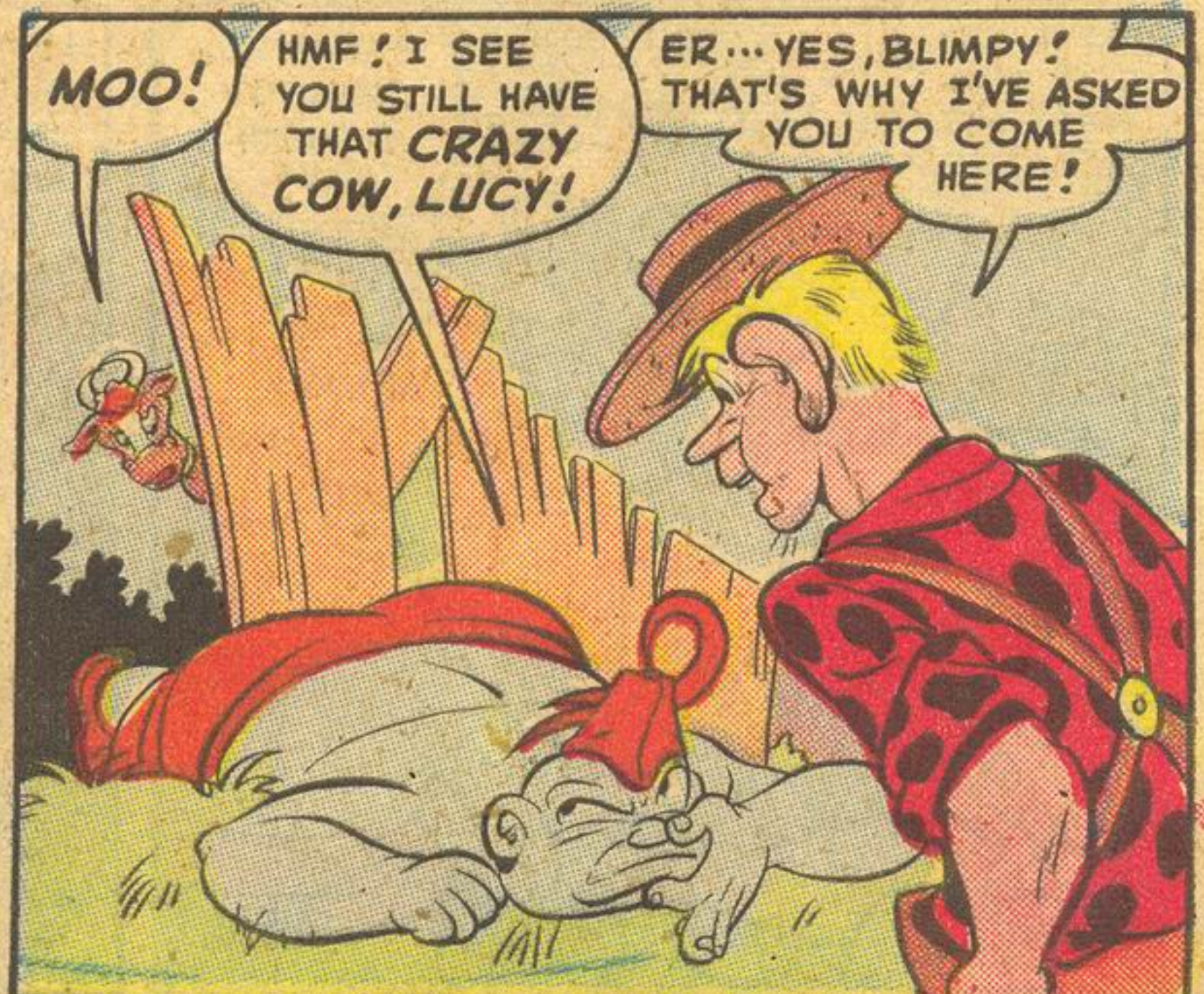
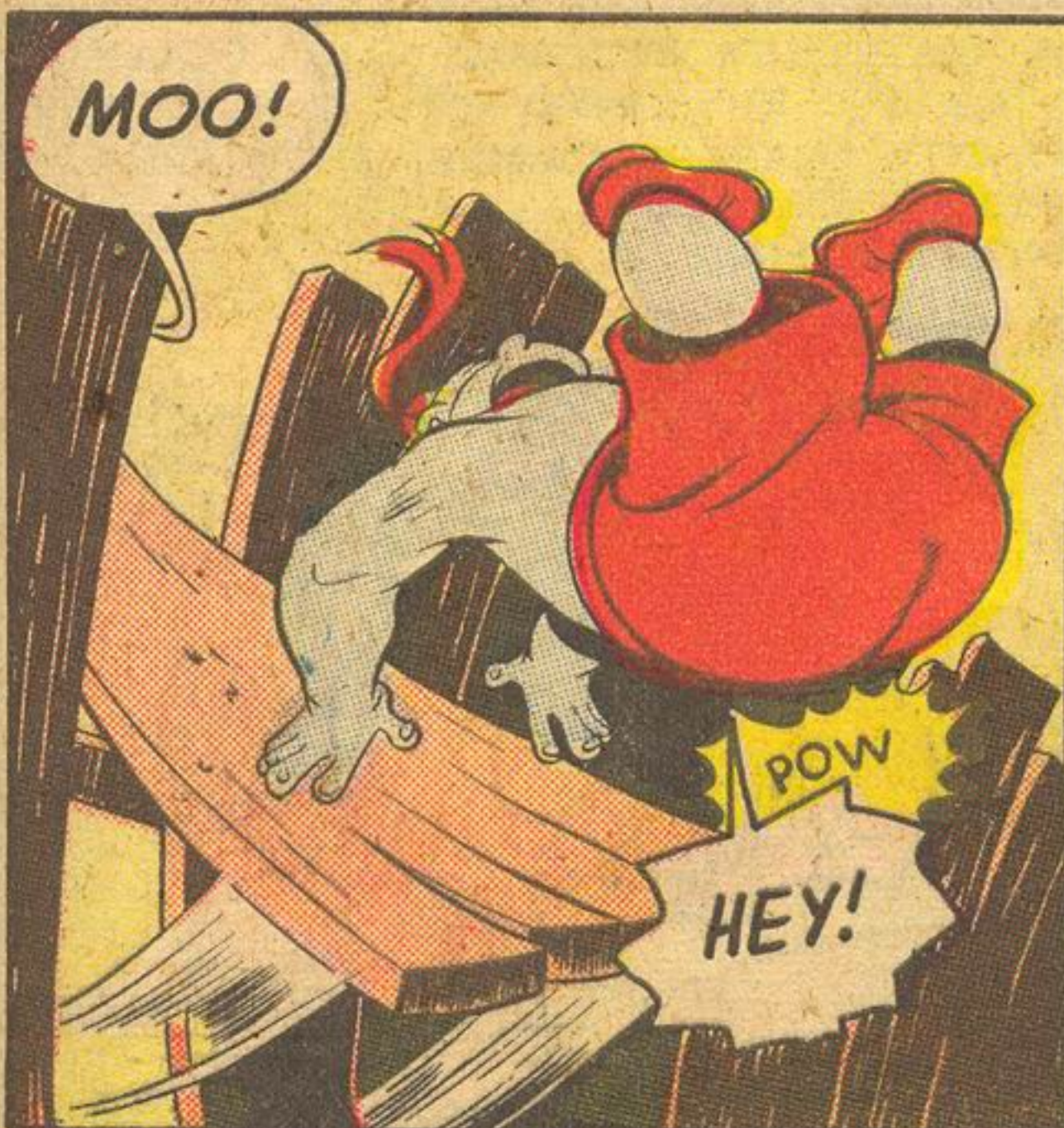
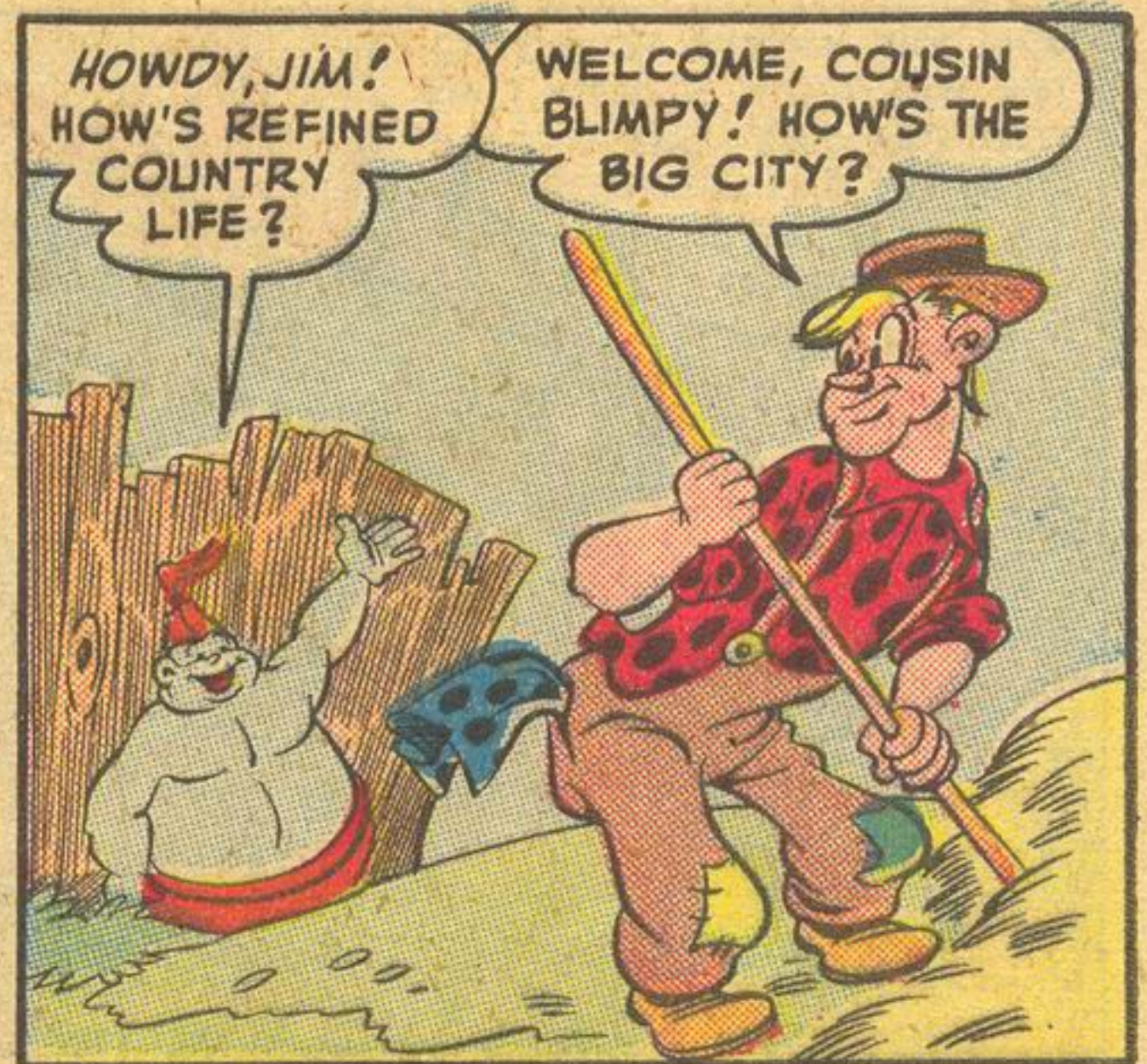
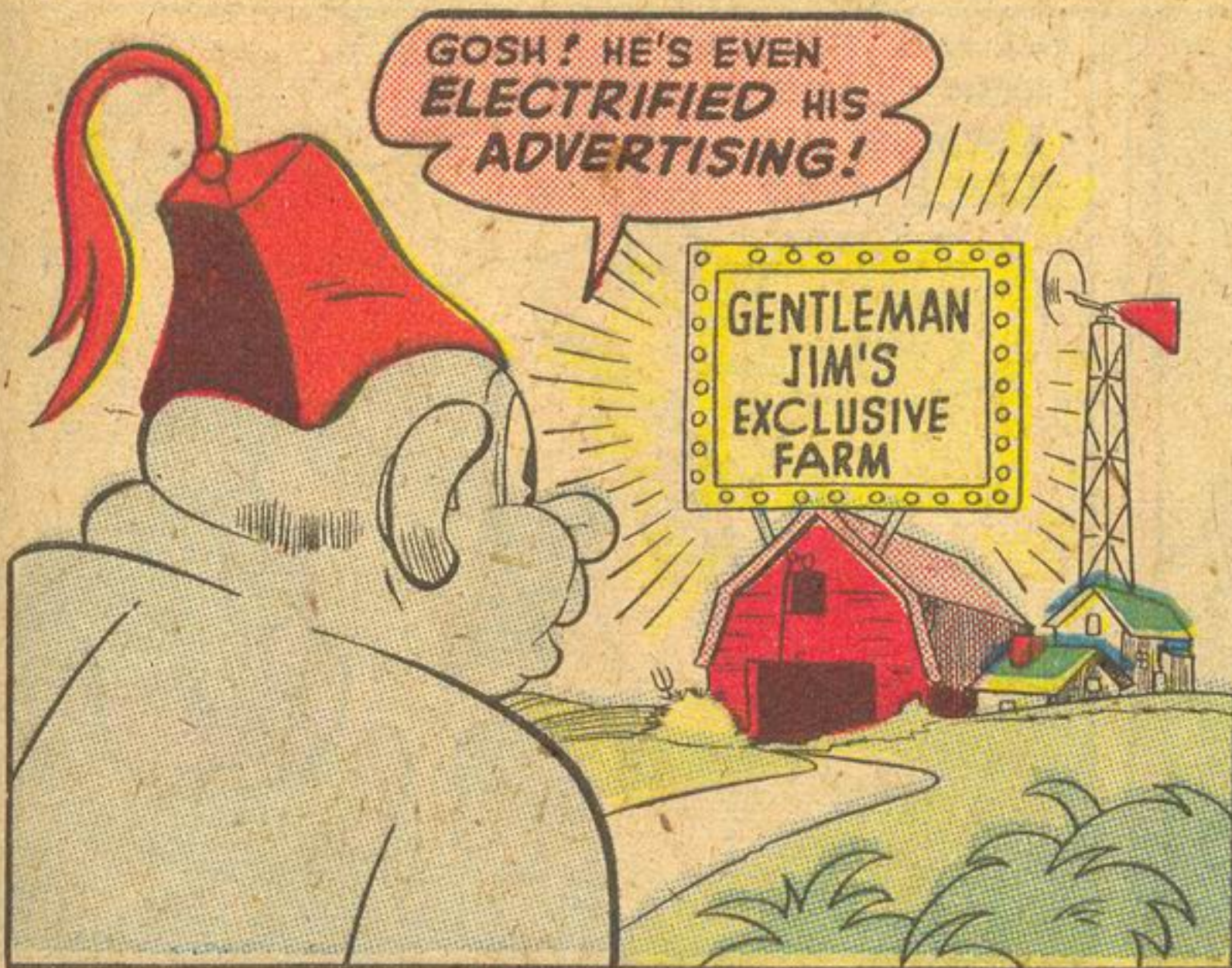
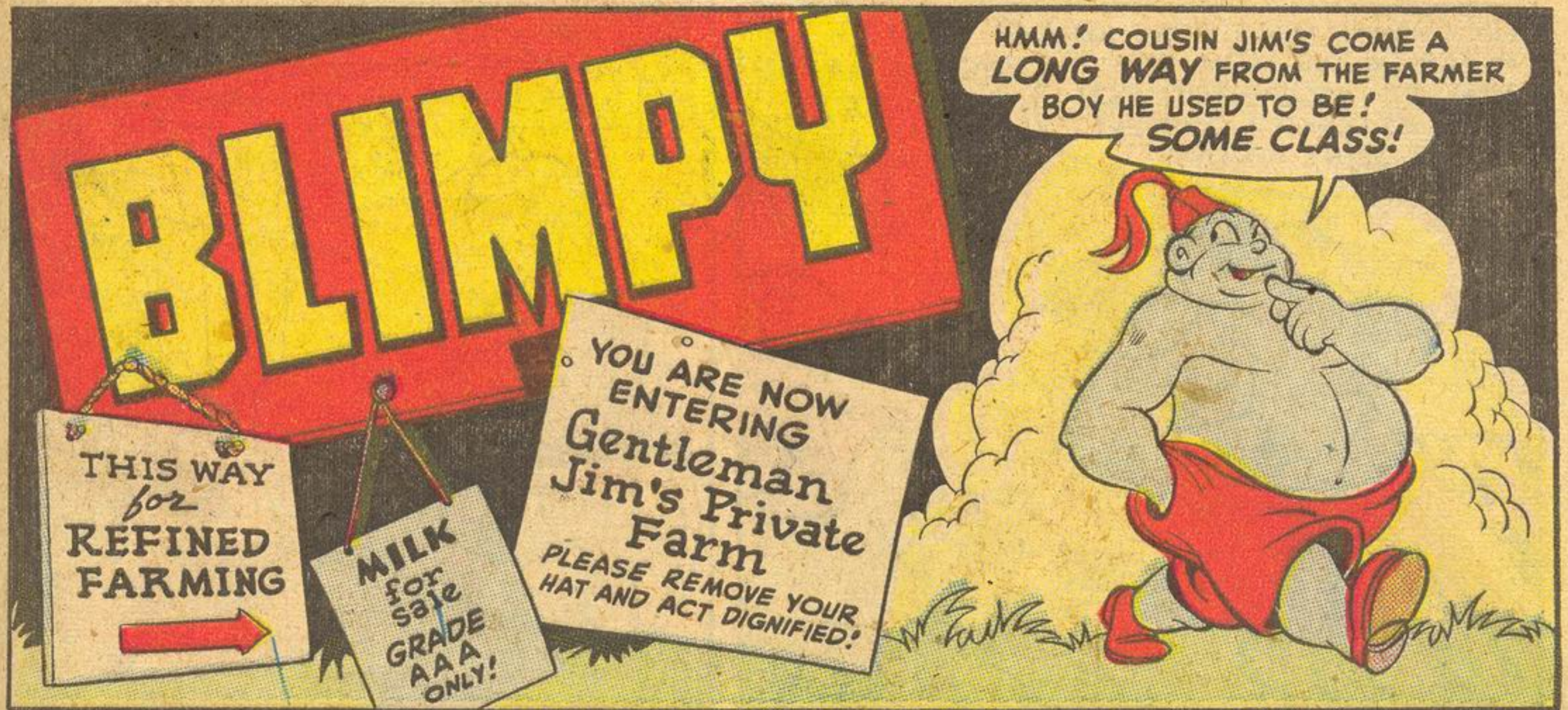
The other thug tore into the office and began a mad grab for The Doll Man. His gun was out, and bullets were flying in every direction. But The Doll Man wasn't there. Hurling the ink well into Blake's face, and tossing the wastebasket over Lefty's head, he scurried from the office, the formula under his arm.

In the hall, The Doll Man became, instantly, Darrel Dane. He strode down the hall looking innocent.

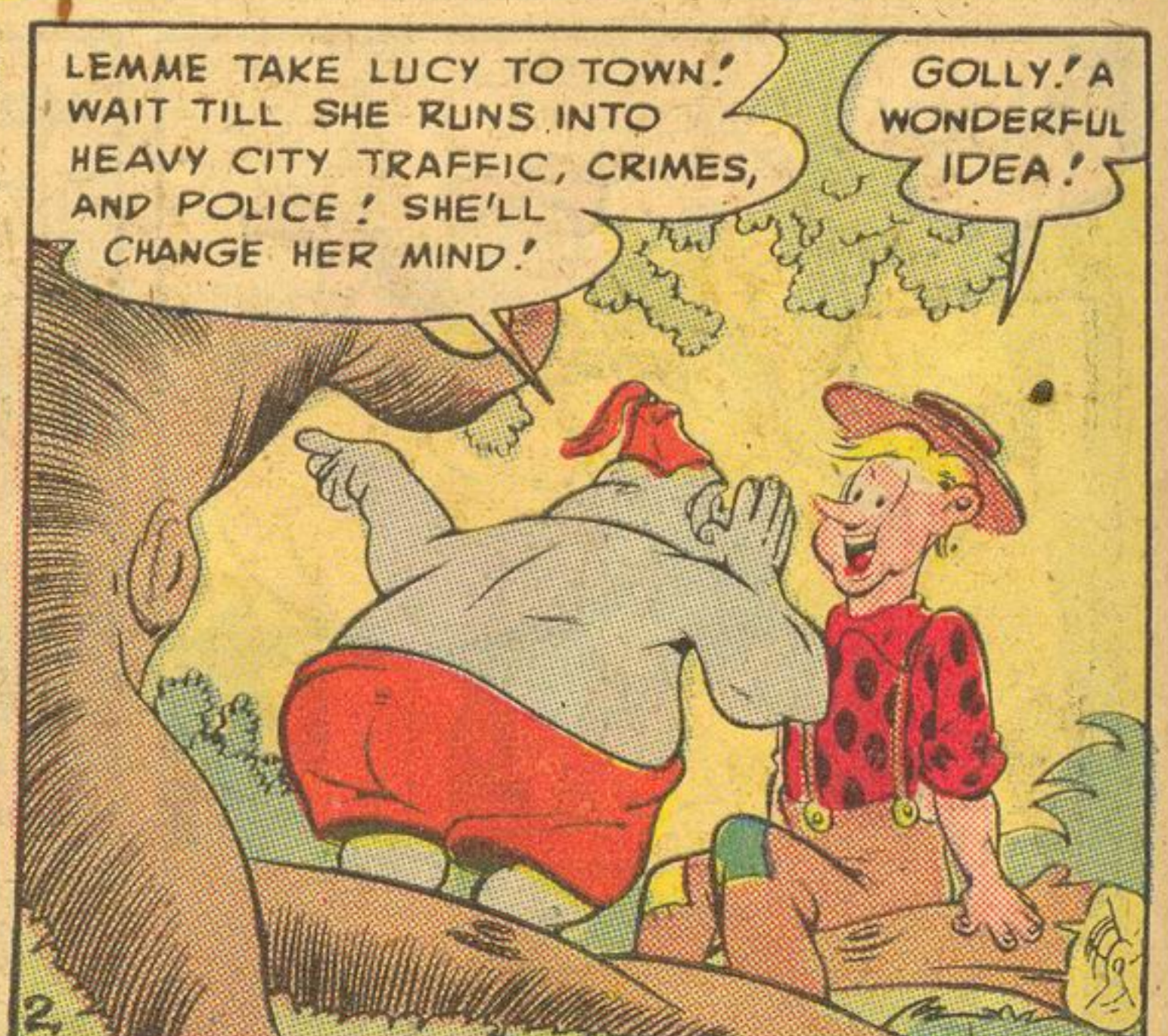
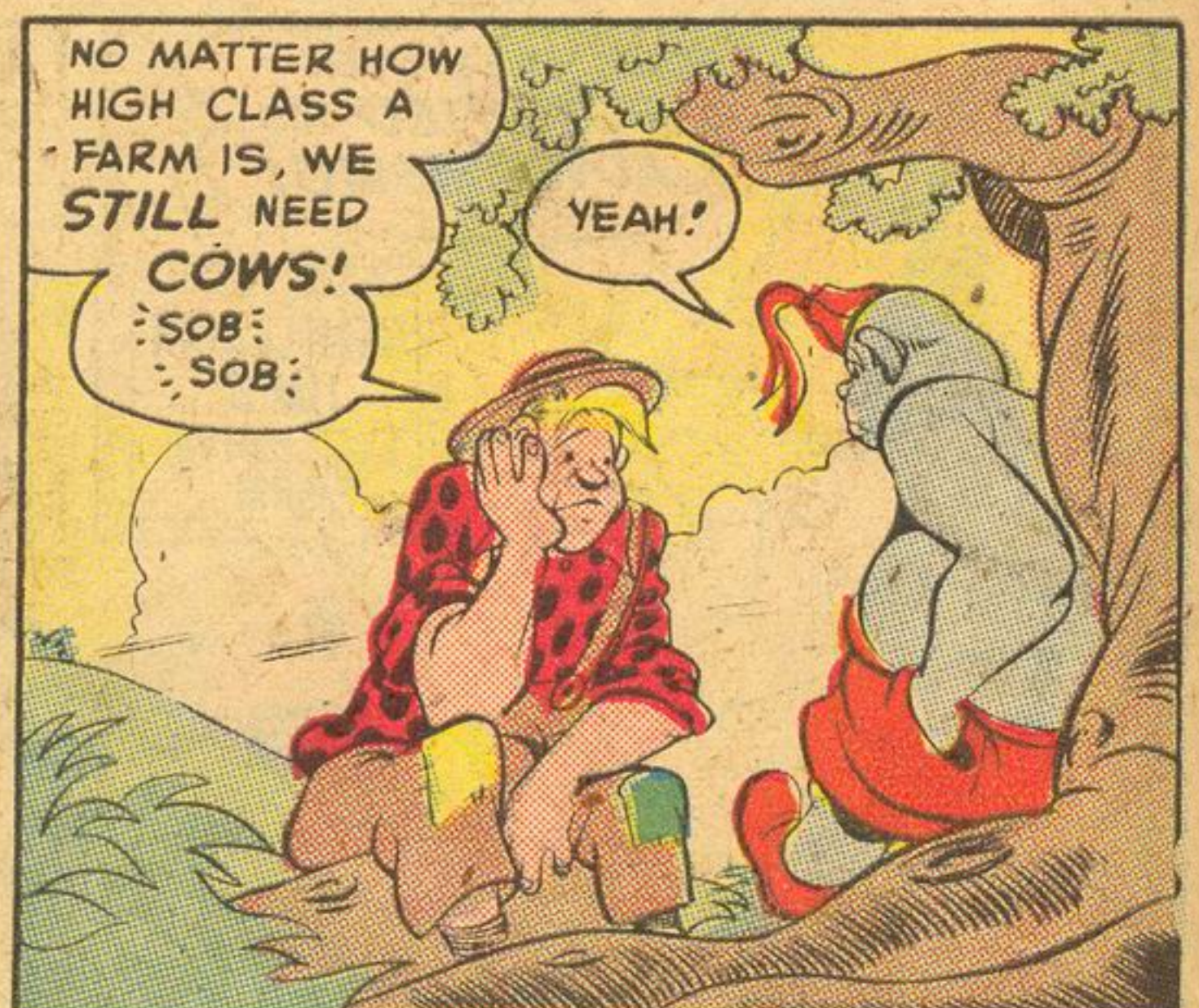
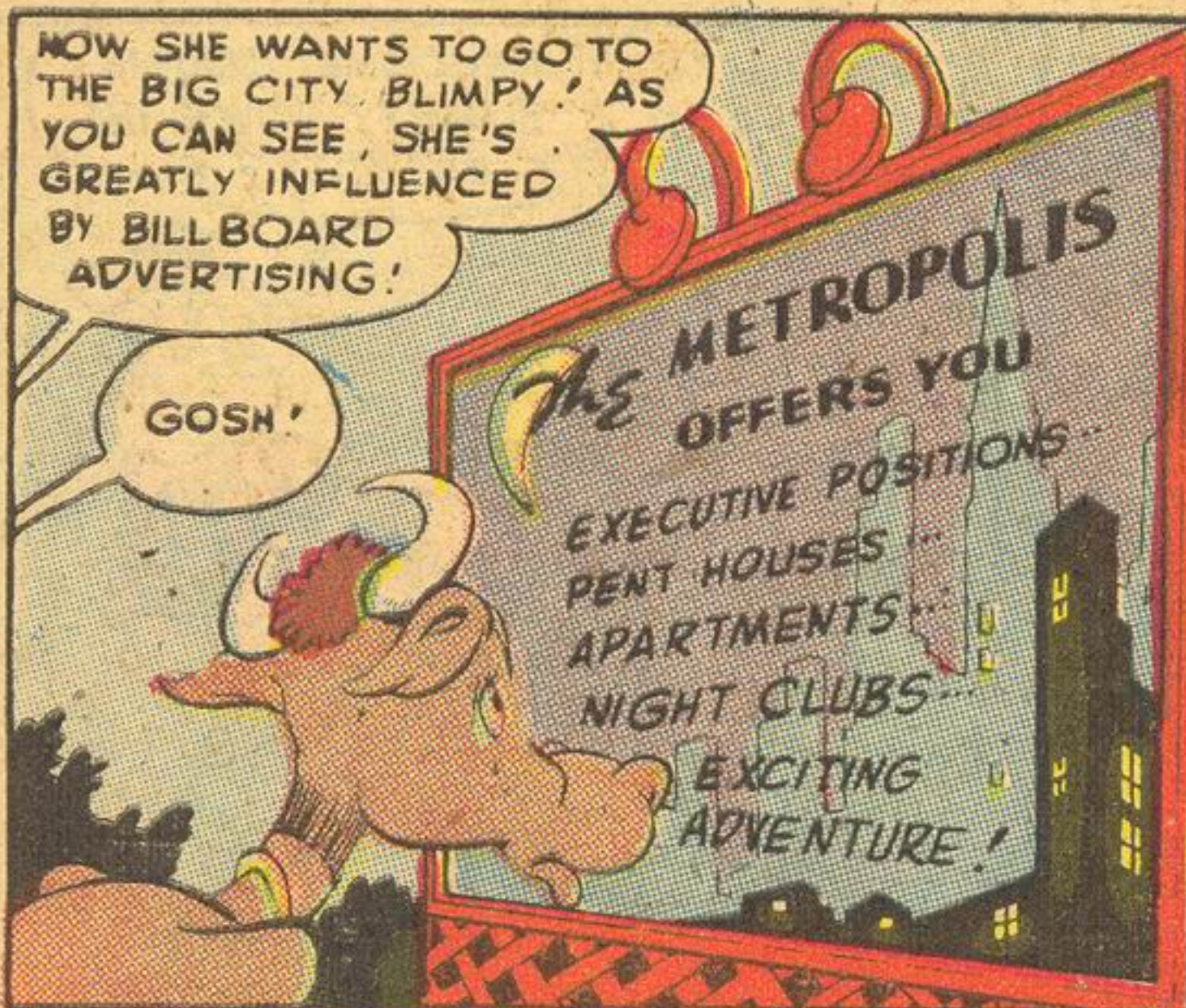
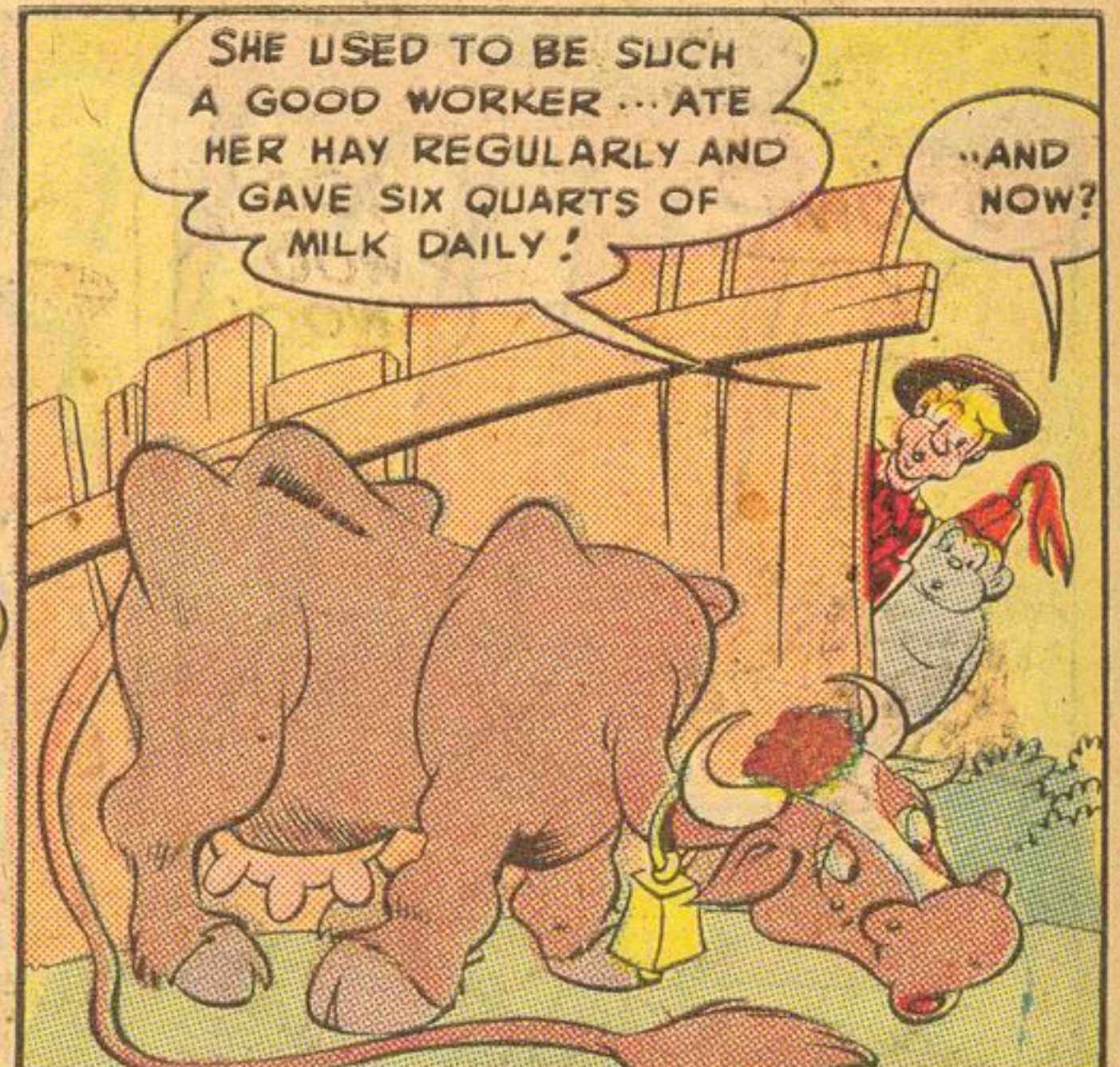
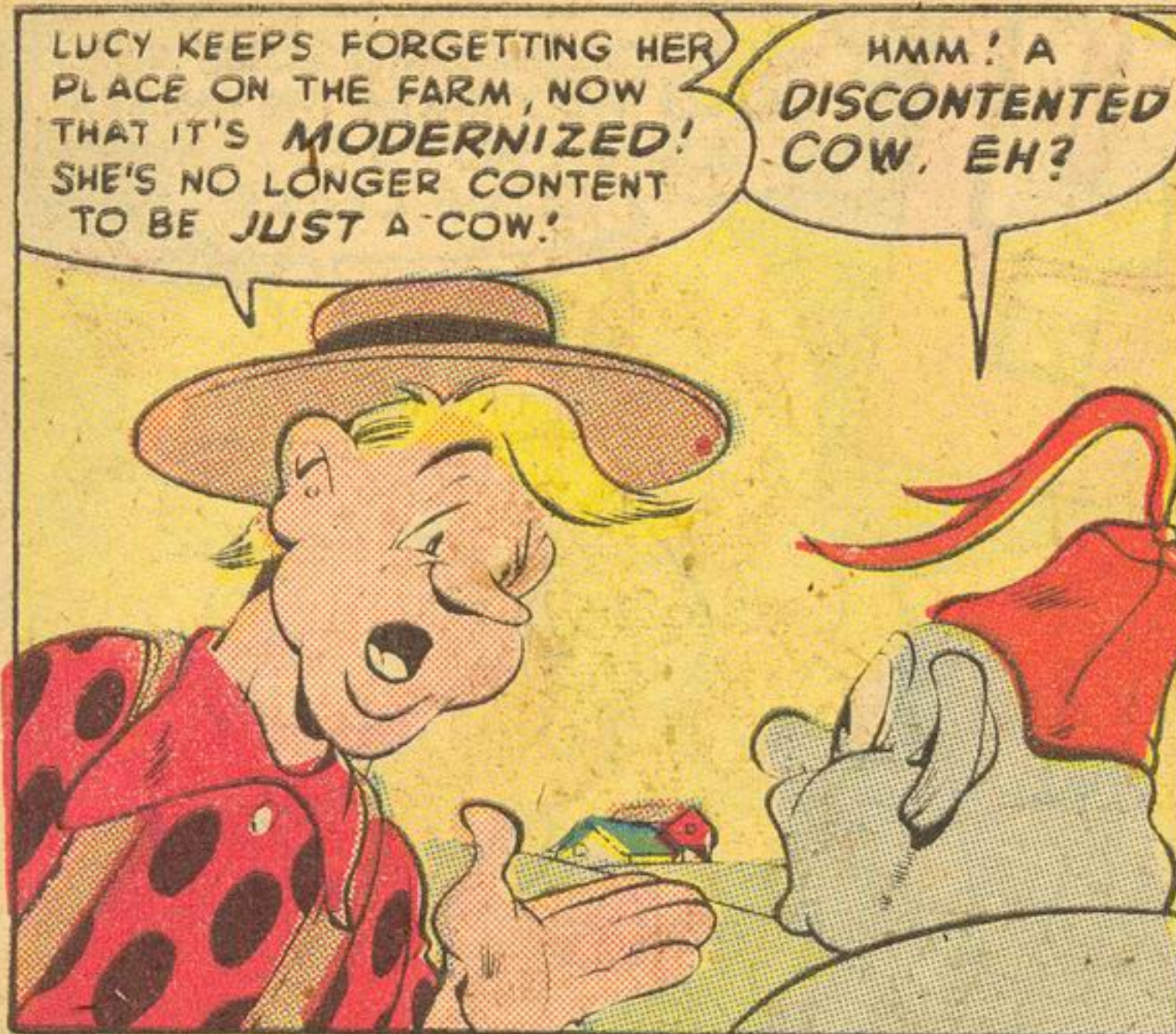
POISON IVY

POISON HAS TAKEN HIS GRANDFATHER TO A VERY EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT FOR DINNER...

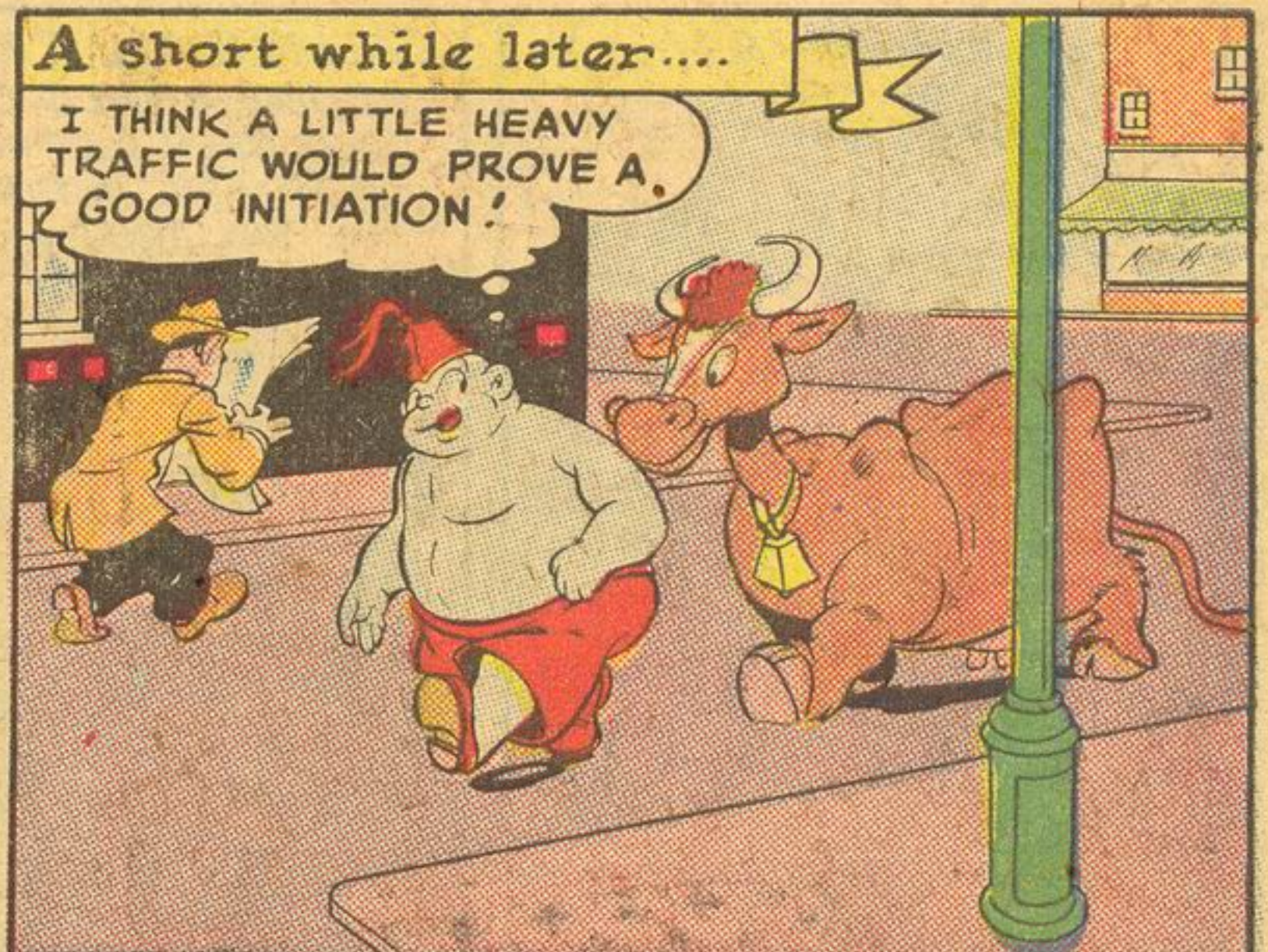
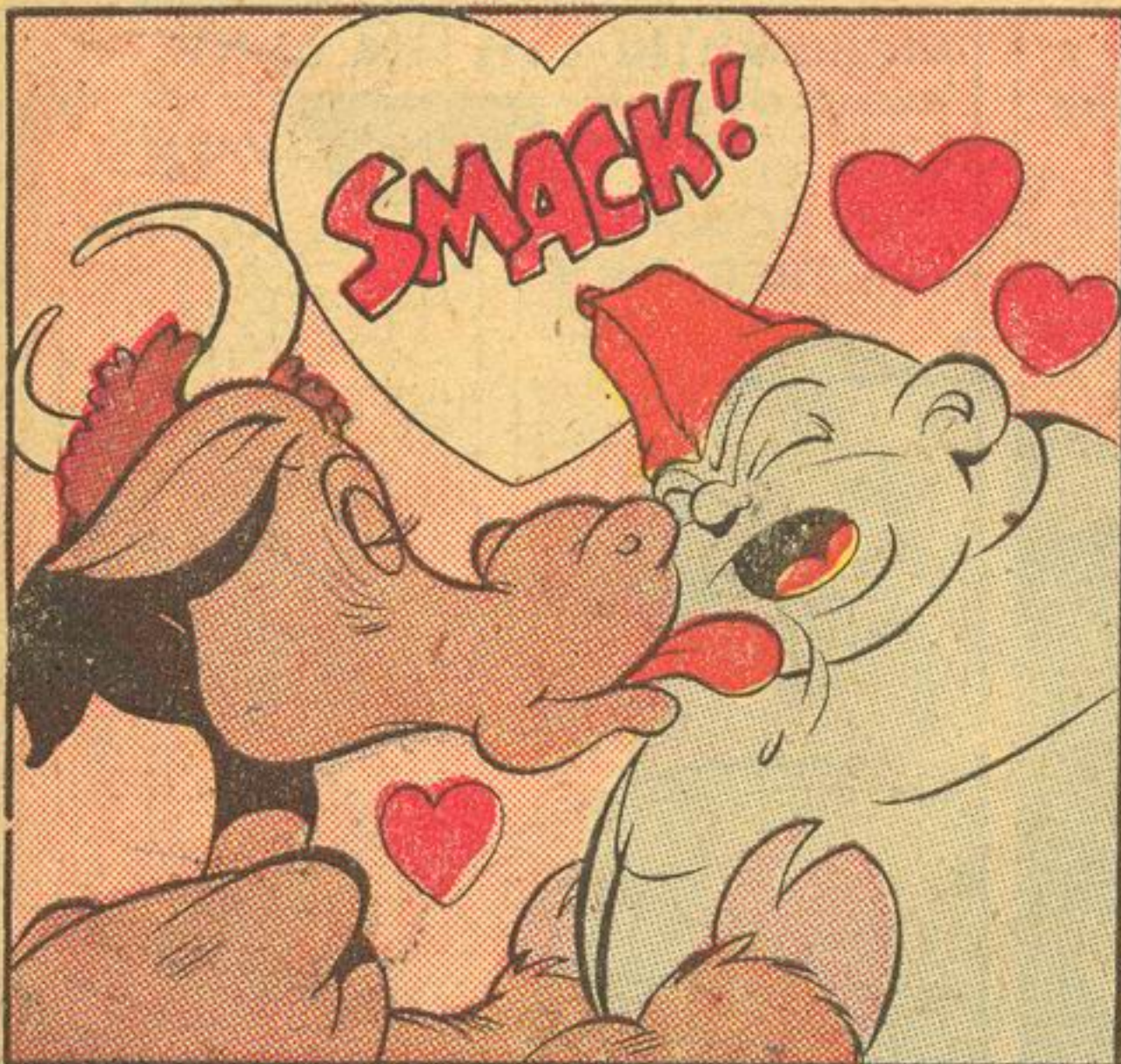
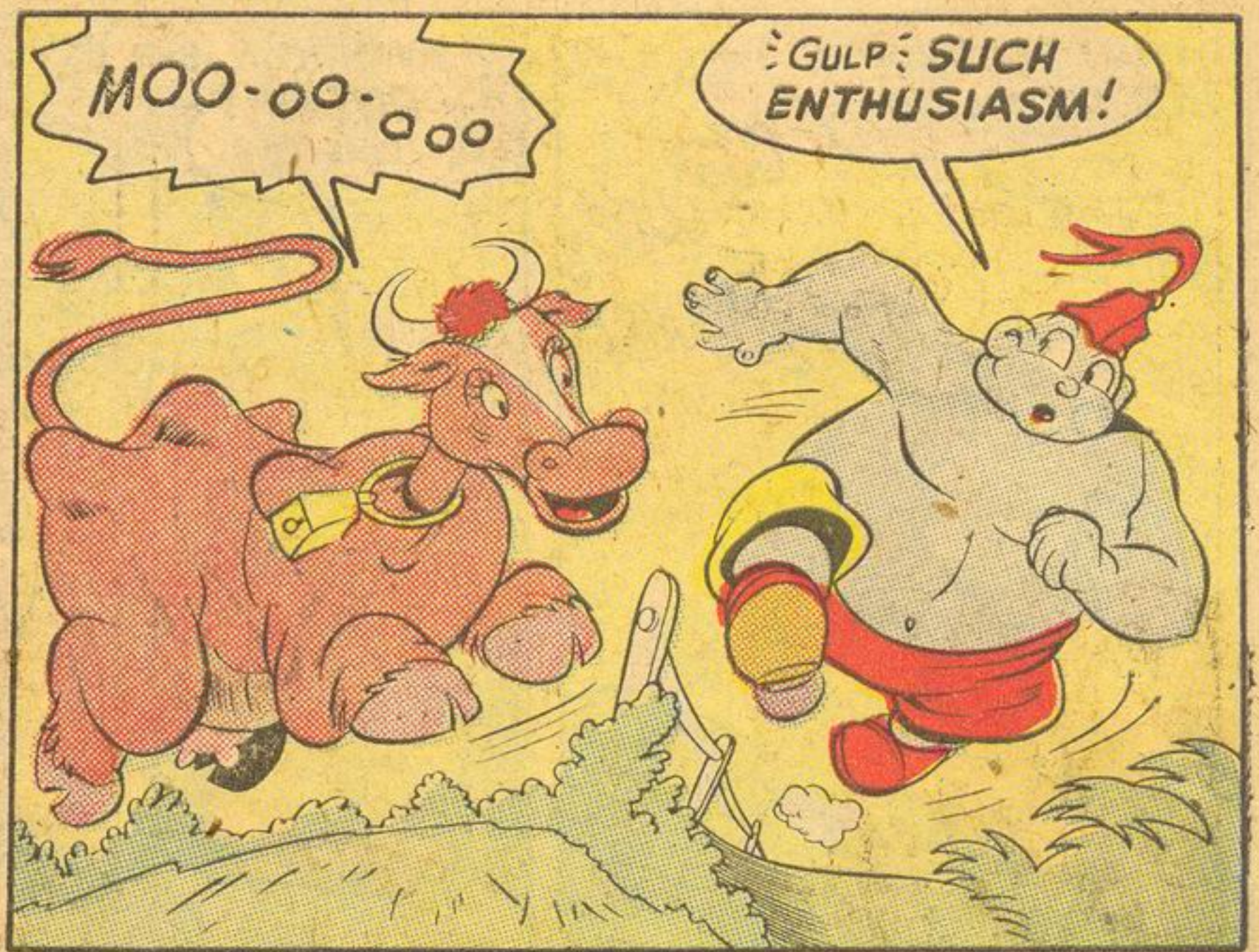
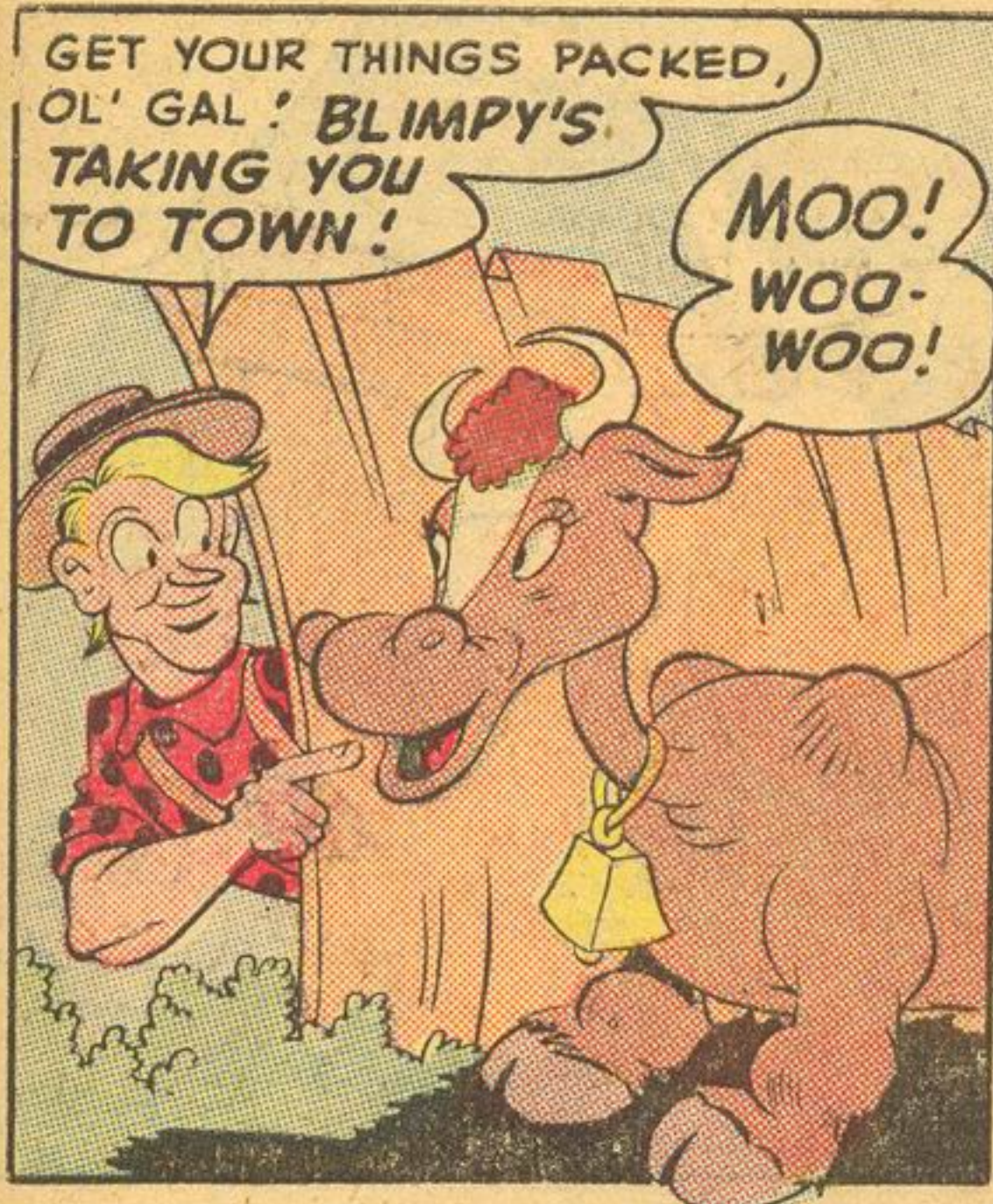




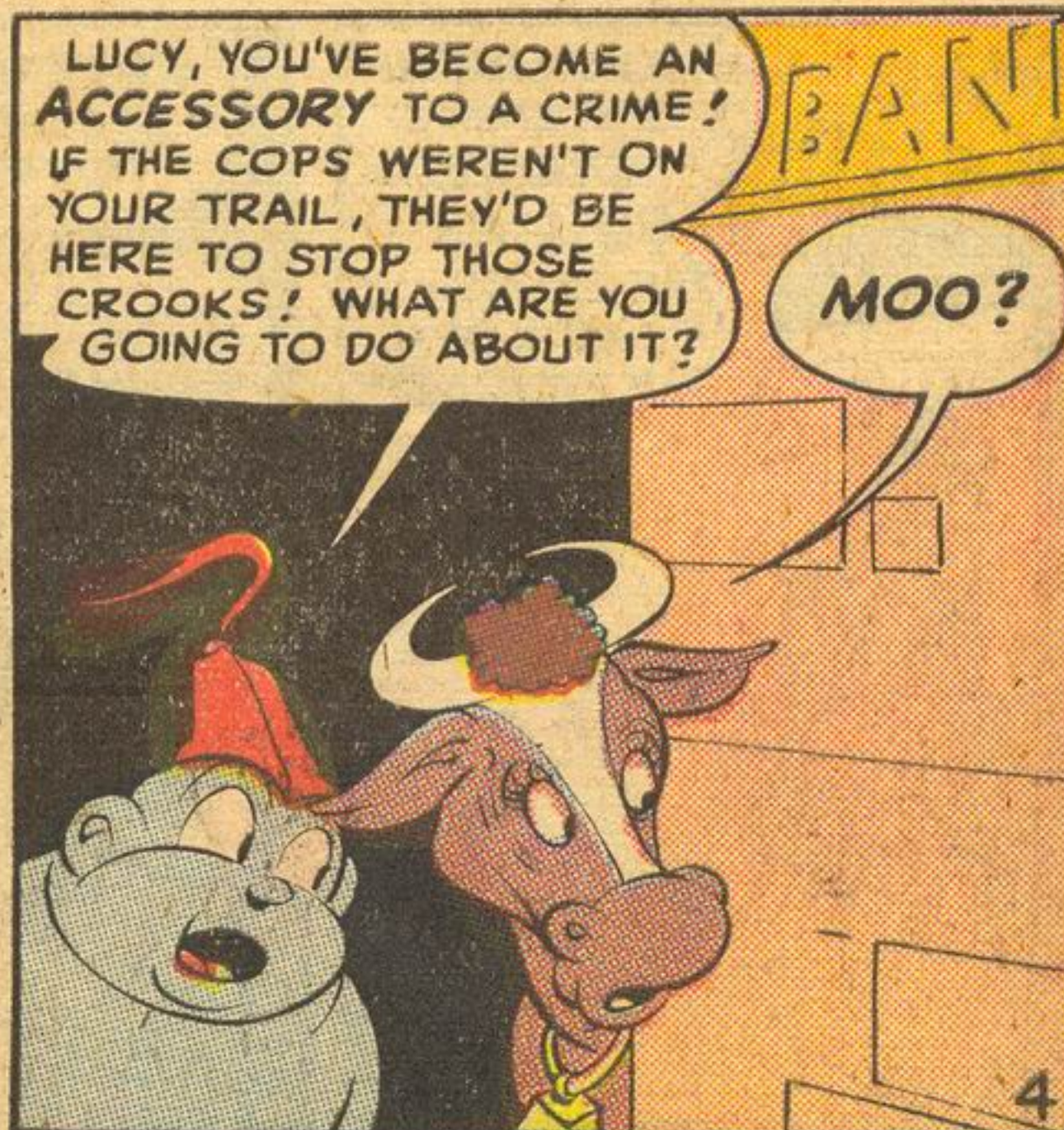
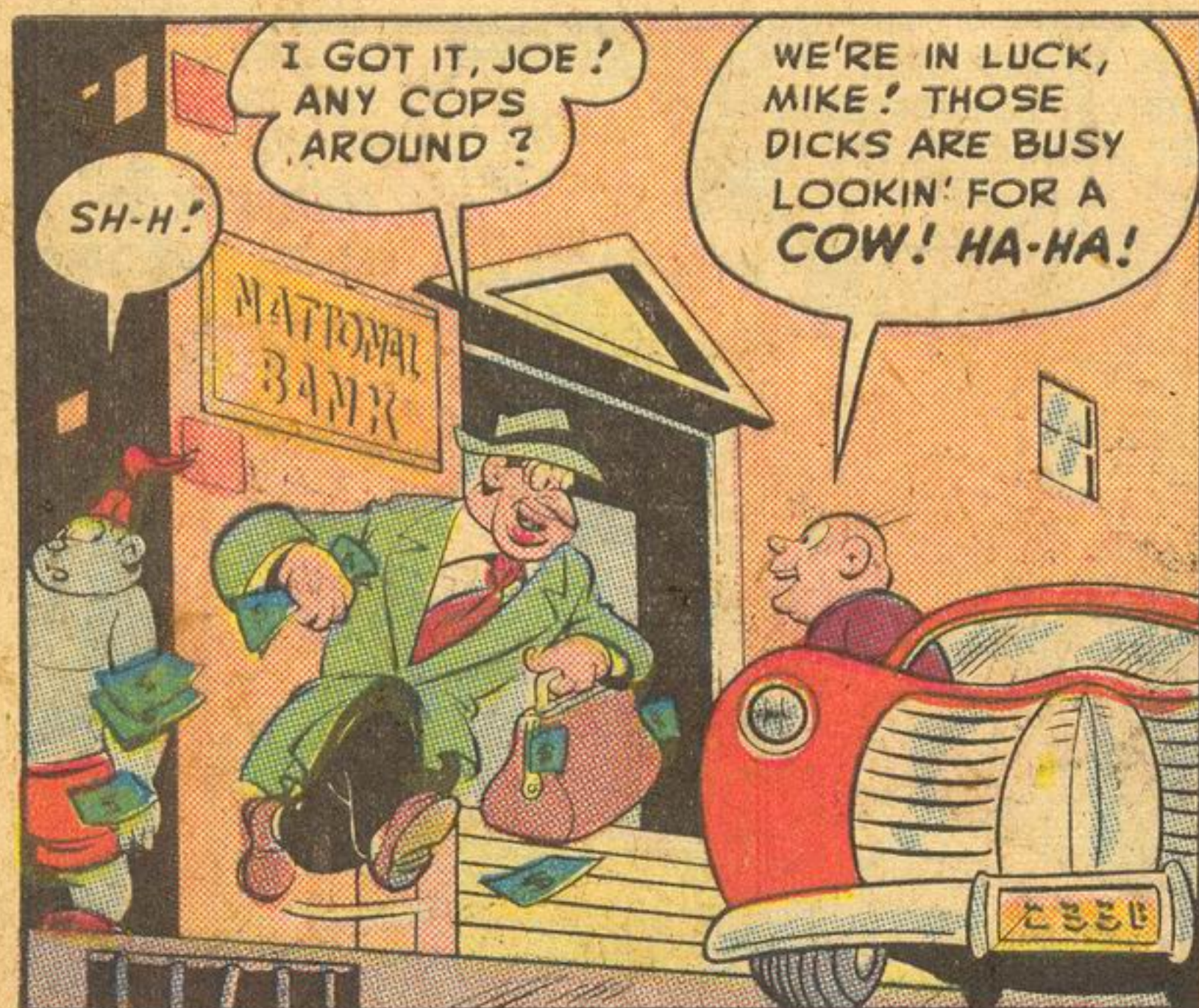
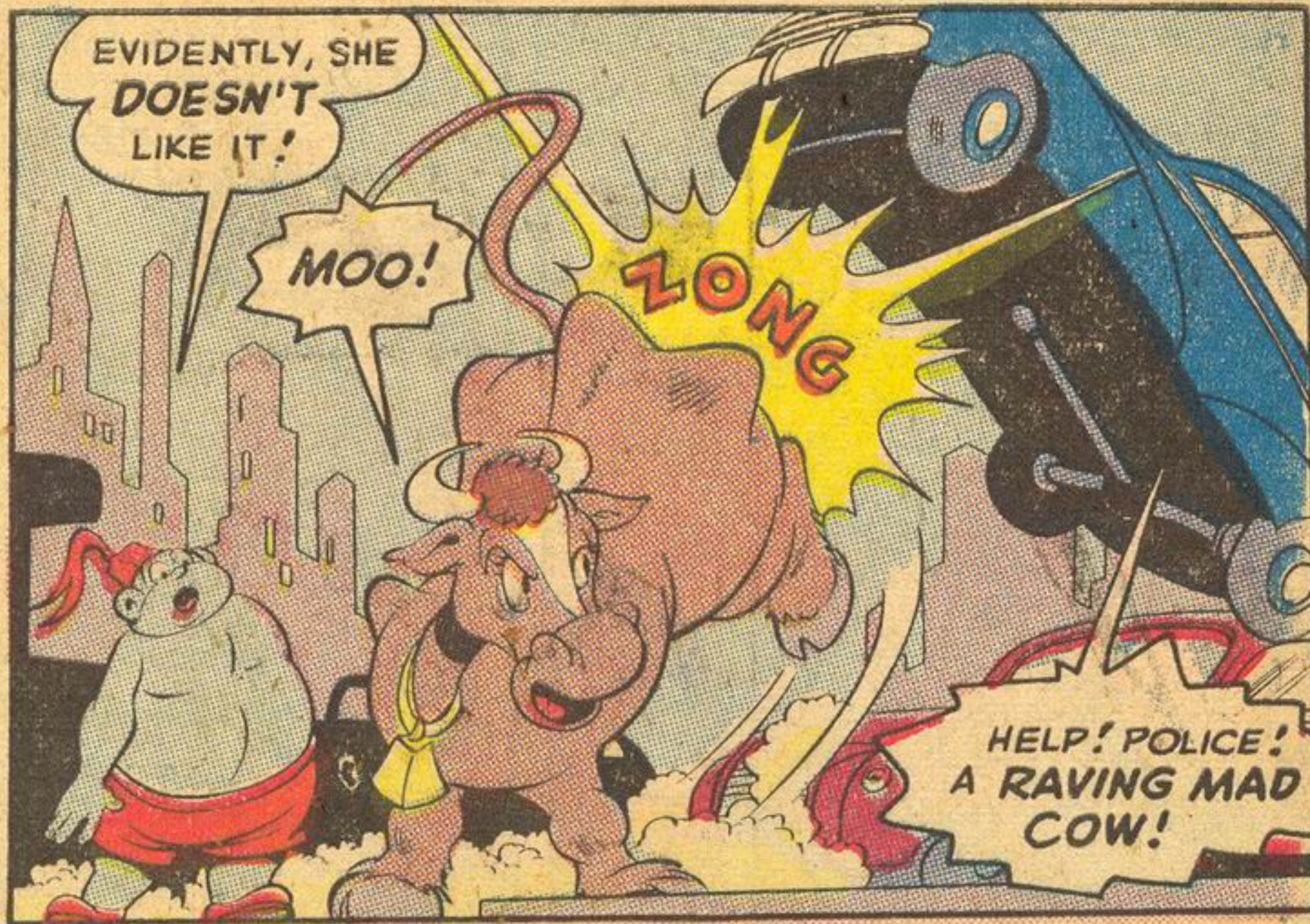
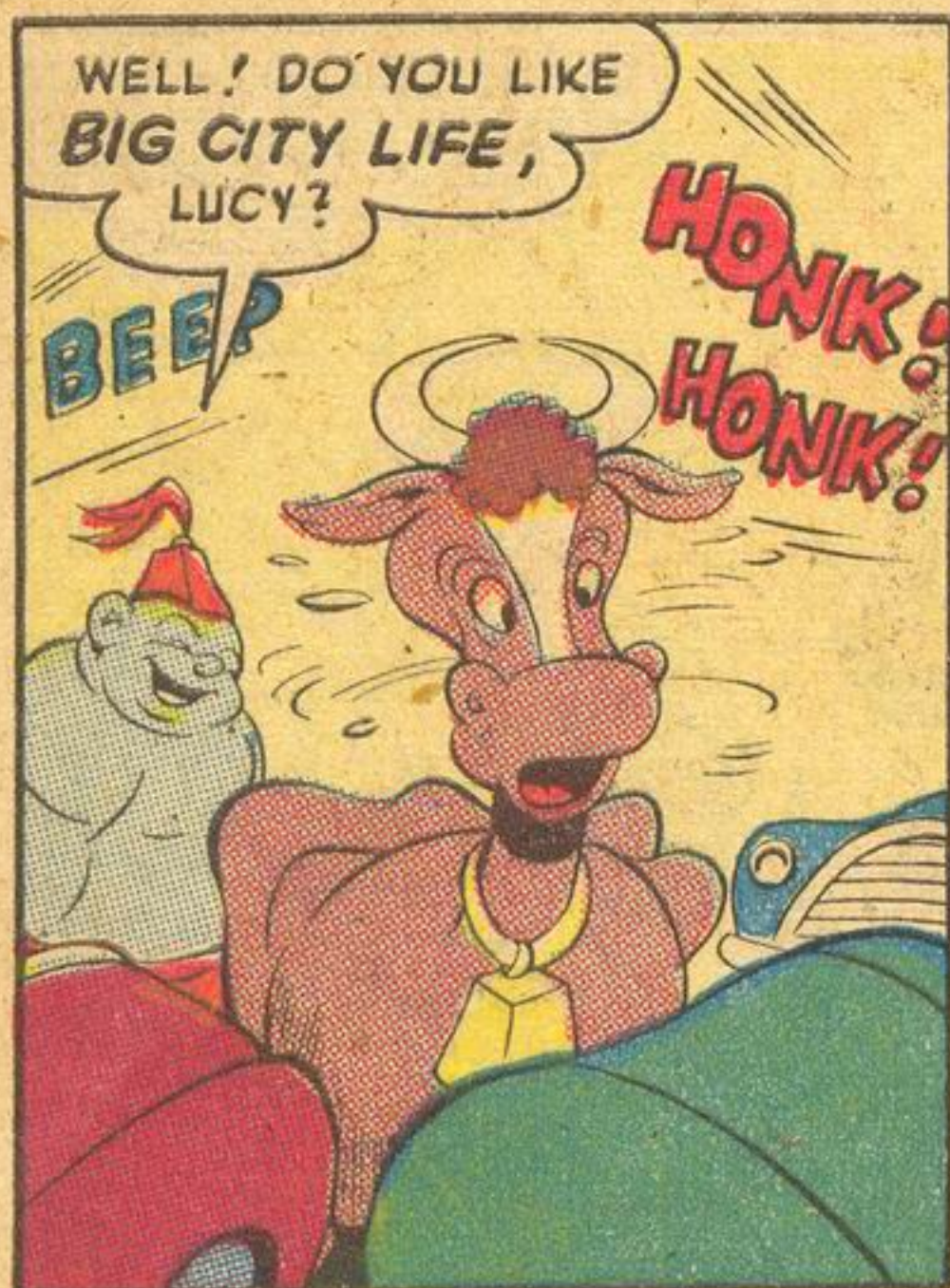
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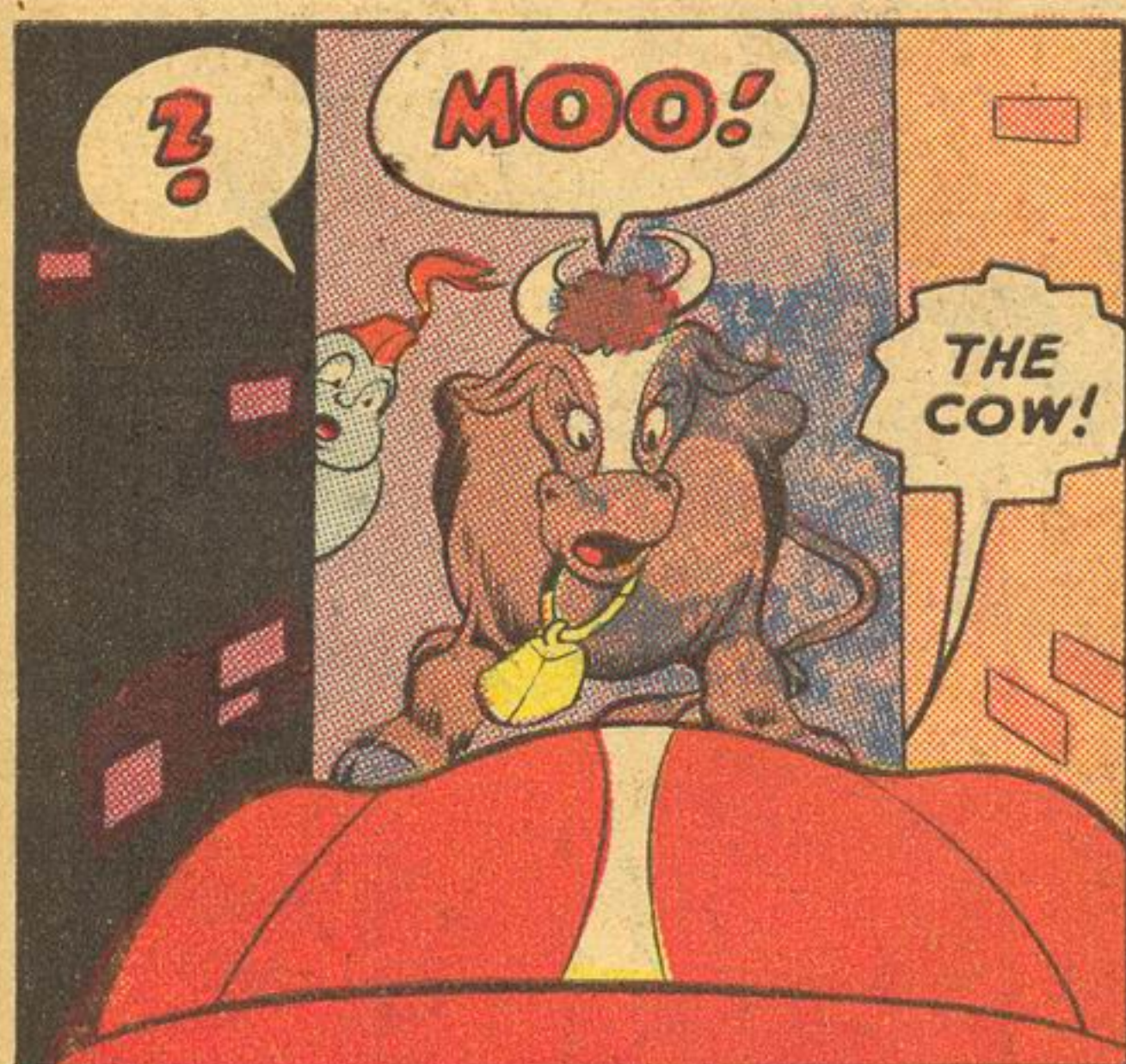
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RUSTY RYAN



SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT THEY HATE STRANGERS, ESPECIALLY STRANGERS WITH GOLDEN HAIR!

Most people would think twice before starting on a walking tour through the African jungle... but not Rusty Ryan! He knows that adventure will follow him wherever he goes... so why try to avoid it?

WHEW! THIS JUNGLE SUN SHO' AM HOT!

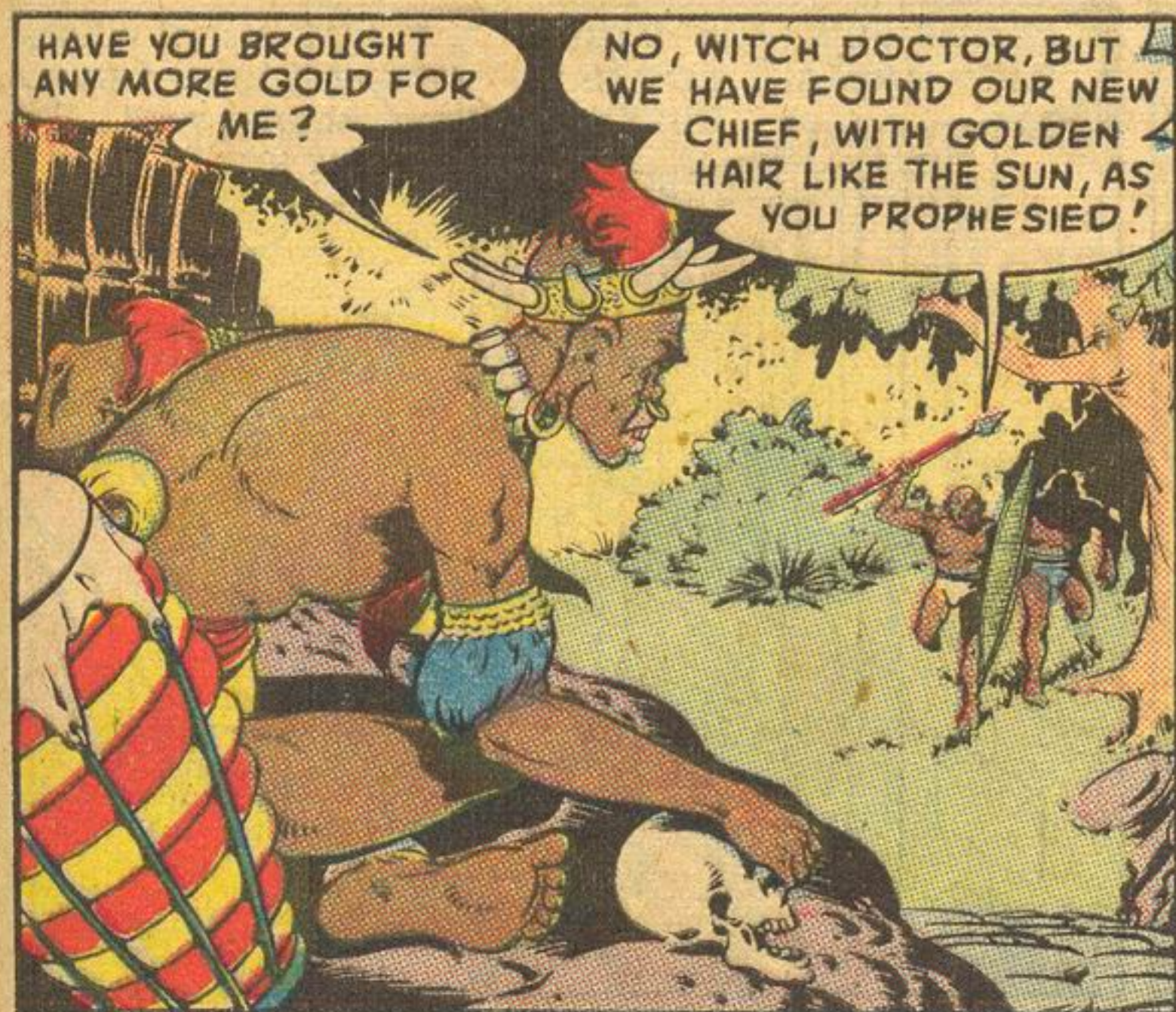
BETTER GET USED TO IT, PIERPONT! WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO!

YES...IF WE EVER GET THERE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, ALABABA... OH, OH, MAYBE I SPOKE TOO SOON!



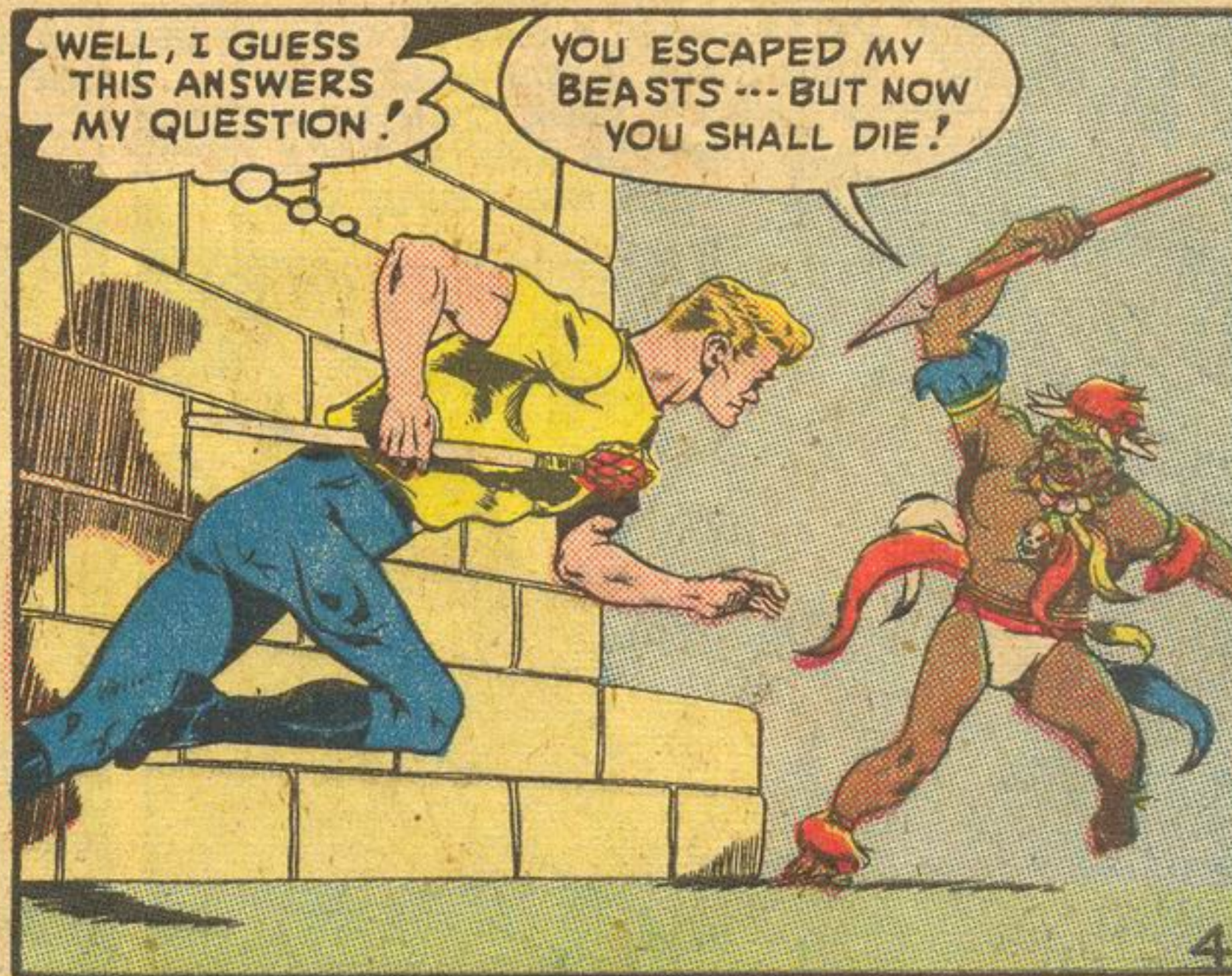
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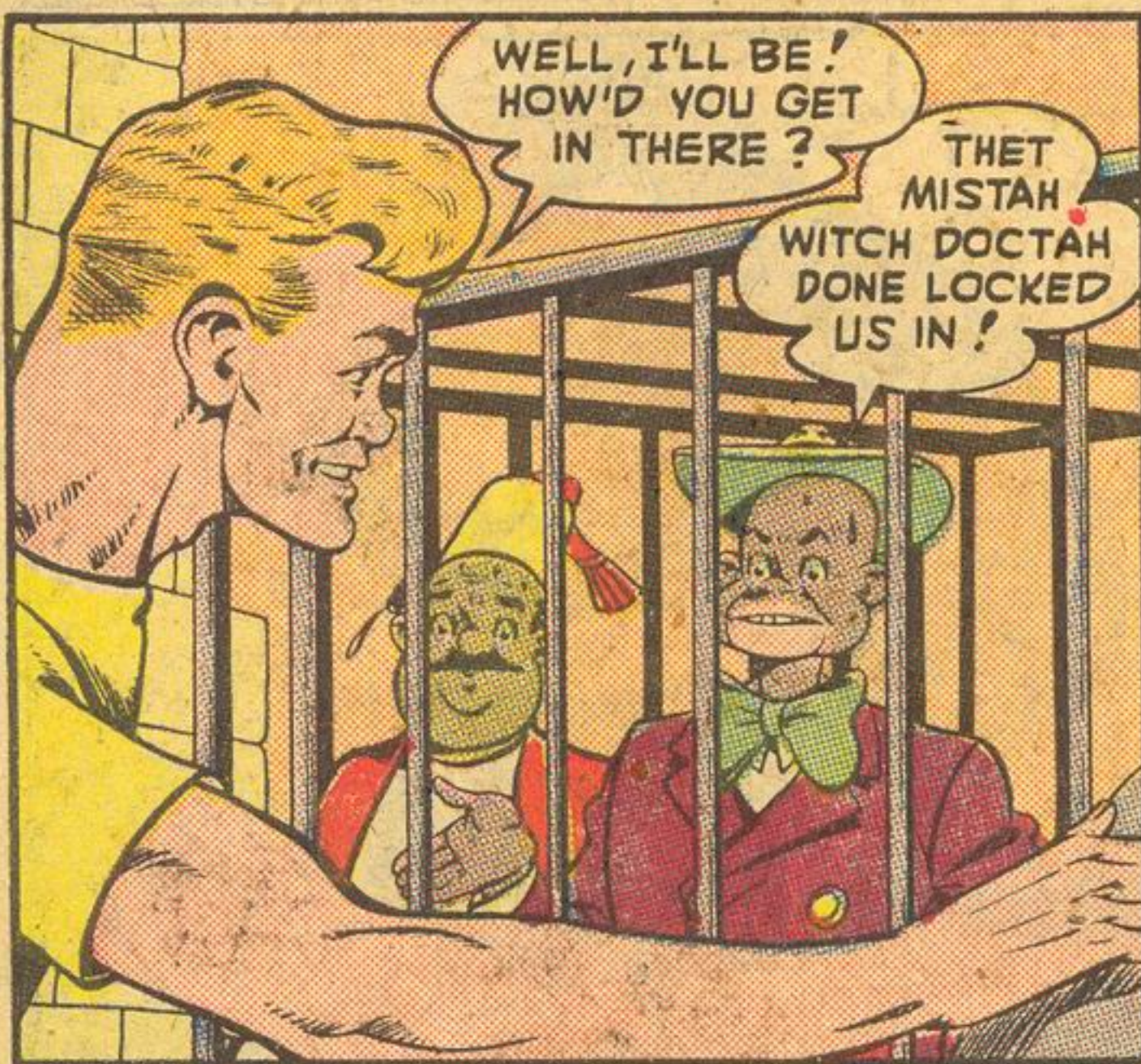
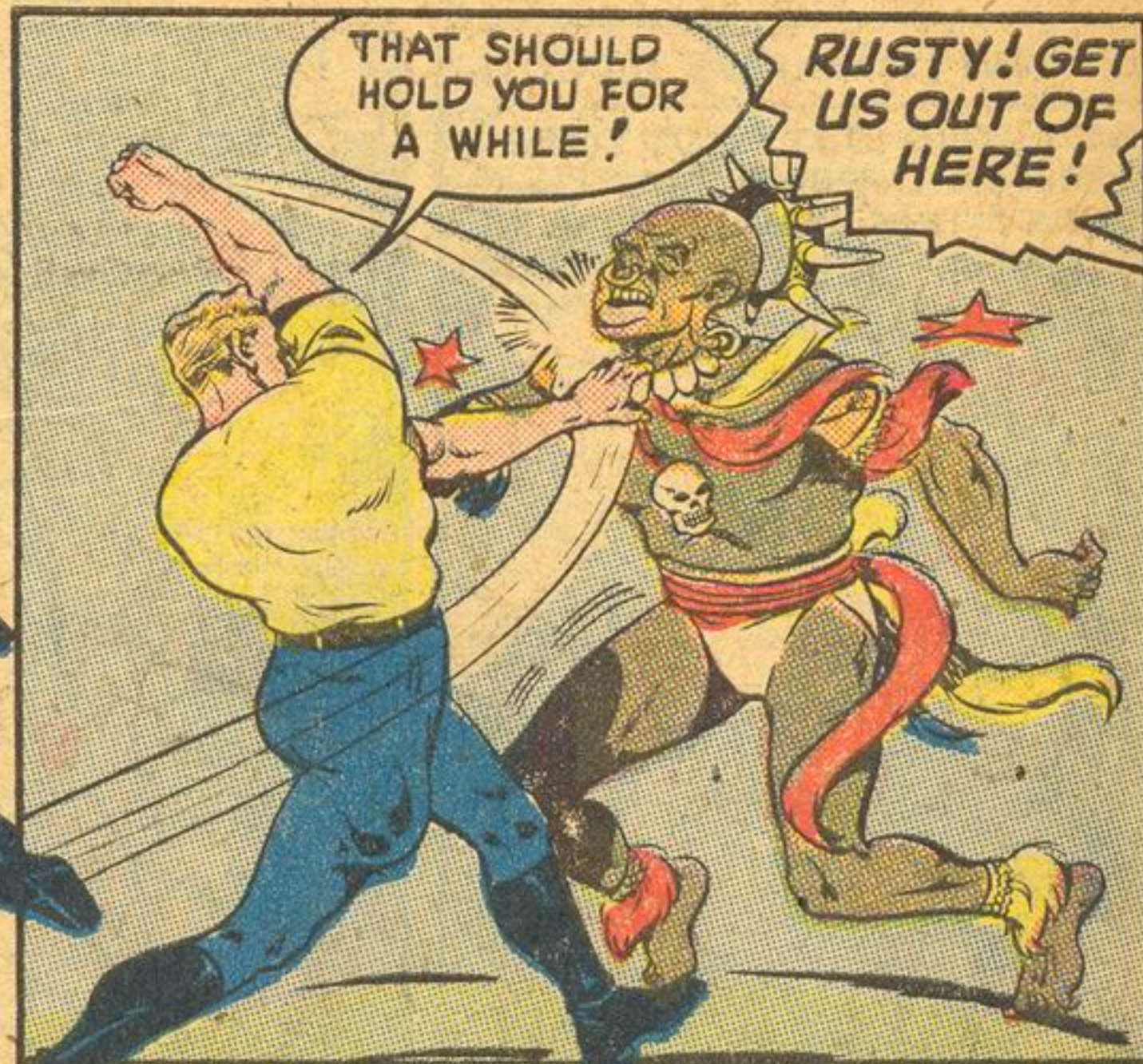
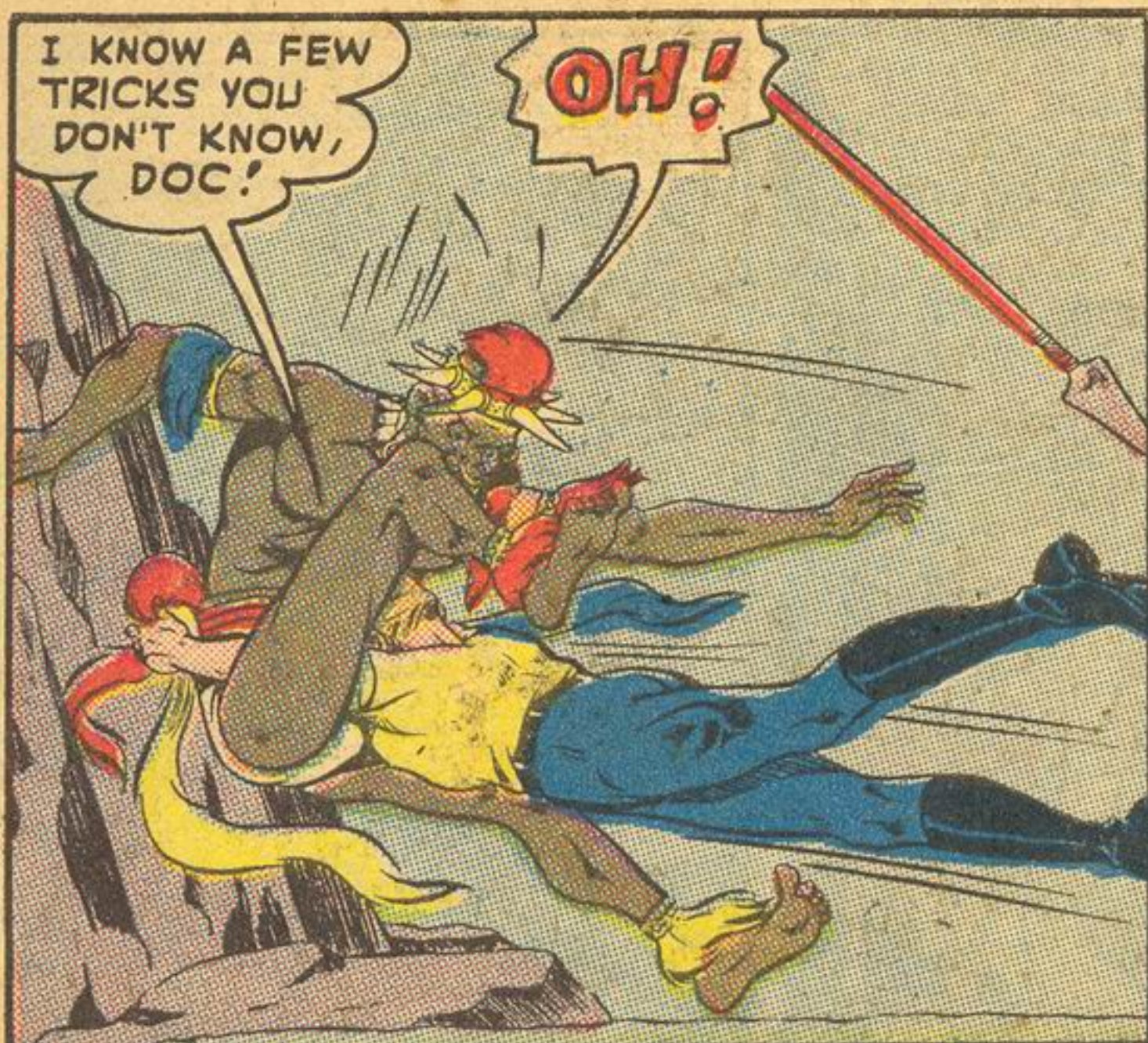
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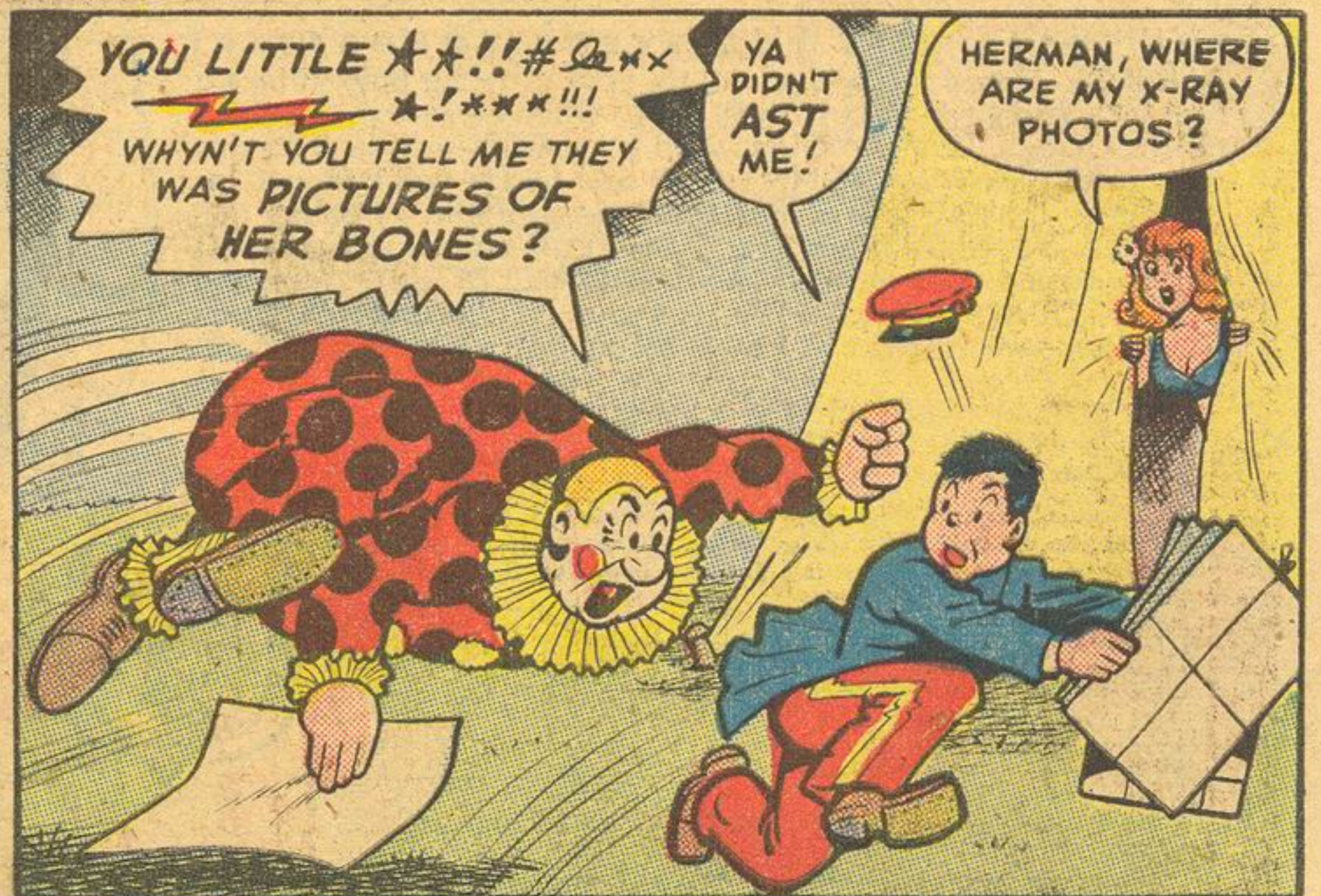
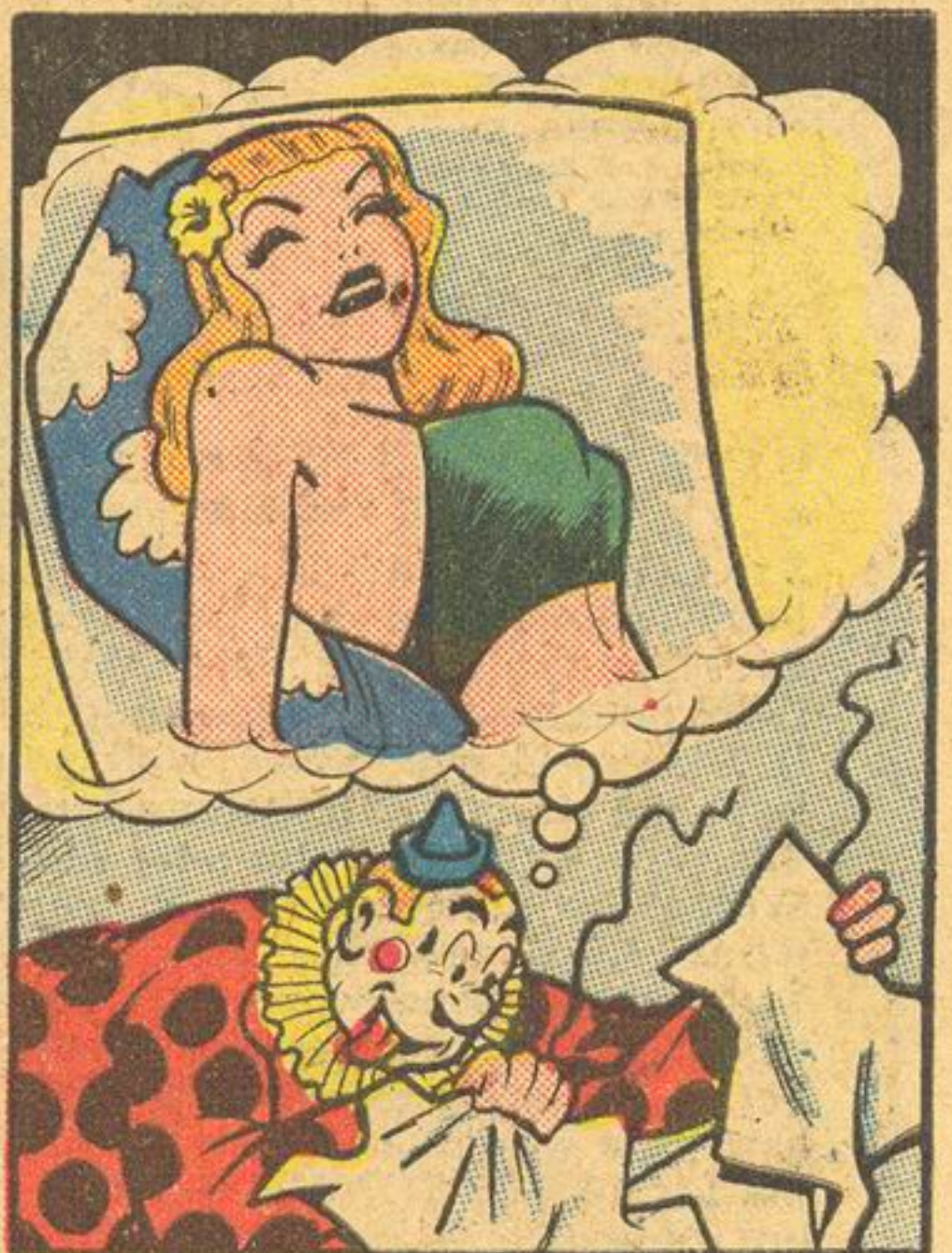
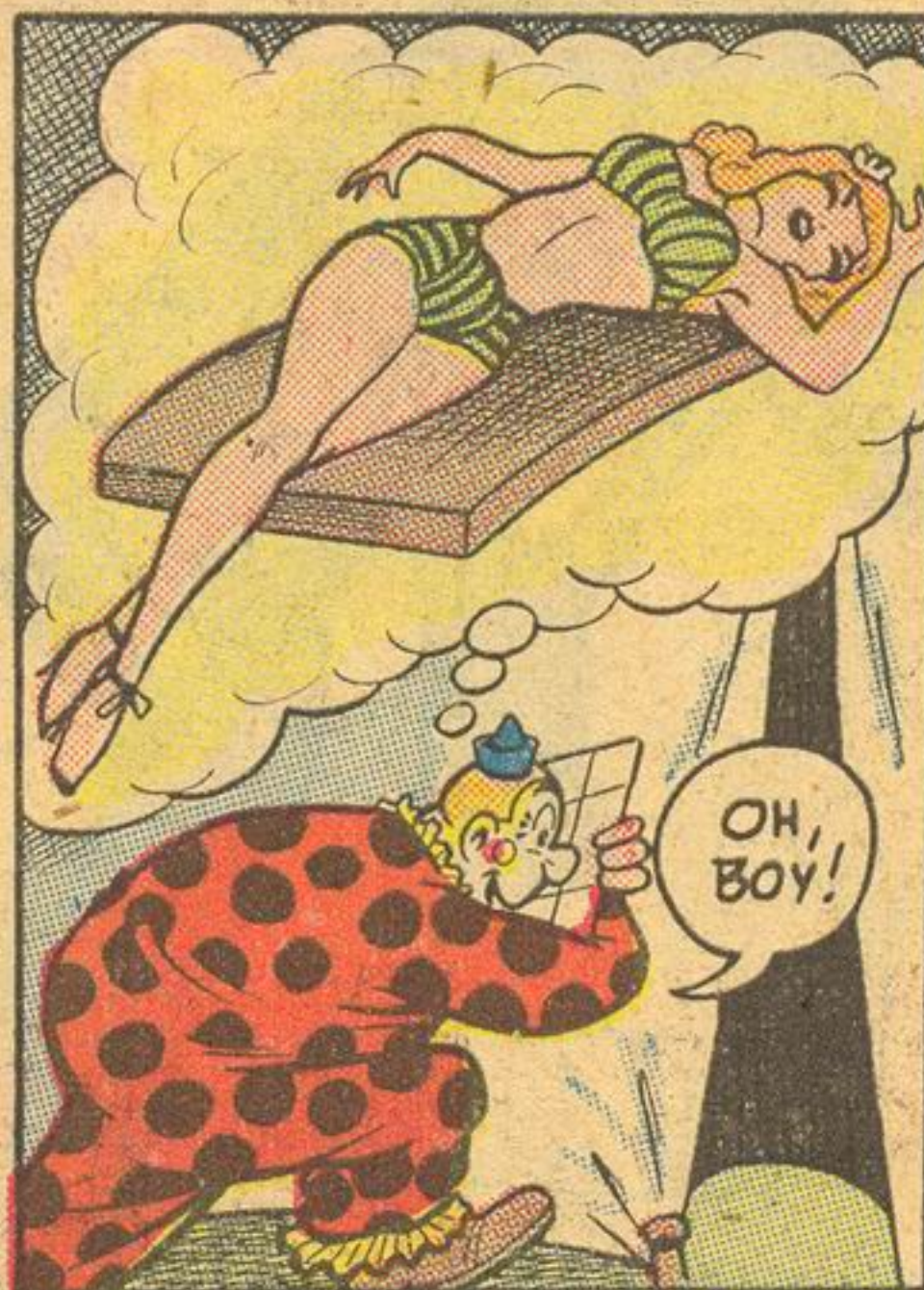
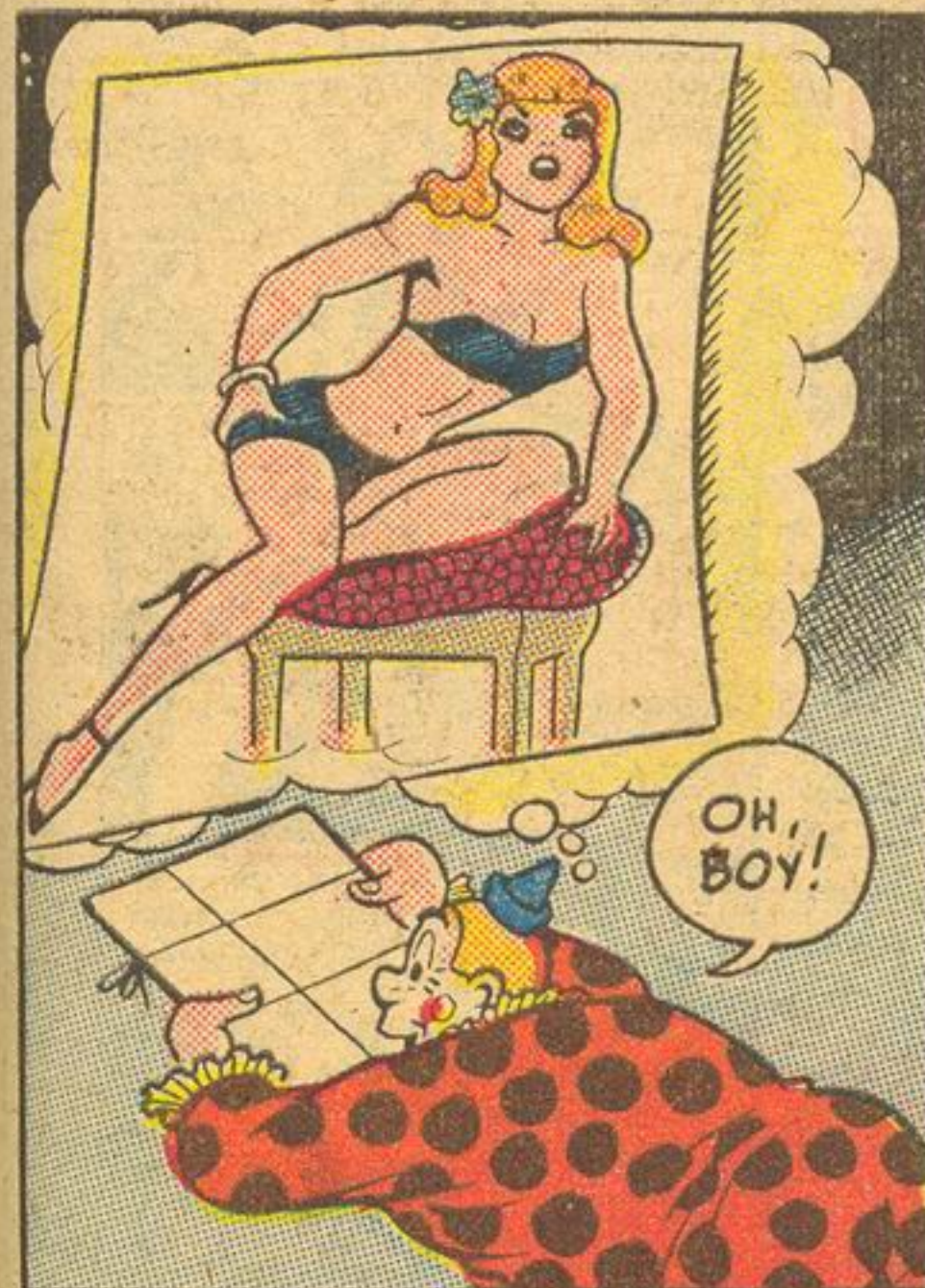
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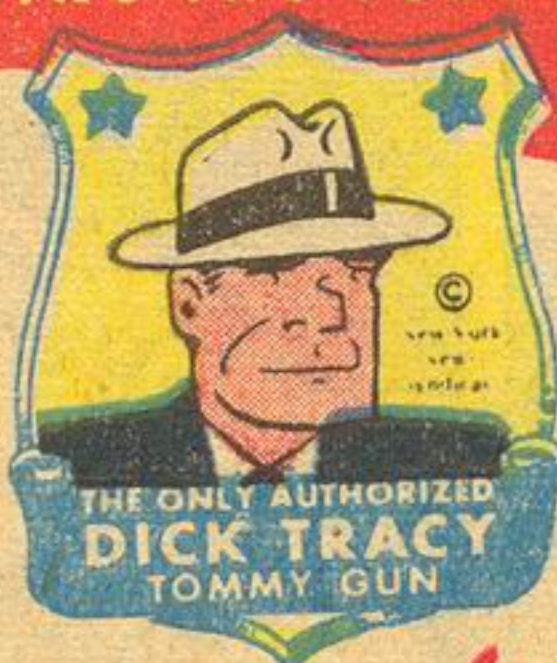
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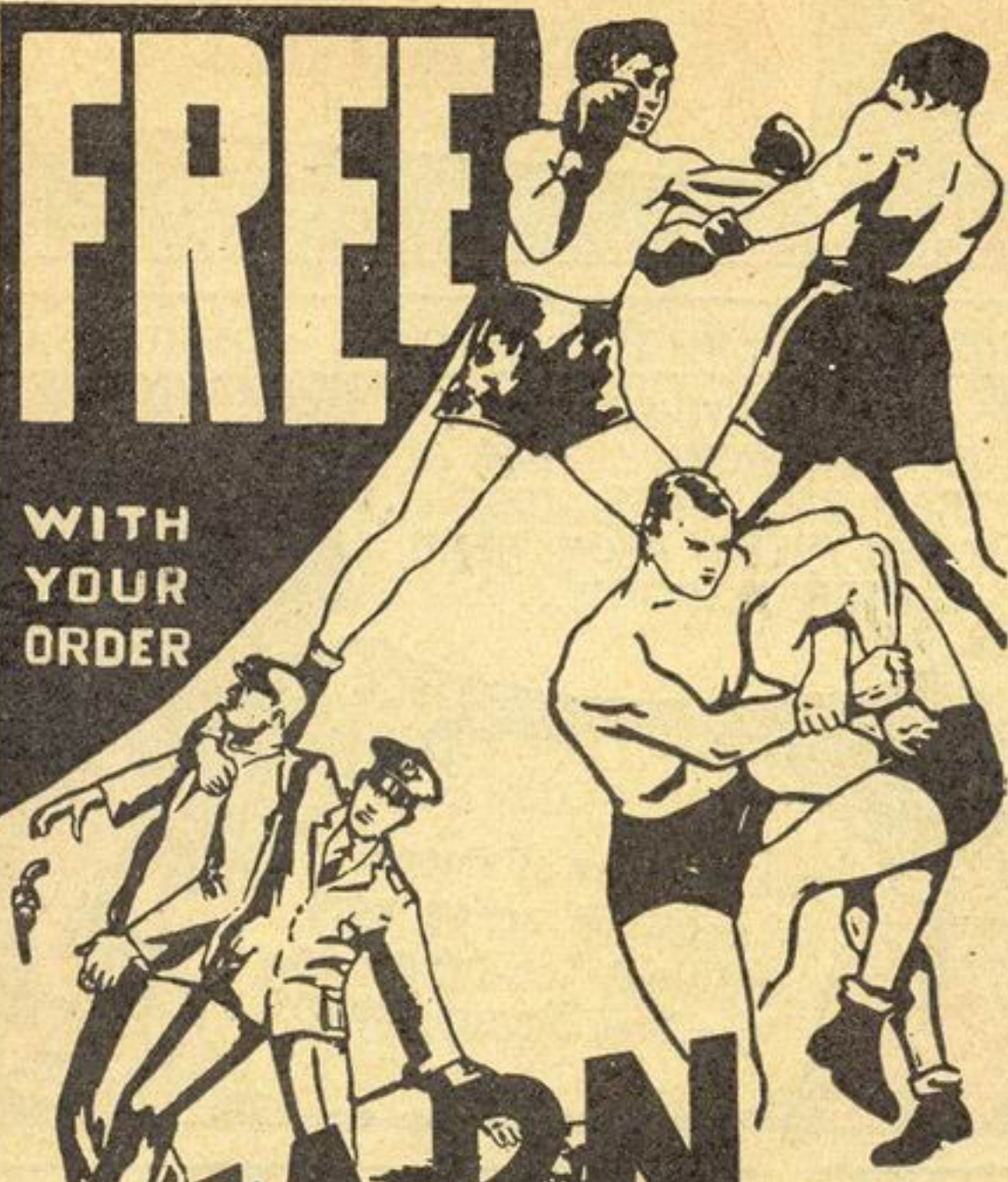
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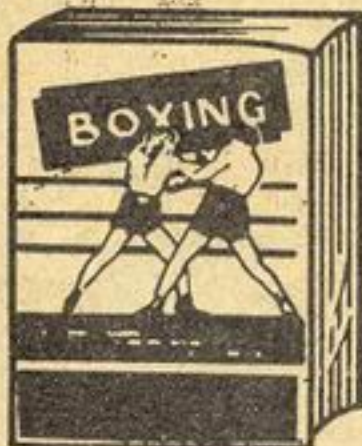
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— SORRY NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A. —

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express



THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...



LATER... YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!



FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL



HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science